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Silver Screen

December

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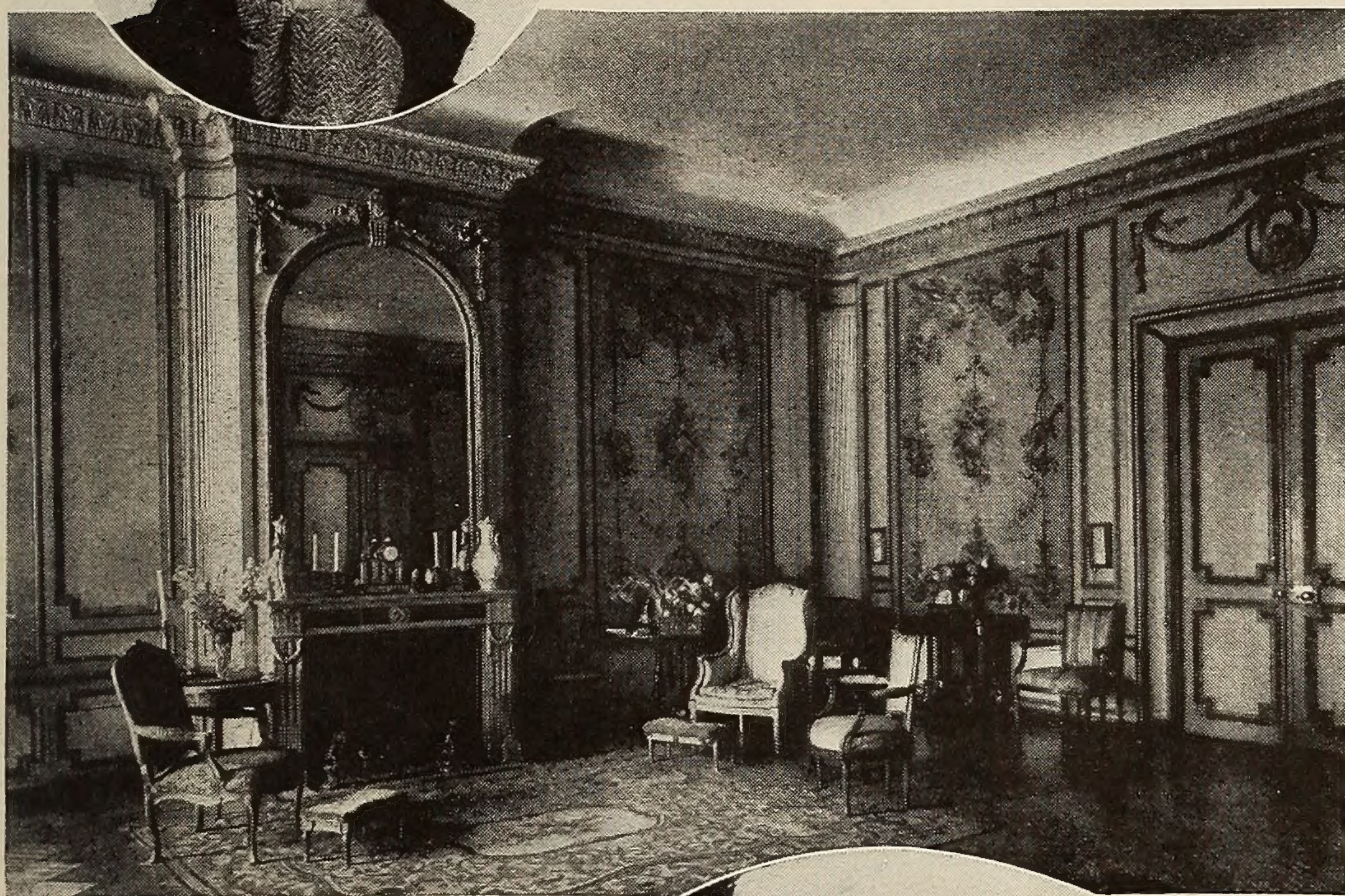


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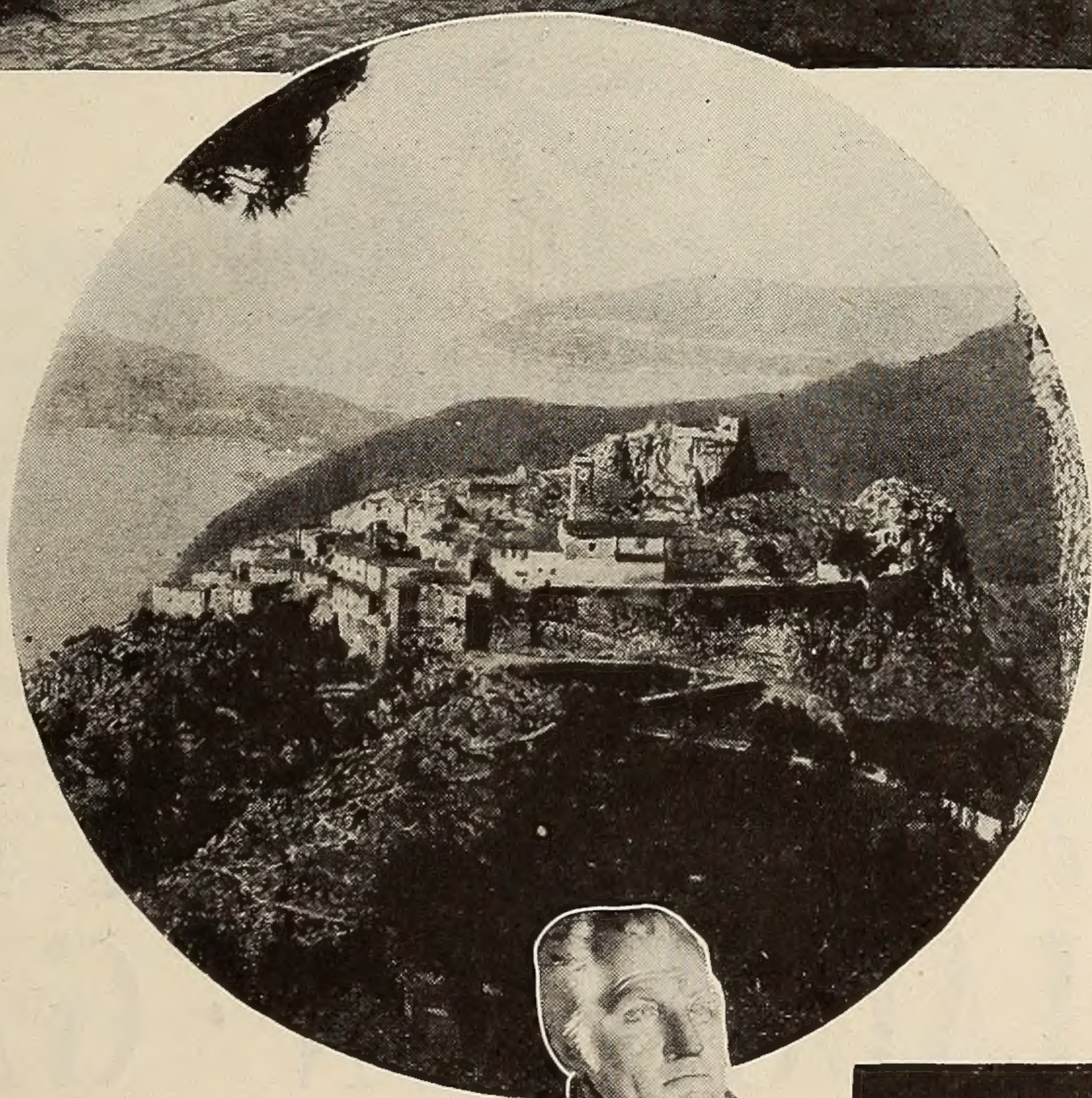
MRS. SAMUEL L. BARLOW of Philadelphia, Pa., and New York City. Socialite . . . ardent horsewoman and dog lover . . . traveler . . . international hostess . . . collector and interior decorator. Her husband is a brilliant composer.

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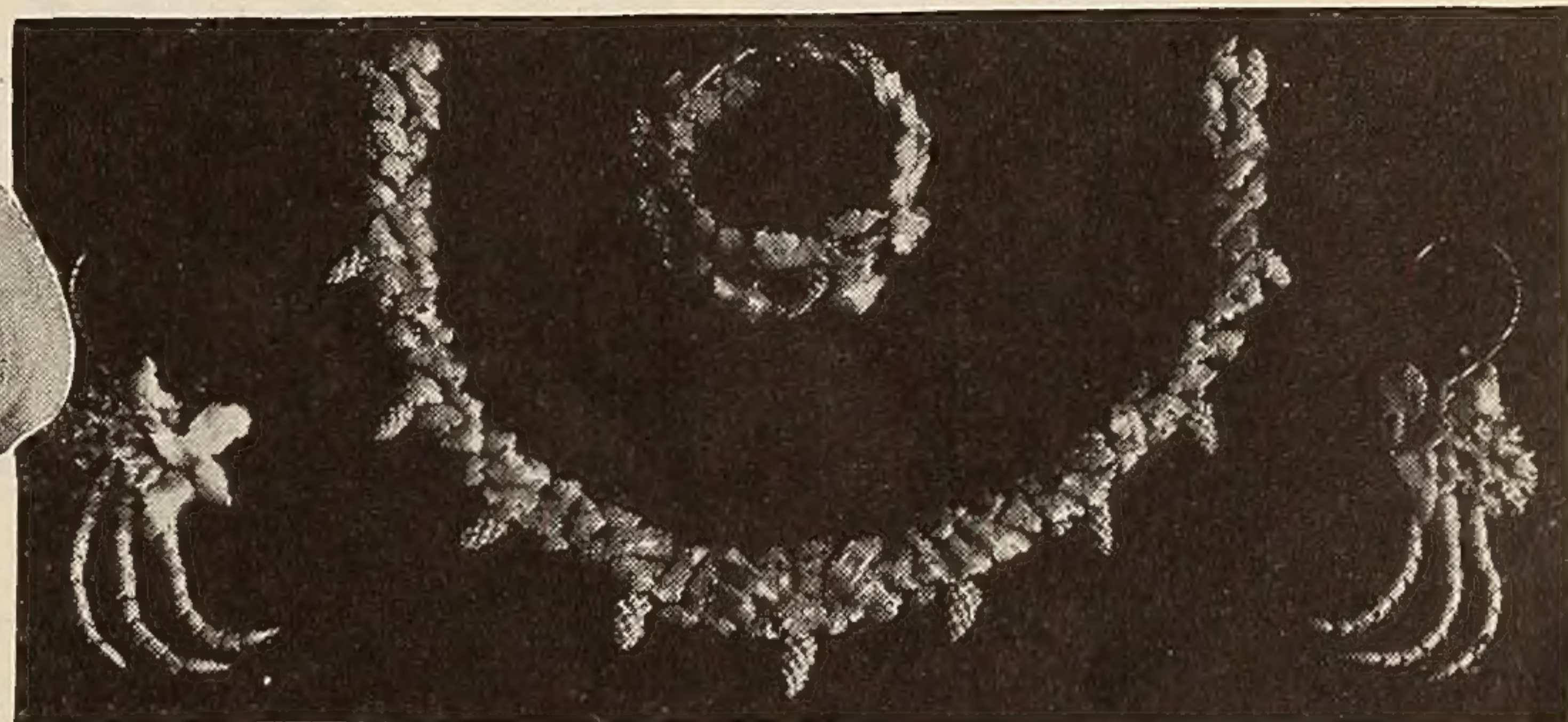
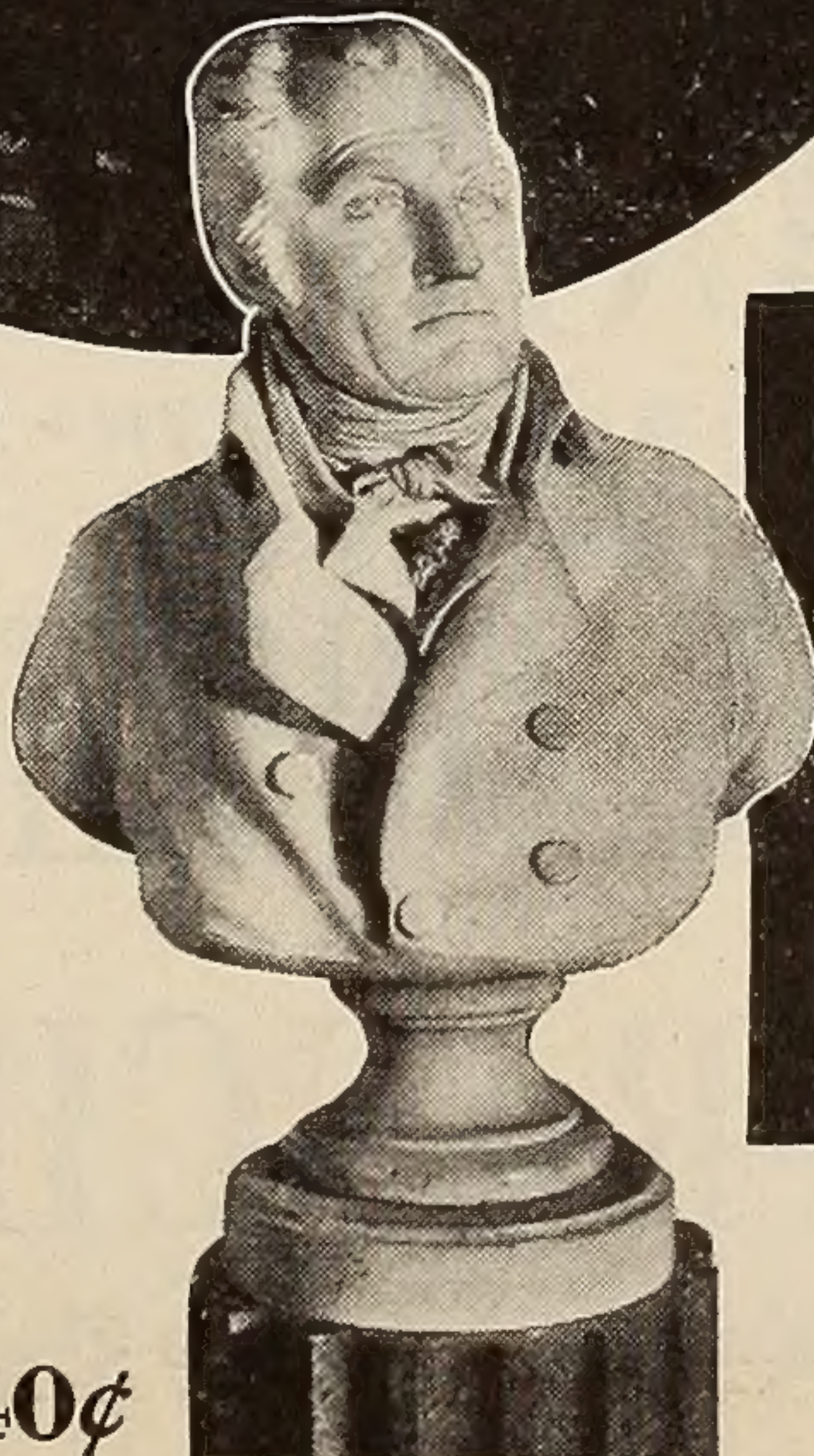


Mrs. Barlow's drawing room in her New York City home, with its rich 19th century French tapestries.



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Silver Screen

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Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE BY MARLAND STONE

The OPENING CHORUS



The photograph with Clark Gable's autograph.

A Letter from Liza

DEAR EDITOR:—
I have just bought myself one of those Robin Hood hats with a peak in it and look exactly as if I was ready any minute to rob from the rich and give to the poor. But no matter how weird I look, whenever I buy a new hat I have to go places and show it off, so I said to myself this will be as good a time as any to round up those autographed photographs for SILVER SCREEN.

Well, if you think assembling autographed photographs of the stars is a simple little matter of a few delightful minutes you have another think coming to you. Even cynic that I am, I was overly optimistic, for I gave myself two days in which to contact ten stars. I actually made five. Marlene Dietrich, I was informed, was leaving the Paramount studio in five minutes, so I tore through traffic and red lights and arrived breathlessly on the "Desire" set. Marlene, cordial and sweet as usual, promised to autograph the pictures just as soon as the scene she and Gary Cooper (first time they've been together since "Morocco") was finished. I got the autographs two hours later.

Then, over to the Colbert set where Claudette is making "The Bride Comes Home" with Fred MacMurray and Bob Young (h'mm, lucky bride.) There I found the "cawst and the crew," as Elissa Landi says, telling jokes, and once more I had to hear the one about "Toots." Five jokes and ten "takes" later I got the autographs.

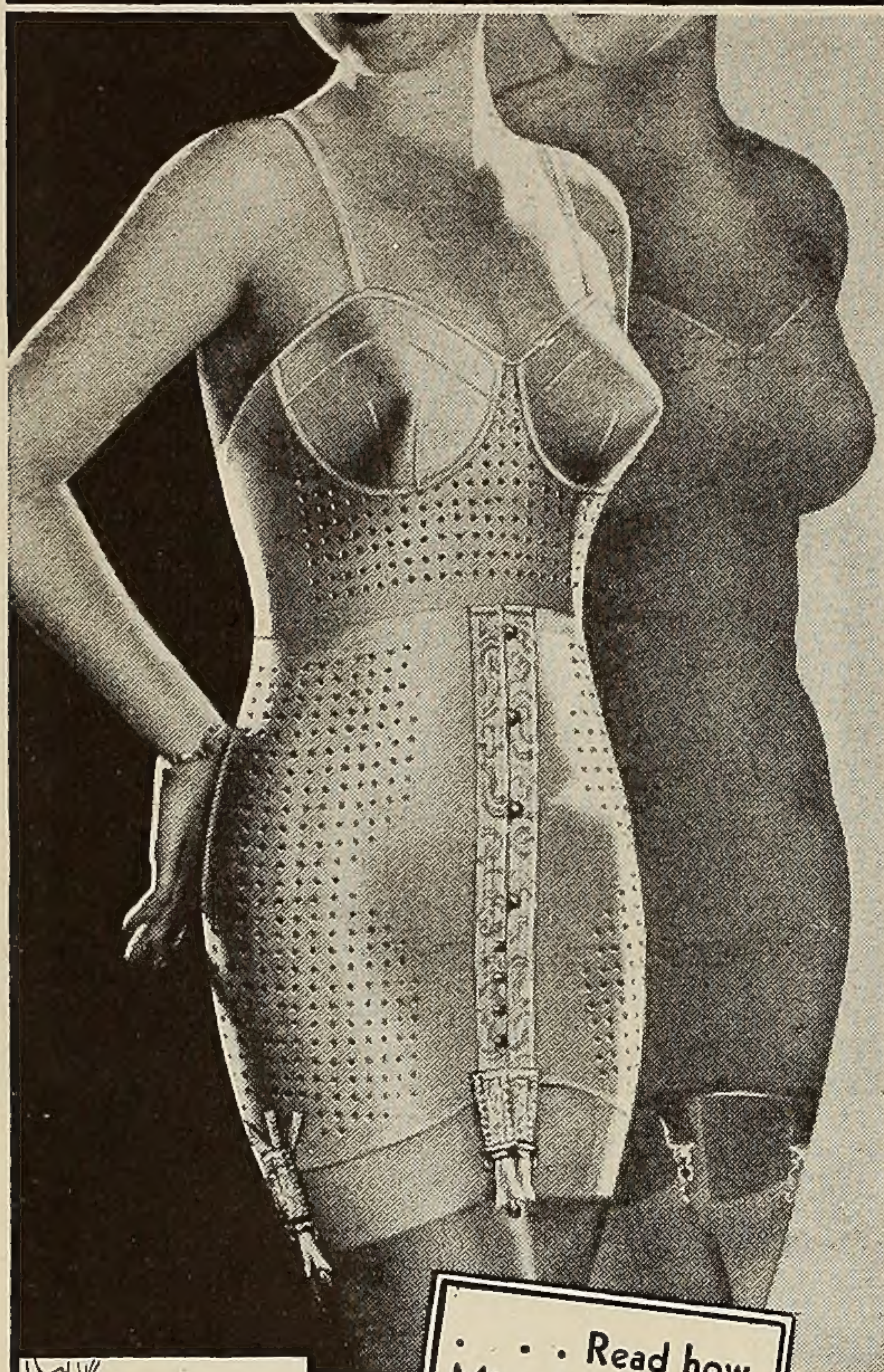
Then away I dashed out to the Twentieth Century-Fox studio to the "Thanks a Million" set, but Dick Powell, I was informed, had the afternoon off, so on I plowed my way to Toluca Lake. No Dick. I played a hunch and drove my throbbing engine to the dizzy heights of Look-Out Mountain and there, sure enough, I found Dick making a social call on Joan Blondell, and I hope it's a romance for they are both swell people. The next day I looked for Carole Lombard in her dressing room, but no, then at her home, but no, then at the tennis club, but no, and by then, believe me, I was in the throes of the spirit of the chase and finally cornered her at Arrowhead Springs, only sixty miles away, recovering from the combined success of "Hands Across the Table" and her birthday. I'm beginning to think that I am God's gift to the Gasoline industry.

LIZA

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Chicago Office: 400 North Michigan Ave., Chicago. Adv. Representative, Loyd B. Chappell, 511 S. Alexandria Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$1.60. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1935.

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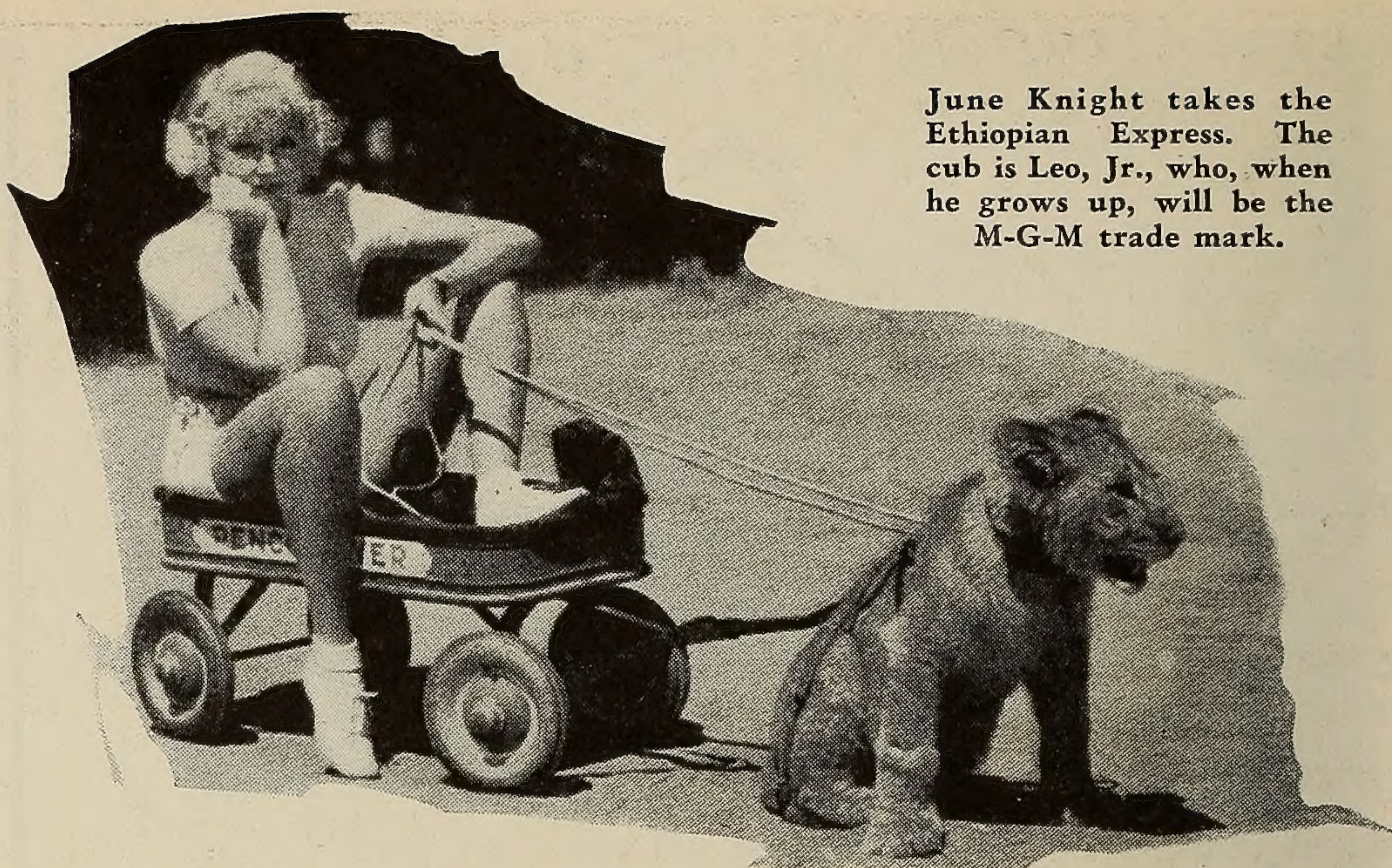
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REVIEWS ~ TIPS ON PICTURES

AFFAIR OF SUSAN, THE—Good comedy. The combination of ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell certainly ought to tickle the risibilities of a number of you, especially during their peregrinations through Coney Island on a lonely Saturday afternoon.

BALL OF FIRE—Fine. Here we welcome Bebe Daniels back to the cinema fold in a story of theatrical folks which is exciting and colorful. (Alice Faye-Ray Walker).

BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE—Lively mystery. The bishop (played by Edmund Gwenn) is a detective story fan who unravels in a most amusing manner a particularly ingenious crime. (Maureen O'Sullivan, Reginald Owen, Dudley Digges).

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936—Excellent. One of the best films of this or any year. It has EVERYTHING—marvelous dancing, good singing, romance, and swell comedy. And a cast that includes Eleanor Powell, Jack Benny, Sid Silvers, Robert Taylor, Una Merkel, etc.

CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI—Fine. Well, by this time you all ought to know what to expect in a Charlie Chan film, so all I'll tell you is that opium smuggling is the dastardly crime which Charlie tries to eliminate this trip. (Warner Oland, Irene Hervey).

CONDEMNED TO LIVE—Just passable. One of those mysterious vampire-bat affairs, with plenty of eerie sequences which may raise your blood pressure if you take them seriously. (Ralph Morgan).

CRIME OF DOCTOR CRESPI—A bit gruesome. One of the most spine-chilling of Edgar Allen Poe's stories serves as a theme for this latest horror film, starring Eric von Stroheim. Don't take the children.

DARK ANGEL, THE—Excellent. A beautifully produced romantic drama of the World War period, with such finished players as Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall in the principle roles.

DR. SOCRATES—Fine. All Paul Muni's characterizations are subtle to the point of perfection. This one, that of a small town physician who incurs the wrath of the narrow-minded inhabitants, is no exception. There's plenty of action, drama and romance. (Ann Dvorak.)

FRECKLES—Fine. Another Gene Stratton Porter yarn is produced in such a manner as to appeal to all lovers of wholesome, homespun films. Cast includes little Virginia Weidler, Carol Stone and Tom Brown.

GAY DECEPTION, THE—Fine. Although Frances Dee and Francis Lederer are masquerading under false pretenses at a swanky New York hotel, this familiar theme is treated so charmingly it almost seems new again.

GIRL FRIEND, THE—Fair. A country barn converted into a theatre provides the background of this comedy featuring Jack Haley as a country yokel with dramatic ambitions. (Ann Sothorn-Roger Pryor.)

GIRL WITH THE LUCKY LEGS, THE—Fine. Warren William can always be depended upon to turn out a suave performance and he is at his best in this comedy about a crooked promoter. (Lyle Talbot, Patricia Ellis.)

HARMONY LANE—Excellent. An exquisitely produced film centering around the brilliant but frustrated life of Stephen Collins Foster, weaver of magic songs which will never die. (Douglas Montgomery, Evelyn Venable, Adrienne Ames.)

HERE COMES THE BAND—Good entertainment. A group of World War veterans with musical tendencies create as lively an evening's fun as any of you could wish. (Ted Lewis, Ted Healy, Nat Pendleton, Virginia Bruce.)

HERE'S TO ROMANCE—Good. Nino Martini, another recruit from the Metropolitan Opera House, cast in a romantic comedy in which he sings divinely. In cast, Madame Schumann-Heink, Genevieve Tobin, Anita Louise.

I LIVE FOR LOVE—Entertaining. Dolores Del Rio and Everett Marshall (the singer who once warbled in the Scandals as well as at the Metropolitan) in an amusing story woven around radio performers. Cast includes Berton Churchill, Guy Kibbee, Allen Jenkins.

MELODY TRAIL—Good. A western tale, set to music, this should please audiences that do not like their entertainment peppered with sophistication. (Ann Rutherford-Gene Autry.)

NAVY WIFE—Good. Plenty of drama and romance in this film, authored by the romantic Kathleen Norris. The setting is a navy base in Hawaii, with Claire Trevor, a nurse, marrying Ralph Bellamy, a navy doctor.

PAY OFF, THE—Good. There's plenty of excitement in this melodrama centering around the newspaper and sporting professions. Excellent cast includes Claire Dodd, Patricia Ellis, Alan Dinehart, James Dunn.

PUBLIC MENACE, THE—Fair. Jean Arthur deserves a better story than this one involving newspaper reporters, gangsters, etc. The action is fast, however, and there's plenty of love interest for young romantics.

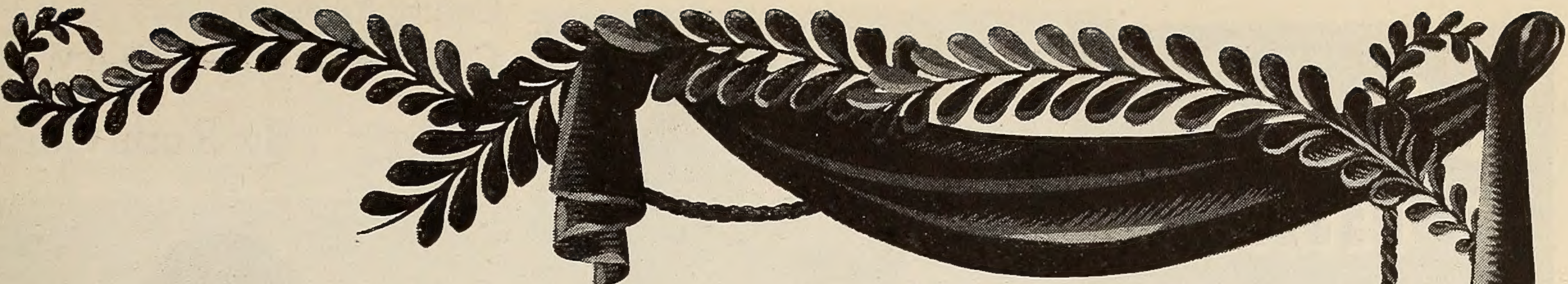
RAINMAKERS—Just fair. A drought which seriously menaces the crops of California farmers is the basic theme for this latest Wheeler-Woolsey farce. Dorothy Lee and Berton Churchill are in the supporting cast.

RED SALUTE, THE—Good. A rollicking comedy with Barbara Stanwyck causing plenty of excitement in Mexico, to which country she is sent by her father, a General, when she desires to marry a communist. (Rob. Young.)

THIS IS THE LIFE—Good. Little Jane Withers (who is the direct antithesis of Shirley Temple in looks and manners—but as adorable a brat as they come—in a film that gives her ample chance to show her talents as a singer, dancer and impersonator. (Sally Blane-Francis Ford.)

THUNDER MOUNTAIN—Good. Old and young alike seem to heartily enjoy Zane Grey's thrillers of the northwest, and this one dealing with an exciting gold rush should not disappoint anyone. (Geo. O'Brien, Barbara Fritchie.)

VIRGINIA JUDGE, THE—Fine. A story of small-town life that may make you laugh and weep both. Walter C. Kelly (an old vaudeville headliner) plays the lead, with Rob. Cummings and Marsha Hunt carrying the romance.



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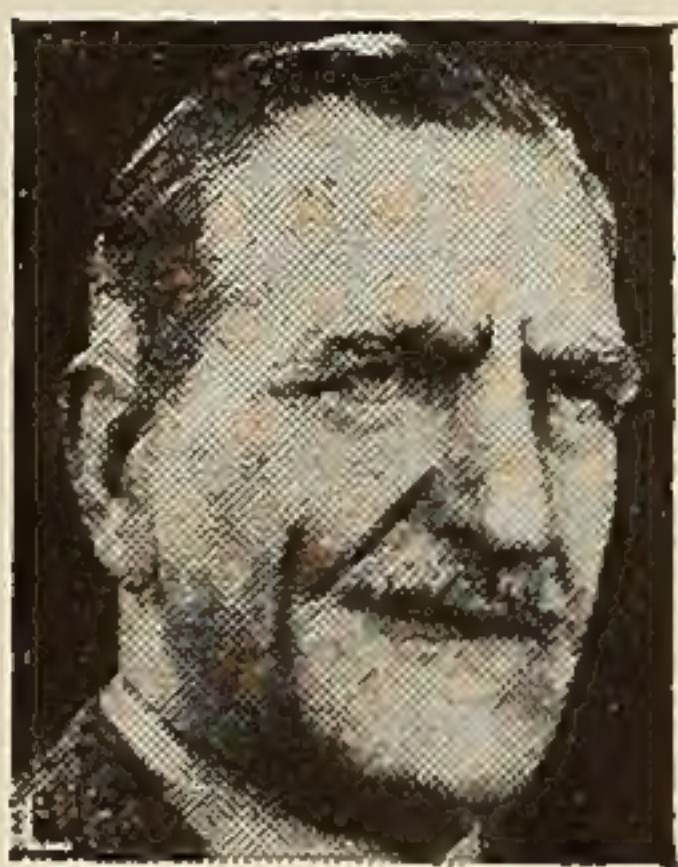
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*Cooking Reaches A Man's Heart If It
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Frank McHugh—
Funny Fellow.

By Ruth Corbin

The ROMANCE And RECIPES Of Mrs. Frank McHugh

Mrs. Frank McHugh
in the kitchen of her
Toluca Lake home.



THERE is not a more beautiful love idyll in all Hollywood than the story that touches upon the romance and marriage of Frank McHugh and Dorothy Spencer. I learned of it quite by accident the other day when I was visiting with Dorothy at the McHugh manse near Toluca Lake.

We were talking of diets, recipes, baby foods, window drapes and all the various things that women usually discuss when they get together. In some way, which I don't now remember, our conversation veered to Frank. The way she spoke his name told me that there was something between them that is above the average relationship of most husbands and wives. And then she told me of their love which surmounted every possible obstacle and won a happy ending for them after ten long years.

Dorothy was only eighteen when she and Frank first met back in Hartford, Connecticut. She had finished High School and a couple of semesters in a private seminary in New York and had won a stock engagement in a local theatre. She had been given considerable encouragement from the manager of the troupe and two raises in salary that first summer. Then she met Frank and they fell in love. She doesn't like to talk too much about their romance, because it brings it more or less down to earth, but they saw quite a lot of each other that first year and were convinced that it was love for both of them. However, they had considerable ambition, so they agreed to wait awhile for marriage. They set the date tentatively ahead a year.

Then, complications began to develop which broke into their plans. Dorothy was

offered a good opportunity to go on the road with an "Is Zat So?" stock company. Frank, meanwhile, accepted a contract which took him to London with the "Is Zat So?" company featuring James Gleason and Richard Tabor. He was gone for over a year.

In the interim Dorothy came west to San Francisco and played in a number of important productions and was finally elevated to "leads." New York and romance began to seem rather far away and, finally, she married another man. Her marriage proved a mistake, and ended eventually in divorce. Several years later, fate brought her and Frank together again and they were married. Now they are ideally happy, and small wonder when their love endured a ten-year probation before marriage. There are three children, Peter, Susan and baby Michael. Adorable children, too.

Dorothy says that when they were married, a guest at their wedding breakfast prophesied that Frank would "keep her in stitches" all the time, because he is so funny. But that is a mistake. Frank is a serious-minded young man and he even takes his comedy seriously. He thinks up many of his own gags and his directors are glad of it, for he knows his own forte best. The "cap" gag in "Broadway Gondoliers" was his own invention. He is always proud when a gag he has worked out brings a laugh.

Little Peter wants to be a comedian like dad, but it is really Susan who has a natural flair for comedy. And whenever anyone laughs at something she has said or done, Peter will come rushing in to find out what was so funny and demand a

lengthy explanation of how and why everybody laughed. I have a hunch that he may fool them when he grows up for he has the same analytical method about comedy that Frank has. When you come down to it, people don't really laugh just to be laughing. There is always a reason why. And baby Peter is like a hunting dog on the trail. Every time something funny happens he takes the entire situation apart until he is satisfied that he understands all about it.

Dorothy told me that Frank is fond of steaks. Big, thick ones, with mushroom sauce and gravy. He likes them medium and with lots of hashed brown potatoes to go with them. And hot biscuits. His favorite vegetables are corn and tomatoes. Next to steak he likes beans cooked with ham. Dorothy boils the beans with a good-sized piece of ham and one half of a medium-sized onion chopped fine. Frank is terribly fond of pies, especially lemon meringue and apple pie with cheese.

For breakfast, he has orange juice, toast and coffee and two boiled eggs. He does not care much for salads. He has only one that he prefers—a pear and cheese salad. Dorothy gave me her recipe for it, which follows:

Large can Bartlett pears
 1/2 pkg. Philadelphia cream cheese
 2 sections Roquefort cheese
 2 tablespoons cream and Worcestershire sauce

Arrange pears on lettuce, cover with mixture of Philadelphia cream cheese, Roquefort cheese, cream and Worcestershire sauce and garnish with plain salad dressing.

Dorothy told me that although she has learned a lot about cooking and is able to cook and serve Frank's favorite dishes whenever the need arises, such as the cook's day off or during vacations away from home, she has never been able to make good coffee. And good coffee is one of the things Frank can't do without.

Her failure at coffee-making has rankled with her, too. It seems such a simple thing with most cooks. You put so much coffee in just so much water, let it boil or drip or percolate and there is your java just as you want it to be. But it has never worked right for Dorothy. She has followed every direction ever given, simple and complex, percolated, boiled, dripped and et cetera and yet her coffee has never been anything to shout about. At least, not until last Christmas. Then, she presented herself with a silex pot and now everything is serene in the McHugh household. They have coffee that is really coffee, now.

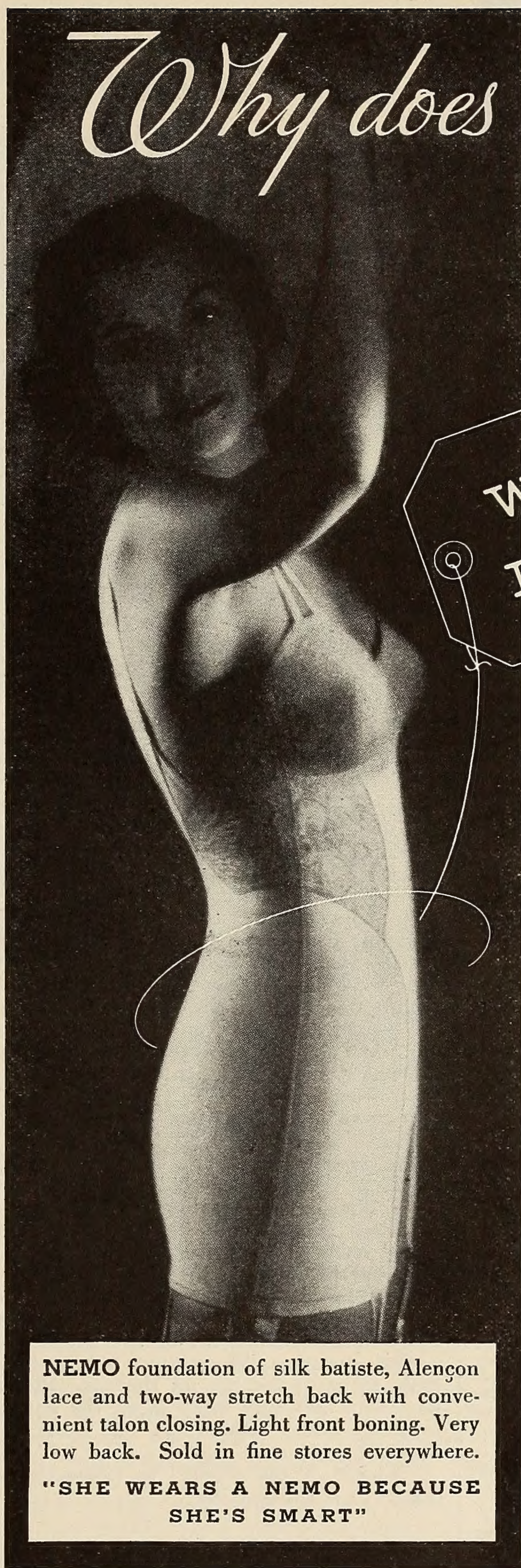
Lemon pie has always been a weakness with Frank. Dorothy's recipe is commonplace enough but her pies aren't. I sampled one of them myself and it was perfection, from the crust to the feathery meringue on top. For the benefit of those who struggle to achieve these results, here is how it is done.

3/4 cup boiling water
 3/4 cup sugar
 2 egg yolks, grated rind of 1 lemon,
 1 teaspoon butter
 1 tablespoon cornstarch (or flour)
 3 tablespoons lemon juice

Mix cornstarch and sugar, add boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook 2 minutes, add butter, egg yolks and rind and juice of 1 lemon. Line tin with pie paste, and fill with mixture which has been cooled and bake in oven until paste is done. Cover with meringue and return to oven until meringue is browned.

Here is her meringue recipe:

Beat whites of 2 eggs until stiff, add gradually 2 tablespoons powdered sugar and beat together; add 1/2 tablespoon lemon juice for flavoring and beat again. Then spread on top of pie filling and brown in oven. It should come out fluffy.



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WASH WITH IVORY FLAKES

"Your corsets—since you wear them next to your skin—need frequent washings," declares Nemo. "Not only to preserve their looks and fit, but because perspiration when allowed to remain in fine corsets actually rots away the strength of the fabric!"

A DANGER. Your corsets are made of "live" fabric—need gentle treatment. Don't make the mistake of washing them with hot water or a *strong soap*! Any soap less pure than Ivory is apt to make the elastic *flabby*. Use chifon-thin Ivory Flakes, made of pure Ivory Soap—"safe even for a baby's skin."

A PRECAUTION. "If you give your corsets Ivory Flakes care you can keep them looking as they did in the fitting room," promises Nemo. "Ivory Flakes are an absolutely *pure* soap—they preserve the elasticity and fit, prolong the *life* of fine corsets!"

DO's and DON'Ts in Corset-washing

DO use lukewarm water and pure Ivory Flakes.

DON'T use a less-pure soap—it weakens fabrics.

DO squeeze suds through, using a soft brush on soiled spots—Rinse in lukewarm water.

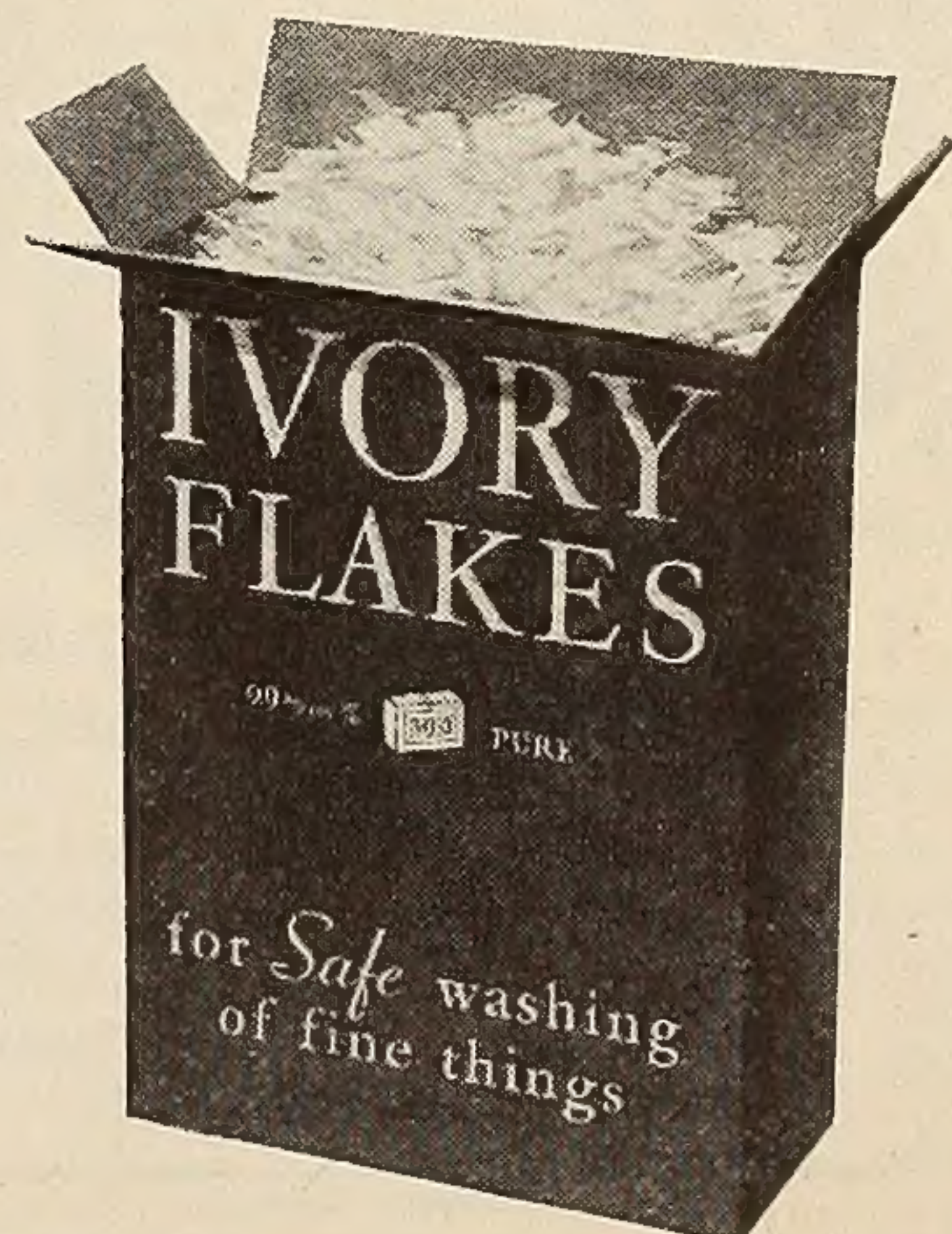
DON'T rub, wring or twist—it may distort the garment.

DO roll in towel and knead to remove excess moisture.

DON'T allow to remain rolled up.

DO dry garment away from heat—Press fabric parts on wrong side with a moderately warm iron.

DON'T use hot iron—Don't iron elastic.



IVORY FLAKES 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

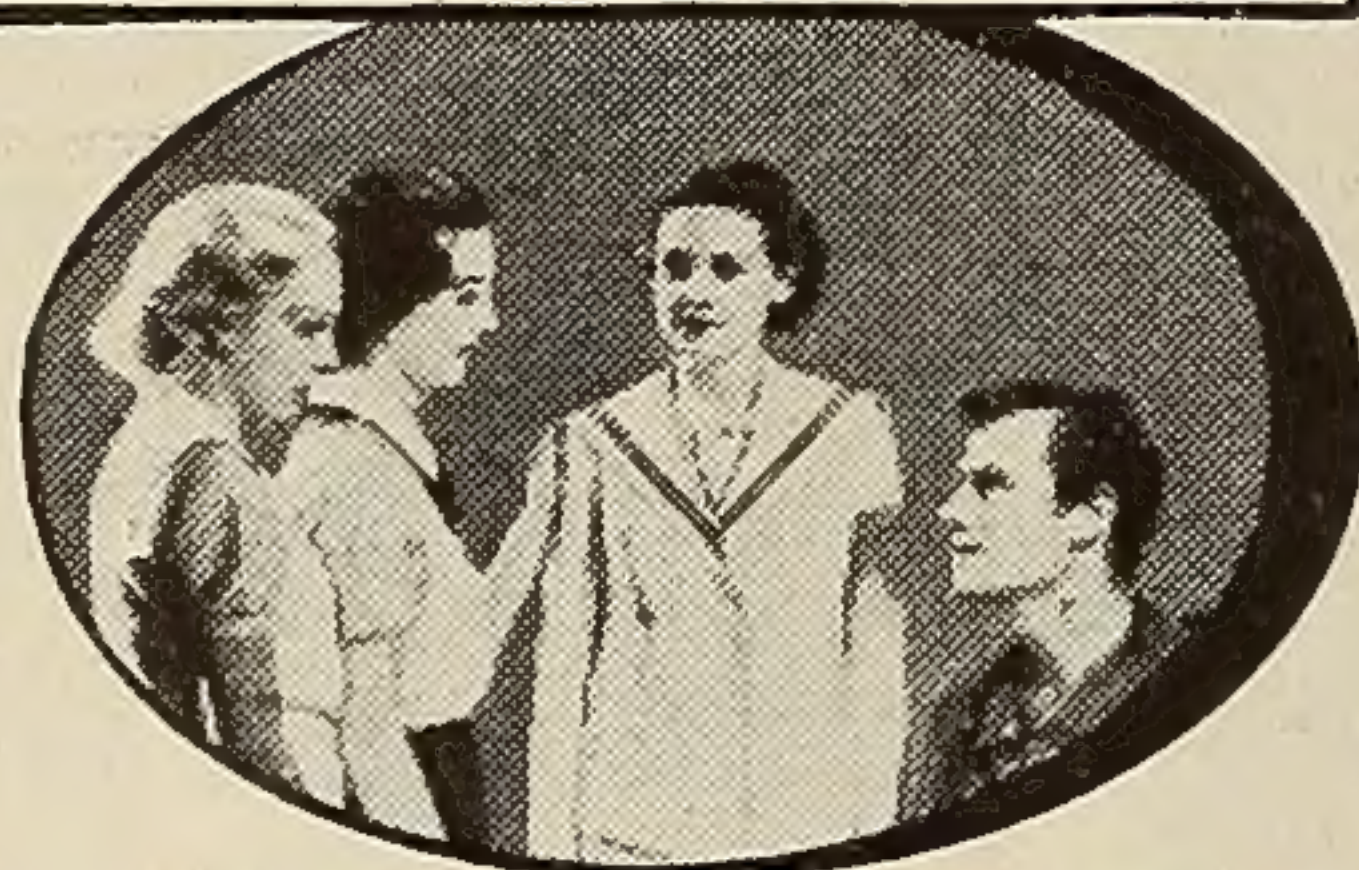
JOEL McCREA *picks girl with* **TANGEE LIPS**



HERE'S WHAT JOEL McCREA SAW



Film star
chooses girl
with Natural
Lips in Holly-
wood test.



● "I like rosy, natural lips... and if that means Tangee Lipstick, then I'm for Tangee!", said Joel McCrea, siding with millions of other men who dislike lips that look painted. And Tangee *can't* give you "that painted look" because *it isn't paint*. Instead, Tangee makes your lips *naturally* kissable and alluring. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee right away. It comes in two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES... when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there's only one Tangee.



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY SU125
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The Talent Of Hollywood Is All At Work, Includ- ing S. R. Mook.



GREETINGS, my fine feathered friends. And here we are again. After last month's heat, the brisk October air is really a stimulant, not only to the actors and actorines but to your humble correspondent. Bright and early in the morning we turn our footsteps to—

Warner Brothers

IT IS the first day of shooting on the long-talked of "Frisco Kid," starring James Cagney. It's a story of the Barbary Coast, in the days when the Barbary Coast was something to write home about—if you lived long enough to write.

Naturally, the story is just opening. The scene is the interior of a saloon and dance hall, operated by the Jumping Whale (Claudia Coleman). It's night and the festivities are in full swing. I might say—in fact, I *will* say—the place is in a turmoil. Fighters and sailors and bow-legged tailors are jamming the place. The girls whom nowadays we call "hostesses" but who went under a different name in the old days, are busy as bees.

Director Lloyd Bacon yells: "Ready, places!"

Joe Sawyer and John Wray take their places at the bar and Miss Coleman (who looks like the mother in "February Hill") takes up her post behind the bar. The crowd starts milling around. Suddenly the door opens and lets in Cagney and a gust of fog. Jimmy stands there looking around and keeping tight hold of his duffel bag. Then he advances to the bar.

The Jumping Whale gives him a hard look, turns to the rear of the bar, takes a key off a rack and flings it on the bar in front of him. "Dollar six bits," she announces.

"What'll it be, sailor?" la Coleman inquires in a whiskey bass.



Joe Sawyer, James Cagney, John Wray and Claudia Coleman making "Frisco Kid," another of the water-front gold rush pictures.



"Make it three," Wray instructs Coleman, giving her a wink. (That "make it three" and the wink, tip her off she's to put a Mickey Finn into Jimmy's drink.) "Quittin' ship here?" he goes on to Jimmy. "Yeah," says Jim. "I came here to try my luck in the gold fields."

"All the good claims are staked," Sawyer moans discouragingly. "You better ship out again, sailor. I can get you a berth right away."

But Jimmy shakes his head. "No thanks. No more sea for me."

As he speaks the Jumping Whale sets the three drinks on the bar, and the three men take them up.

"Well, here's to the gold fields," Wray and Sawyer toast him, lifting their glasses, and tossing off their drinks.

It is apparent that Jim's drink is terrifically strong. He shuts his eyes and lowers his head under its impact. Picking up his room key, he turns from the bar but the effort causes him to grow dizzy. He holds on to the bar a moment for support.

Jimmy, my friends, is about to be shanghaied.

Next comes "Stars Over Broadway." Well, here is Warner Brothers' contribution to the screen, this year, of some high-powered radio personalities. For once these stars are worked in naturally. There isn't one who doesn't belong in the picture and the film has much more plot than these things usually have.

The story concerns a small-time Broadwayite (Pat O'Brien) who is determined to become a big shot at any cost. The picture opens in Jack Dempsey's restaurant, where Pat discovers his friends have just cause to scorn him as an idle dreamer. He retires to his tiny room in a cheap hotel and is preparing to commit suicide when a porter (James Melton) enters singing. Pat, who never smiles once in the picture, sees possibilities in him and talks himself into managing the youth. Pat is having him coached for grand opera but when he finds it will be five years before Melton is ready, he won't wait that long, drags him to a radio station, and enters him on an amateur hour. After numerous struggles Melton is spotted in an exclusive night club and, after singing a couple of numbers, is hailed as a sensation.

Melton is waiting in Dempsey's next day for Pat to show up. With him is Frank McHugh, a song-plugger. While they wait a girl shows up with the inevitable autograph book which Melton signs. McHugh reaches for it but the girl yanks it away from him and walks off.

"I'm the top song plugger in the business, ain't I?" Frank yells after her. "My autograph ought to be worth something."

[Continued on page 72]

MINUTE MAKE-UP

By
Mary
Lee



Virginia Bruce making repairs to one of the most beautiful faces in Hollywood.

MINUTE make-up is as natural to Virginia Bruce as her lovely blonde hair, which has never needed the help of a bleach or dye to keep its honey-colored sheen. Virginia is sometimes called "Hollywood's most beautiful woman off-screen." She does her off-screen make-up with so much finesse that she's never been caught taking more than a minute at a time for repairs!

We strongly suspect that she's a charter member of the Minute for Make-up Club, which has one hundred per cent backing by prominent men employers of secretaries, as well as the most sought-after escorts.

We were an eye-witness to the conversion of an ardent male supporter of the Minute for Make-up Club. He sat at the table adjoining ours at the Ritz with a very beautiful girl at whom he was gazing adoringly. She said "Excuse me a minute while I powder my nose." He smoked four cigarettes in solitude while the orchestra played the two best dance numbers of the evening. When she came back, looking very much the same as she had when she'd left except that her lips were redder (too red, in fact), they were playing a waltz. He didn't waltz.

The adoring look on his face "had went" and in its place there was a sort of determined glower that a mind reader would have translated as: "Down with all women and cosmetics!" He seemed a little more cheerful when the orchestra struck up something that wasn't a waltz. It looked like a cosy dance, with her forehead very close to his cheek. When the dance was finished, there was the adoring look back again—until he passed a mirror and saw the imprint of two red lips smack against his white collar. Quite obviously, he had visions of amused smirks on the part of the hat check girl, the taxi driver, the doorman and the elevator boy. Not a very cheerful outlook for the rest of the evening!

An expression of dark rage replaced the adoring look. From then on, conversation was one-sided. Very soon afterwards they left the table. But only after he had bumped his head on the table picking up a lipstick, vanity, mascara case, eyebrow pencil and a number of other trifles that had spilled under it when she dropped her handbag. If she *had* to carry all those things she should at least have had a bag

with a Talon slide fastener to keep it closed securely, we thought.

We also thought, it's no wonder men like girls who don't use make-up (or that they think don't use make-up). Actually, though, we know that they like the effect of artfully applied make-up so long as they don't have to watch the process or be kept waiting while it takes place. They might not be so attracted to the pale skin and purplish lips which are the best Nature has done for most of us beyond the "teens." And who ever complimented a girl by saying "What a beautiful shiny nose you have, my dear?"

The real secret of being enchanting without being annoying is to put your make-up on in the first place so it sticks. And then know how to do your repairs quickly and no oftener than is really necessary.

First and foremost, use a make-up foundation that will keep your rouge and powder where you put them. Helena Rubinstein has a dandy new one called "Town and Country Make-up Film." It was brought out first in England, where it proved it could keep make-up faultless during a rainy afternoon at the Ascot races as well as through long, trying Court functions.

Make a firm resolution to limit your time for repairs (and only when repairs are necessary) to one minute. Don't powder your nose just to be doing something. Light a cigarette instead. One of the trickiest devices we've seen for minute make-up is a vanity bracelet. It's a medium-sized loose powder sifter cleverly concealed in what looks like an old-fashioned bracelet (very smart this Season). The top of the vanity opens and discloses a mirror held at just the right angle to give you a clear picture of your face while you do the make-up job. You can get a vanity bracelet with a rouge compact included, too. The Foster Jewelry Company have made some stunning looking ones in gold and silver colors and trimmed with filagree designs, cameos or quaint black and gold enamel. There's an evening one, solid rhinestone studded, that's delicate and glittery with formal clothes. And here's an idea. How would a vanity bracelet do as a Christmas gift for that friend who "has everything" and is so hard to shop for?

*"Reduced
37 POUNDS
with DILEX-REDUSOLS"*
writes Mrs. H. H. LANGLEY



Now **YOU** can take off
POUNDS of UGLY FAT
THIS SAFE, EASY QUICK WAY!

No Dieting...No Self Denial, No Strenuous Exercises!

SOUNDS too good to be true? Yet it is true. Dilex-Redusols increase your metabolism...they turn food into energy instead of fat. You will be amazed at your increased vitality!

REDUCE 12 POUNDS WITH 1st box...or no cost!

Many satisfied users report they have reduced as much as 40 and 50 pounds with safe Dilex-Redusols.

Eat What You Wish And All You Want!

At last you can reduce safely and quickly without denying yourself the good things of life. You do not have to go through tiresome exercises...simply take these carefully prepared capsules and watch the fat disappear! Dilex-Redusols are effective because they remove the cause of obesity.

Profit By the Amazing Experiences of Others!

REDUCED 50 POUNDS "I want you to tell every woman about my reducing 50 pounds." Mrs. E. D.
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LOST 35 POUNDS "Changed my weight from 169 to 134 pounds." Mrs. H. L.
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The DILEX-REDUSOL Way is the Safe Way!

Do not accept any substitute for safe Dilex-Redusols...the absolutely harmless capsules that reduce your weight by increasing your metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredients. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed. Beware of any product that makes extravagant claims for more rapid reductions...physicians will tell you it is harmful for anyone to reduce more than 15 pounds a month.

Remember you reduce 12 pounds...or no cost!

DON'T WAIT...MAIL COUPON TODAY

DILEX INSTITUTE

9 East 40th Street, Dept. 2112A, New York City

Enclosed find \$3.00 for which please send, postpaid, one box of 90 Dilex-Redusol Capsules in plain wrapper.

Send one box of 90 Dilex-Redusol Capsules, C.O.D. I will pay postman \$3.00 (plus 23c. postage).

If I do not lose at least 12 pounds after taking the first box of Dilex-Redusols as directed, you will refund my \$3.

Name _____ Write Mr., Mrs. or Miss

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Give Height _____ Weight _____ Age _____
Canadian and Foreign Countries Cash in Advance

LETTER CONTEST FOR STARS' PHOTOS!

Some Of The Fifty Letters Which Were Awarded Prizes In Last Month's Autograph Photograph Contest.

"I ADORE the defiant worldliness that Marlene Dietrich portrays on the screen," writes Geraldine Nelson of Boston, Mass. "She has the subtle charm of a gentle manner and beauty all her own. Marlene is the most unique of actresses because her repose and quietness fascinate me. I consider her our most thrilling beauty and best exotic."

Write in if you would like the picture of Marlene signing your prize picture.

"CLARK GABLE is not only the handsomest actor on the screen today, but also has the most charming personality. His technique at love-making is so perfect, it is certain to appeal to every feminine heart. He is not the egotistical type but rather a 'regular guy'—a character admired by everyone," writes Opal Jerry of El Dorado, Ark. "Clark Gable is outstandingly my favorite star and ideal man."

That explains everything.

"I HAVE just seen Dick Powell in his latest musical picture, 'Page Miss Glory,'" writes Georgianna Joseph of Los Angeles, Calif. "Dick is good at comedy, especially in this latest picture when he brings four rattles to Dawn Glory from the quadruplets in Alaska, and he also plays his part well as 'a little goofy' aviator (I'm still laughing). I have thor-



Marlene Dietrich, as she signed the photograph won by Geraldine Nelson. Miss Nelson's letter appears on this page.



Fifty Beautiful Photographs, Inscribed, Signed And Tastefully Framed Under Glass (Size 8½" x 10½") Are Offered In This Contest.

To win a photo write a letter about the star whose photograph you desire. Your letter can praise or constructively criticize, and the BEST fifty letters will win.

oughly enjoyed all of his pictures and can't wait until 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'Shipmates Forever' are released.

"Powell should receive more than words of praise. How about the Silver Screen Gold Medal or the 1935 Academy award?"

There's a thought back of that.

"ALICE FAYE, the very vivacious and lovely girl of several of George White's 'Scandals,' and also of many other pictures, is a typical, peppy example of young womanhood of today," writes Bob Ahern of Eggertsville, N. Y. "She is graceful, a good dancer and has a lovely voice. She has a naturalness about her that is totally lacking in a sophisticated snob. Her sparkling and happy characteristics make Alice Faye a joy and a thrill to see on the screen."

You'll enjoy having her picture.

"TO ME you are one of Hollywood's foremost actresses due to your very fine acting talent," writes Annette

Sterenglas of Long Beach, L. I., about Kay Francis. "Of your many outstanding pictures I chose 'Dr. Monica' as your greatest screen triumph. Do try and make another picture with that idea, for the rôle of a doctor suits you perfectly."

"Just recently I saw 'Stranded' and found it another swell picture to add to your credit. But now I eagerly wait the arrival of your newest screen release, 'The Goose and the Gander.'"

We liked "One Way Passage."

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in October have been notified by mail.

Read these CONDITIONS and enter THIS CONTEST

1. In addition to the letter each contestant must fill out and send in the coupon which appears on this page.
2. Please limit your letters to just as few witty, clever, brief thoughts as possible. No letters over a hundred words considered.
3. You can enter as many letters as you wish providing that each is accompanied with a coupon.
4. You may write about any star in the movies and your letters will be judged solely on their intelligence, originality and neatness.
5. The star's name appearing on the coupon must be the star mentioned in the letter.
6. This contest closes at midnight, December 6, 1935. Entries received after that time will not receive consideration.
7. In the event of ties prizes of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.
8. Address your letters to Star Photograph Editor, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Editor,

Star Photograph Contest,

Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Herewith is my entry in your contest. If I win I should like to receive an inscribed and framed photograph of

Your Name

Address

City

State

This coupon invalid after Dec. 6, 1935

SILVER SCREEN

Topics
for
Gossip



Polo for Christmas. An interesting view of the field which has been renamed "Will Rogers Memorial Field."

WELL, what are the young folks up to these days? Nino Martini gave pretty Anita Louise a great big welcome when she arrived in New York and everyone suspects a romance there. But Anita Louise has wired practically everybody in Hollywood—except Tom Brown—that the rumors of an engagement are greatly exaggerated. While Anita Louise is vacationing in New York Tom Brown is escorting Sue Mullen to the Trocadero almost every night.

Isabel Jewell is back in Hollywood after a visit to New York, where she saw a lot of plays, even the rehearsal of Lee Tracy's new play, and is hand-holding these evenings with George E. Stone.

Cute little Mary Carlisle, to whom Dick Cromwell proposed before he left for the Grand Tour, has been night clubbing quite often lately with Arthur Lake.

Jackie Coogan seems to have forgotten Toby Wing for the nonce and is buying Betty Grable dinners at the Brown Derby.

Pat Ellis and Fred Keating are still in the throes.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has had plenty of kidding over the very smart European car he brought back to Hollywood with him after his recent travels. The other day he left the car parked in front of the wardrobe building on the Metro lot for a few moments, and when he returned he found the following note on his steering wheel: "Mr. Montgomery—Please do not leave your refuse in front of the building. (signed) Clark Gable."

LITTLE Freddie Bartholomew has an uncontrollable desire to lift people. He even ran up behind Garbo one day on the "Anna Karenina" set and lifted her right off her feet. She was surprised, says Freddie, but not angry.

JOAN BENNETT'S baby is seventeen months old now and as quaint and old-fashioned looking as her name, Melinda. She doesn't seem like a Hollywood baby for there is nothing chic or cute about her, but, rather, she resembles a sweet old daguerreotype of a little girl of long ago. But Melinda, despite her ethereal looks and lovely old-world manners, is a bit of a modern. How could she help being, what with a Bennett for a mother, and two Bennetts for aunts! Joan

took her shopping with her the other day and for the first time in her life little Melinda rode on an elevator. When the door closed and the thing began to move Melinda gave Joan her most heavenly smile, and casually remarked, "Whoopee."

RUMORS, as the boarding house landlady said, are here today and gone tomorrow. And the rumor which should go the quickest regards the supposed-to-be-divorce of Frances Dee and Joel McCrea. Where that rumor started no one knows, but it spread like soft nougat. It was particularly distressing to Frances because in another month or so there is to be another McCrea heir. Joel and Frances want you to know that they have never been so happy—so lay off them, please.

And, despite the rumors, the Bing Crosbys still seem to be happily wedded. They are house-hunting like mad now for, on October first, they promised to vacate their home at Toluca Lake so that the Keelers (Ruby's mother and sisters) could move in. But came October and even November and still they haven't been able to find a house large enough for three babies, two secretaries, dozens of relatives, and a big batch of servants. How would you like to be the wage-earner for that menage?

More rumors. Friends of Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres declare that Ginger and Lew have effected a reconciliation and that all is peace and happiness once again. Ginger is so wrapped up in her career now, and she is certainly sitting right up there on top with Garbo, Crawford, Colbert and the other top-notchers, that it is sort of

hard to look after a home and husband, too. R-K-O has made her a star, you know, and that's no bed of roses.

DID you know that Mae West collects all those jokes about herself? She feels that it is a form of flattery and is quite hurt if there aren't a few new ones every week. In fact, her fellow-workers on the "Klondike Lou" set are always pleased when Mae comes on the set of a morning and breezily asks, "Have you heard any new Mae West gags?" for it means that la West is in a good mood and everything will be hotsy totsy. By the way, Mae has made a cameraman—tsch, tsch, now don't be vulgar. When Mae couldn't get her favorite cameraman, Karl Struss, for her new picture because he had been assigned already to the Bing Crosby picture, she halted production while she tried out several of the boys. Struss' assistant pleased her most with his photography, and she immediately had him promoted to the status of cameraman.

CONSTANT tennis opponents, when pictures don't interfere, are Nelson Eddy and Brian Aherne. Both boys will probably be next year's most popular leading men. Nelson Eddy already gets more mail than anyone else on the Metro lot, and since the preview of "I Live My Life" Brian Aherne's popularity has shot up like a skyscraper.

LITTLE movie stars should never say "get that man away from here" to photographers for they are a sensitive breed alas, and hurt easily. Sylvia Sidney hurt the feelings of the camera boys so badly down at Phoenix when she got off the plane to get married, because she wouldn't pose for them, that they sulked around for hours and plotted revenge. When Sylvia and her bridegroom returned [Continued on page 51]

THE PICTURES THAT WILL COME OUT WITH NEW TITLES

"Beauty's Daughter" (Ralph Bellamy) has been changed to "Navy Wife"
 "Gettin' Smart" (Lee Tracy) has been changed to "Two Fisted"
 "Tamed" (Ginger Rogers) has been changed to "In Person"
 "Moonlight on the River" (Harry Richman) has been changed to "Rolling Along"
 "Jackhammer" (Victor Jory) has been changed to "Too Tough To Kill"
 "The Black Chamber" (Wm. Powell) has been changed to "Rendezvous"
 "Love Song" (Lily Pons) has been changed to "I Dream Too Much"



Joan Bennett is popular at both ends of the Air Line. She is wearing an evening ensemble of chartreuse and silver, trimmed with mink.

PARK AVENUE

When The Stars Come To New York They Are Captured And Proudly Exhibited By The Park Avenue Big Shots.



THE "400" and the four million are not so far apart as you think. The \$12-a-week girl clerk who stands behind the bargain counter in a department store, and the debutante who lunches at the Colony Club have one thing in common—a fierce desire to meet the stars of the moving pictures. Gable and Colman and Boyer spell romance just as surely to the debutante as they do to her humbler sister. The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady may be at the far ends of the social poles, but when it comes to the movie stars, girls born on the opposite sides of the railroad track are alike in their reactions.

That is the conclusion of a Broadway columnist who is in a position to watch what happens to the cinema stars when they arrive in New York. Their committee of welcome invariably is made up of wealthy women. When Ricardo Cortez and Dick Barthelmess arrived on Broadway for the Louis-Baer massacre, they were monopolized by Countess Dorothy di Frasso, when Clark Gable and Mrs. Gable paid their last visit to New York, you saw them constantly in the cream-colored Rolls-Royce of wealthy Beth Leary, whenever Amos 'N Andy hit Broadway, it is dollars to doughnuts that you can phone them at Clara Bell Walsh's suite at the Plaza. And when the feminine stars of the pictures arrive in New York, the wealthy men of the town dance attendance upon them. Loretta Young's escort was millionaire Will Stewart. Myrna Loy went places and saw things with tall George Marshall, Marlene Dietrich had for escort a governor of the New York Stock Exchange, Bert Taylor. Conde Nast, millionaire publisher, has a standing invitation to the Hollywood beauties, and Kay Francis, if she so desired, could have her pick of the Racquet Club.

The answer is that the wealthy members of the "400" are bored to death with their own sets and cliques. They find a new thrill in the companionship of celluloid celebrities, they enjoy escorting them and being pointed out in public places. The stardust that is deflected to them gives them a kick. They get a thrill out of it, just as great a thrill as you and you and you would get if Clark Gable were to sit down at the same table.

The "400," fully aware that the movie stars are social lions in the fullest sense of the word, guard them jealously. I will explain that. Carole Lombard, for instance, is leaving the Coast by plane for New York, and the farewell dinner is tendered at Dorothy di Frasso's elaborate manse. Before Miss Lombard leaves, Countess di Frasso arms her with perhaps five letters of introduction to HER friends in New York. In that way, it becomes a closed corporation. These lucky five will monopolize the blond Lombard girl until she is ready to return to the Coast.

The movie stars are content with this arrangement because they love it. Through the good offices of Countess di Frasso, they will be house guests at elaborate Long Island estates, they will be feted at the polo matches, they will lunch at the Colony and dine at the Central

GOES HOLLYWOOD

By
Ed Sullivan

*It Is Good Form
Nowadays To Be Seen
With A Movie Star.*



Mr. John Mackay, Miss Silverstone, Ellen Mackay Berlin, Irving Berlin and Mrs. Mackay calling on Jane Withers and John McGuire at the studio.

Park Casino, they will have liveried lackeys to answer and satisfy every whim. The stars, in other words, like to feel that they have crashed the sacred portals of the real "400." Here it is that they actually live the lives they portray on the screen. It is pleasant, for instance, to sit on the glassed-in porch of the snooty River Club, perched on the banks of New York's East River, and bandy small talk with Sonny Whitney or Jock Whitney. Outside, at the dock, the movie star can see one of the sleek yachts of the Whitneys riding at anchor, and if the mood seizes them, the captain is ready to hoist anchor and take off. Here, in real life, is all the swank of reel life. The movie stars can't be blamed for going social.

It is pleasant, of course, for a Ricardo Cortez and a Dick Barthelmess to arrive on Broadway a few hours before a great heavyweight fight, and find that their wealthy host has anticipated their slightest wish. Ringside seats, priceless and not for sale, are waiting for them in the fifth row, and anything they desire requires only a slight pressure of a button.

In this curious companionship of the "400" of the Social Register and the "400" of Hollywood, the bluebloods give full value in return for the companionship of the actors and actresses. The stars, when they are with them, need never worry that they won't be with the right people. They meet Washington diplomats, they meet captains of finance, they meet newspaper publishers who can do them untold good—in short, they meet the interesting people of the world, and they meet them in a champagne-and-caviar atmosphere that is purely delightful. On the other hand, the movie stars give the "400" the excitement of vivid personalities, they give them brittle small talk, they give them a colorful slant on life which refreshes their hosts and hostesses, they give them glamour, but most important, they give them an interest in life.

Kay Francis, Donald Ogden Stewart, Fred Astaire, Miriam Hopkins, Marlene Dietrich, Ricardo Cortez, Dick Barthelmess, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable are the favorites of the bluebloods. Each of these fits into the social pattern perfectly.

Gary Cooper, who married into society, has a separate clique. Greta Garbo would be admitted eagerly by the "400" but she steers clear of them. Claudette Colbert, gracious, charming and witty, would have no difficulty breaking into the di Frasso group if she showed any inclination, and actually does join them on infrequent occasions. In fact, the only Hollywood personage who couldn't crash is Stepin Fetchit, because the only line drawn is the color line.

On the outskirts of this group of "greeters" stand A. C. Blumenthal and Joe Schenck. These two musketeers do very



Acme

Faith Hawley, Myrna Loy and George Marshall, who proudly squired Myrna around New York.



Richard Barthelmess came on for the big fight, and to his surprise a friend had seats all waiting for him.

Ricardo Cortez found New York City folks anxious to pay all his expenses.



nically by themselves. "Blumey" likes pretty women. Schenck likes pretty women. Joan Bennett and her sister, Constance, Carole Lombard and Paulette Goddard are "Blumey's" favorites and Joe plays the field. Occasionally Will Stewart deserts the Park Avenue salons to join forces with them.

On the fringe of this group are the minor men-about-town, the artists and the writers and the wealthier cloak-and-suiters. If the di Frasso group and the Blumenthal group overlook any Hollywood celeb, this third division of "greeters" gulps them up and retires them from circulation. As a result of these divisions and sub-divisions of New Yorkers who are movie fans, and ever on the alert to bring the sparkle of a real movie star into their set, any celeb who comes on from the west coast is certain to have an enjoyably crowded visit. I guarantee that they will not lack for anything. And their hosts and hostesses would be offended if the celeb tried to pick up a check, be it ever so small. Economically, as well as socially, it is an ideally pleasant arrangement.

In addition, if the star is of the first-water, he or she can pick up some pin money to defray the air- [Continued on page 56]

They Know Their

*The Sophistication Of The Screen Stars Is In Evidence
When They Do Their Marketing.*

By Ruth Rankin

AND by their groceries you shall know *them!*

Which star buys what, and where, and how much? A man's table can reveal more about him than his psychiatrist, and a quick going-over of Hollywood tables reveals that we have a new race of fastidious epicures quite in keeping with the sophistication of their screen roles.

But the extraordinary angle is that these busy and glamorous personalities take up their baskets and, like you, madame housekeeper, and you, monsieur good-provider go a-marketing, personally. And consider it one of the major pleasures, no less. With the markets of Los Angeles, Hollywood and Beverly Hills among the most irresistible sights on the landscape, buying the family supplies has turned from drab routine into a colorful experience, if not actually cultural.

The center of the star's activities is the beautiful Young's Market at Union and Seventh Streets, and it certainly is the ultimate achievement in food emporiums. The simplest ham and eggs look glamorous in this handsome setting. No wonder Eric Rhodes remarked to me that when he enters this store, he always has an impulse to ask for the jewelry department!

I would make a bet with you that in one month's time, more big-name stars show up at Young's than in any night-club—possibly all of the night-clubs—in Hollywood!

That slender girl with the cropped red hair, wearing a pair of comfortable slacks and hovering domestically over the deli-

catesen counter, is known to millions as Katharine Hepburn. There are three friends with her, but Katie is doing the

shopping. Mr. Brown, the store manager, tells me that "she knows the art of buying for the table—whether it is a natural instinct or her good New England training." She is very clever, the sales-persons in various departments add, never buying too much of one thing or too little of another. Katie loves picnics—any time of year—and she selects all the good pastes and spreads for sandwiches with a nice discrimination. Caviar, pate de foie gras, almond paste, and Roquefort spread are among her favorites. Her purchases are wrapped and carried to her car—she prefers to take them along with her.

One of the most selective purchasers is—you guessed it—Bill Powell, epicure to gladden the heart of old Epicurus himself. I was in luck to catch him right in the midst of a marketing spree, since William's explorations are quite unpremeditated—they occur when he happens to feel in the mood, and then the food business takes a leap. Bill is no skimpy shopper. The sight of so much splendid provender puts him in a warm, informal mood.

There is certainly an air of opulence about Young's, guaranteed to give any customer some fancy ideas



Carl Brisson buying Swedish Aalborg Akavit and Kirsbaer Liqueur.



Strawberries all year round in Hollywood. Carol Stone and her father, Fred Stone, shopping in person.

One aisle in the celebrated Young's Market, showing the supply of carrots for carrot eaters. In the refrigerated counter are frogs legs, from the swamps, and brook trout, from the High Sierras.



GROCERIES!

about what to have for dinner, but they can spring surprises in the way of practical prices for staples—in case you have the impression that your favorite dream-man and glamor-girl pay double for their flour and sugar. Most of these staples are ordered by telephone, and when a star does personal shopping, it is in the nature of a tour for new and different things.

Bill the Powell browses all over the store asking a million questions and calling most of the clerks by name. (All of them have been there since the place opened, ten years ago.) He has a standing joke with Daisy Dey of the tobacco department, because he "once had a girl named Edith Day who was so charming he has to buy all his tobacco and cigarettes from Daisy." His latest joke is that



Eric Rhodes buys a gift box of candy and preserved fruit.

Madge Evans always purchases imported Roquefort, which is crumbly with age and marked like rare marble.



Cecil B. DeMille will have cauliflower for dinner if Katharine has her way.

he is mooching cigarettes these days, not buying so many, trying to pay up for his house! Daisy says he has the heartiest handshake of anybody.

Bill prefers to select the meat for his table whenever he can, and he likes a good thick steak. He went in a huddle with the butcher; inspected several cuts with a shrewd eye, and decided on a handsome porterhouse, well-hung and rimmed with just

the right amount of fat. The butcher has a wholesome respect for Bill's judgment. The steak set him back two dollars and it was the best in the market.

Over at the grocery counter, half a block long, Bill lets loose and the chips fall where they may. He has a passion for sauces—Sauce Diabolo, Escoffier, Eschalot, and Viniagrette. The Eschalot he uses on the little cultivated escargot (snails, brought up by hand) of which he buys a dozen tins for nine dollars. Then half a dozen of the small imported bottles of Financier au Jus—cox-combs, truffles, and other delicacies combined at three dollars the bottle. Then he invests in a few tins of fancy scallops, some brandied peaches, and some wild-strawberry jam. He leaves the salesman with a glad heart and wanders to the toilet goods counter. (This market has everything to make good living better!)

[Continued on page 66]



The success of "Naughty Marietta" must have made good reading for Mr. Eddy.

THIS is the story of three city slickers who suddenly discovered to their horror and distraction that four A.M. is the time to get up and not the time to go to bed. The three city slickers are Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and myself. And if you think I have a whale of a nerve grouping myself with those two you don't know the half of it—why, I've never been able to carry a tune further than from here to there, which is exactly the length of an eyelash, and not even a Dietrich eyelash. But that's the advantage writers have, they can always go around sticking themselves in their stories and the poor movie stars can't do anything about it.

Well, it seems that when the Metro publicity department called me up and suggested that I go on location for a few days with the "Rose Marie" company at Lake Tahoe, which is eight thousand feet up in the High Sierras, I thought it was a good idea. But when that train started playing leap frog with a few Sierras up near Truckee, I decided that maybe it wasn't such a good idea.

What with nearly all pictures being made on sound stages and back lots now, it really isn't necessary for a company to go on location unless they need magnificent, natural scenery, and so it happened that as long as I had batted around Hollywood I had never been on a location before. Well, strange to say, neither had Jeanette MacDonald nor Nelson Eddy. Those two charming and sophisticated Easterners had become a couple of old softies, so completely had they been pampered by Metro with respectable hours, regular meals, well equipped sound stages that are cooled in the summer and warmed in the winter, and every night their own comfortable and luxurious Beverly Hills homes. They didn't know much about Nature except that there was a whole mess of her outside the train windows every time they traveled to or from New York by the Chief, cooled in summer and warmed in winter.

The first fourteen years of her life Jeanette spent in school in Philadelphia, and after that most of it on the musical comedy and concert stages of New York and Paris, so you just wouldn't

WITH JEANETTE MACDONALD AND NELSON EDDY ON LOCATION By Liza



Jeanette MacDonald all set to work with the waterfall.

expect her to know about bugs and bad coffee.

And Nelson Eddy, as you know, was certainly a little city boy, born in Providence, Rhode Island, and brought up mostly in Philadelphia, where he had to work too hard trying to keep body and soul together to find much time for communing with Nature. Then, when he gave up his career of a reporter at eighteen and began to train for opera, naturally he lived in the big cities of the Continent and in New York. And me—don't forget I'm in this story too—me now, I haven't walked further than from Times Square to the subway shuttle train in years. I'm the *effetest* of the *effete* Easterners.

"Ah, Lake Tahoe," said Jeanette and Nelson Eddy, when Director Van Dyke (it was Van you remember who directed them in "Naughty Marietta") informed them that all of "Rose Marie" would be made in the snow country, and he hoped to high heaven they wouldn't get snowed in for the winter, but they'd better take some heavy underwear. Um-mm-mm, they thought,



Beautiful Lake Tahoe all cluttered up with Indians and movie stars.

that's the magnificent resort region, and near sophisticated Reno, and immediately they saw visions of beautiful hotels, snappy bell boys, and a stringed orchestra and Chopin for dinner. I don't know what Jeanette packed, but I packed two dinner gowns and three pairs of French heels.

Well, just imagine our surprise when we discovered that the season was over, all the de luxe hotels and lodges closed, and only one lodge open, and here "Rose Marie" took shelter. Rather

In The High
Sierras The "Rose
Marie" Company
Worked With The
Back-Drops All
Done By Nature.

a depressing affair consisting of a combination barber shop and bar, a dining room and club room surprisingly lacking in the luxuries of life, an elemental cuisine which convinced me more than ever that I should have bought more American can, and a series of cottages which weren't exactly my idea of the Waldorf-Astoria. When a chilly little mountain stream trickled out of the hot water faucet I knew that I was back to Nature at last.

Barely had I gotten the train smoke out of my hair, the night of my arrival, before I was told to go to bed as I had to get up at four the next morning. It seemed that the next day's location would be at the foot of a waterfall on the side of a wild untouched-by-civilization mountain about an hour's ride from the Lodge. Well, that four o'clock didn't sound very good to me, but

I had traveled twenty-four hours to get here so, so help me, I was going to that location if it killed me. It practically did. I found tendons in the back of my legs that hadn't been aroused in decades, and did they object! But if Jeanette and Nelson could make it, I could too.

Paul, the unit man, was big-hearted and didn't get me there until six o'clock, by which time I was informed Nelson and Jeanette had already done one of their big scenes. Imagine doing a love scene at five in the morning, stifling yawns and trying to

get your eyes open. Those two certainly rose in my respect. Well, to get to the location you had to climb, by hand and foot, about two hundred yards to a little crag that jutted up quite impertinently and overlooked as beautiful a waterfall as I have ever seen. Of course if you were a

sissy you could get a pack horse to take you, but I took one look at those horses which were quite obviously snarling "dudes" (only that morning one of them had very grandly refused to budge an inch with Jeanette on his back) yes, I took one look at those animals and decided a little foot-work was in order. It was certainly the forest primeval that I had to fight my way through, with my arches falling on every turn, not to mention my spirits, but eventually, puffing like a mountain train, I made the crag—which was a trick in itself as it was just so big and already had Jeanette, Nelson, Van Dyke and Dr. Lippe on it. I grabbed hold of a stone for dear life, and every time I took a deep

breath Nelson, always the gentleman, yanked me by my foot or throat and kept me from sliding away to the lovely rocks miles below. Of course I immediately upset the one bucket of water the company had between them and everlasting thirst, and that made me awfully popular.

Well, when we three city slickers got together, what we did to Nature was really something. I bet her ears burned plenty. It seems that the switchboard boy at the Lodge had forgotten to awake Jeanette and she had had to hurry to the location at five in the morning without any breakfast, not even a cup of coffee, and it seems that it had turned colder than usual during the night and that Nelson couldn't find any more blankets and had caught a cold in his head, so we were all in grand form to complain bitterly.

On an outdoor location the sun has to be just so, and the sky has to be just so, so we had to [Continued on page 62]



Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy ready to sing "Indian Love Call."

"ME AND MY PUBLIC"

A Movie Actor Has To Learn
The Art Of Making People
Like Him.

By Helen Louise Walker

SEVERAL years ago I had occasion to go on location with Wallace Beery. Wallie, wearing an impressive Stetson hat, called at my door at an early hour and tucked me into the front seat of a large sedan. We were speeding merrily along the highway when someone shouted, "Hi, Wallie!" The brakes squealed and we came to an abrupt and startling (to me) stop. Three newsboys grinned at us from the sidewalk and Wallie engaged in a bit of jovial chit-chat with them for a moment. We resumed our journey and our conversation. Presently there was another shout, "Hi, Mister Beery!" This time it was a pair of garbage collectors. We repeated the brake-squealing procedure and the joviality, leaving the two chocolate-colored and somewhat odoriferous gentlemen in a state of flattered exaltation.

After one or two more stops, Wallie explained to me, in all seriousness: "These people are customers. Gotta be nice to 'em!" He continued, "I always try to stop to speak to anyone who hails me. It isn't merely that they are customers for what I have to sell. I *learn* something from them . . . almost always. The moment an actor gets too big for his hat and tries to avoid the public who pays him his salary, he loses touch with something which is very valuable. He should ride on street cars and buses sometimes, visit beach concessions, hot dog stands, engage the people he meets in conversation and find out, if he can, how they live,

what they think about, what they want . . . and *need* . . . in the way of entertainment. It is important for any actor to have a genuine interest in people!"

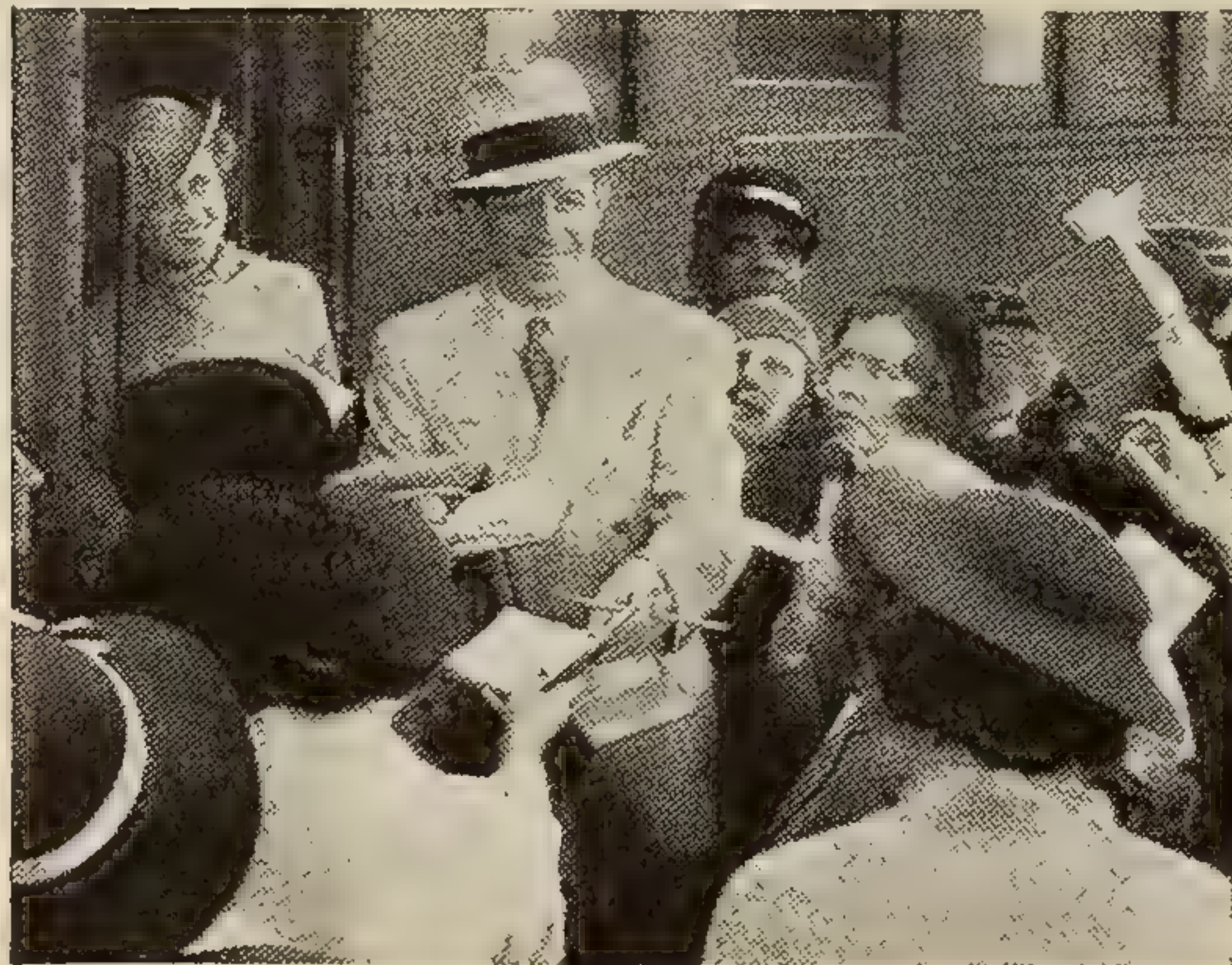
There spoke an experienced trouser . . . and if results prove anything, there also spoke a wise one. Wallie has many of the attributes of the successful politician, and years of experience have taught him not only the wisdom of maintaining a friendly relationship with his public but they have taught him how to do it.

But what of the youthful newcomer . . . the pretty and talented young woman, for instance, who finds herself plunged suddenly into a glaring and bewildering spotlight? How shall she greet that admiring public who holds her future, her professional fate, in its hands? It is all very well to face, across the footlights, a crowd which has paid its good solid money to watch you act. All very well to perform in front of a camera with lights and make-up, with costumes designed by a world-famous expert, with an experienced director to tell you whether you are good or terrible . . . and with the opportunity for another take if you fail on this

one. It is another thing to meet, without benefit of lights or props or direction, the curious crowd which assembles in front of the theater in which your picture has just been previewed . . . the autograph hunters, the "I-know-your-Aunt-Emma-in-Podunk!" shouters, the celebrity hunters who gather in front of the Brown Derby at lunch time or the Club Trocadero in the evening.



When Robert Montgomery gives an autograph a lot of good-will goes with it.



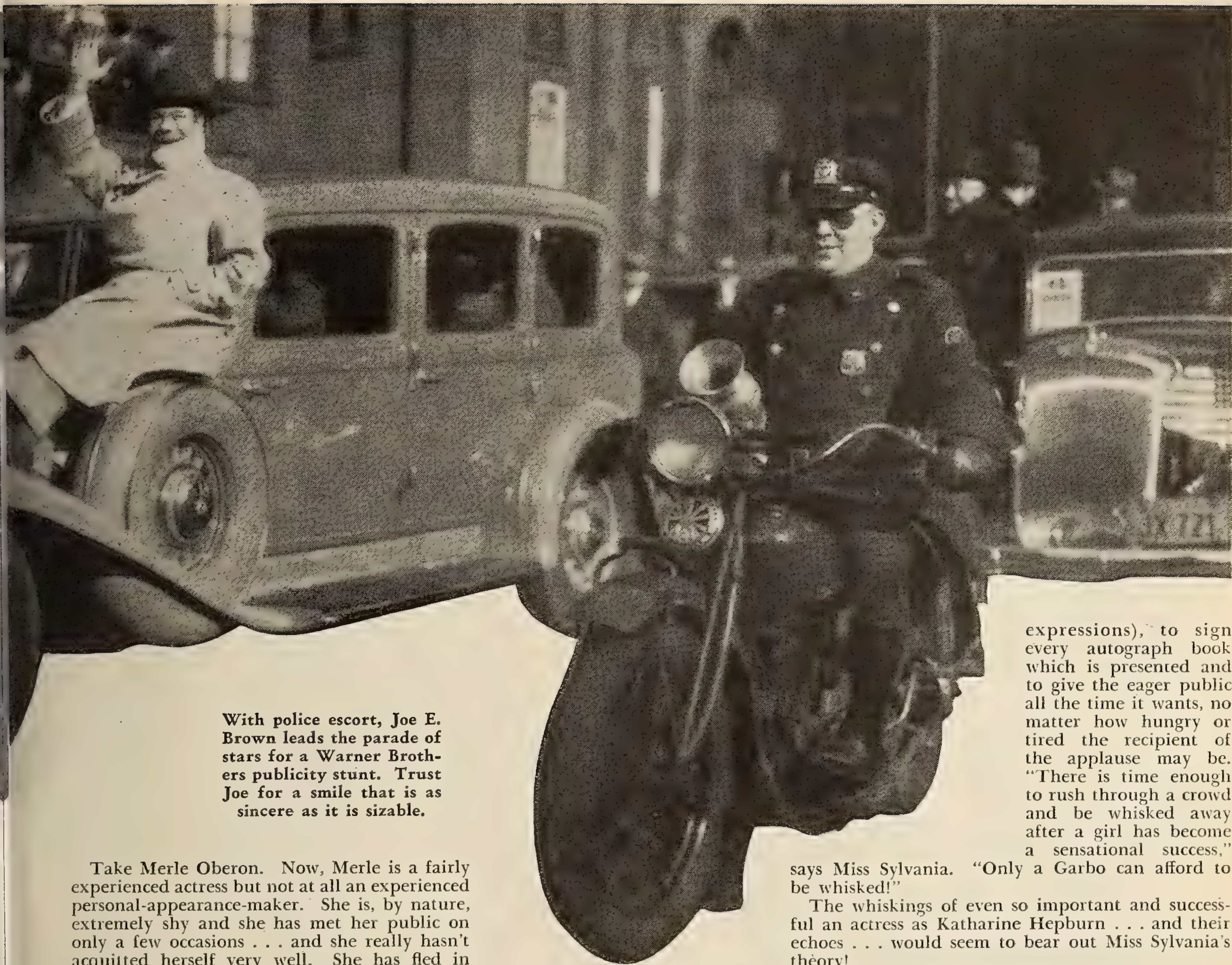
Rudy Vallee signs and smiles and talks to everyone.



Irene Dunne meeting the New York reporters. Great Scott! They've got their hats off. Irene MUST be pretty.

The master showman, Eddie Cantor. What Eddie signs in your album is not the same as his bank signature.





With police escort, Joe E. Brown leads the parade of stars for a Warner Brothers publicity stunt. Trust Joe for a smile that is as sincere as it is sizable.

Take Merle Oberon. Now, Merle is a fairly experienced actress but not at all an experienced personal-appearance-maker. She is, by nature, extremely shy and she has met her public on only a few occasions . . . and she really hasn't acquitted herself very well. She has fled in dismay and the reports have been that she was "frozen-faced" or even high hat. The truth was, of course, that she was plain scared.

One time, when she realized that the meeting was inevitable, she went to Miriam Hopkins who was working on the same lot. "What shall I *do*?" she implored. "What shall I *say*? How shall I *behave*?"

Miriam, inured to these experiences, smiled at her panic. "Keep your own mental attitude adjusted," she told her. "Remember . . . these people have seen you upon the screen, they have read about you in newspapers and magazines, they feel that they know you. They are genuinely interested in you. If someone calls you by your first name, it is not impertinence. It is because he feels that you are his friend. He has met you intimately . . . there is nothing more intimate than a close-up. Wear your prettiest frock, smile at these people as if they were close friends . . . which they *are*. That's all there is to it."

Merle came through her preview creditably, met the critical Press with graciousness, greeted the sidewalk crowds graciously . . . and collapsed in nervous tears when it was all over.

Most of the studios who have large "stock companies" recognize the importance of this sort of training and advice and retain social arbiters or advisors for their young players, these days. Paramount's Miss Zee Sylvania has coached such potential stars as Gertrude Michaels, Toby Wing, Ann Sheridan and Grace Bradley in the subtle art of smiling prettily at their public.

The course lasts from three to six months, depending upon the receptiveness of the pupil. "If they learn how to walk gracefully, how to use their hands and their voices," says Miss Sylvania, "they gain self-confidence. I tell them it is important to be well groomed, to *know* that they are dressed in the best of taste. If you are worried for fear your hat has slipped from its proper angle, you will not present a cheerful front to your public. The smallest worries are distinctly unbecoming!"

She starts her charges making personal appearances in small local theaters, sees to it that they are properly dressed, tells them to catch as many individual eyes as possible (wearing friendly

expressions), to sign every autograph book which is presented and to give the eager public all the time it wants, no matter how hungry or tired the recipient of the applause may be. "There is time enough to rush through a crowd and be whisked away after a girl has become a sensational success,"

says Miss Sylvania. "Only a Garbo can afford to be whisked!"

The whiskings of even so important and successful an actress as Katharine Hepburn . . . and their echoes . . . would seem to bear out Miss Sylvania's theory!

This conversation reminded me that Mary Pickford told me one time that she was haunted, when appearing in public, by the fear that her stocking seams might have twisted. And that reminds me, in turn, of the time when I sat in the box next to Mary's and Doug's at a large charity ball. People kept coming to ask them for autographs and both were as charming and gracious as possible, in an automatic fashion, in acceding to these requests. They wrote their names patiently, and smilingly, upon programs, visiting cards, leaves from autograph albums and on starched cuffs. But Doug was in a playful mood and had Mary worried all to pieces over remarks he made in French about the various supplicants, as well as about some of the entertainers upon the stage.

"Doug!" Mary would whisper, in horror. "Maybe her mother is sitting next to us . . . and perhaps she understands French!" To which Doug would reply, brightly, "If her mother is clever enough to understand French, then she must *know* that her daughter dances like a giraffe!"

Doug, you see, was reaching, even then, a point where he did not feel that he need care about what his public thought of him. With your newcomer, it is a different matter. . . .

When Julie Haydon had to make her first public appearance, she fled to Joan Crawford for advice. Joan put on her hat, ordered her car and took the little Julie shopping for the proper frock. Then she conducted her, briskly, to a beauty salon for expert advice on hair, and the proper shade of make-up. She supervised the purchase of hat, shoes, gloves and bag. She coached Julie in the gentle art of smiling her best at her public . . . and she gave a little party for friends to "preview" the act. And she taught her how to hurry, while not seeming to hurry, through the crowd to that waiting car. Julie, I might add, did her teacher credit!

A year or two ago crowds were not so friendly to actors who were reputed to be earning enormous sums of what looked to the hungry man like "easy money." There were ugly demonstrations at one or two premieres. Bricks were tossed and rude remarks were made, to the dismay of everyone. [Continued on page 58]

The Story of MAY ROBSON'S NEW PICTURE "Three Kids And A Queen"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Fictionized by Julia Gwin

MARY JANE BAXTER sat bolt upright in bed and stared at the strange quintet round her, at the clean but shabby room, at the dog curled up contentedly at her feet. Never had she seen these people before and she did not quite know what to make of them. Blackie, darkly handsome and just coming into young manhood, stood between his foster father, Tony Orsatti, and Tony's daughter, Julia, who was like something out of a story book in her sweet, young loveliness. At the foot of the bed was Doc, with the too mature lines plainly etched on his little boy face. Flash, blandly good-natured, and Tony, comical despite the seriousness of his manner, made up the group. To the eccentric old woman they all seemed like parts of a very bad dream from which she had just awakened. She feared that this might be another of the schemes of her

scatter-brained nephew, Percy, in his efforts to confuse her and aid the doctors of the lunacy commission he had engaged to declare her insane.

"What's the meaning of this? Who are you and where am I?" She shouted into the anxious faces.

Tony was worried about this odd old woman. True, the boys had thought they were doing the right thing in bringing her to the apartment after the accident for which they felt they were responsible. Perhaps she was as poor as Blackie and Doc seemed to think, but this imperious, queenly attitude was better suited to one who was in the habit of giving orders and having them obeyed.

"Lady," he began, "you feel-a all right?"



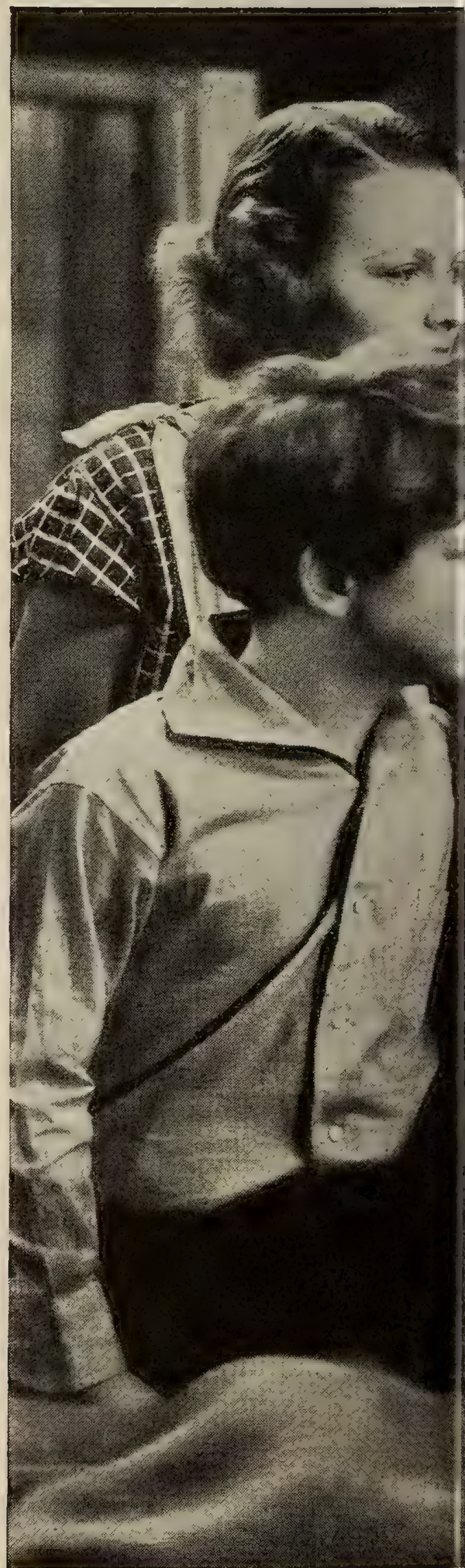
Blackie (Frankie Darro) offers to take the G-Men to the kidnapper.



Blackie pretends to be one of the kidnappers.

Mary Jane (May Robson) refuses to leave although Tony (Henry Armetta) pleads with her.

Benton (John Miljan) is delighted to read that Blackie will die.



"Of course, I'm all right. Why shouldn't I be?" she snapped.

Blackie explained how she had been struck by a runaway carriage when its horses had been frightened by the Ford he had been driving. It reminded Mary Jane that she had been riding through Central Park, enjoying the crisp spring sunshine when suddenly her carriage had careened wildly, tipped and thrown her and her precious dog, Aubrey to the ground. The boys evidently did not know she had been the occupant of the carriage.

Mary Jane Baxter was sixty-eight and reputedly the wealthiest woman in the world. She had just returned to New York from a European trip with her dog, on which she lavished all her affection and wealth. Dodging the photographers at the dock she had gone to her palatial home to face a lunacy commission examination, which had been brought about by her nephew, Percy, and other relatives who wished to get hold of the old woman's vast fortune.

After having admitted to the examining board that she had recently bought a hotel in France for her dog she ordered them from the house. The next day she bought a

Action, Crime And Love—Triple Delights— In May Robson's New Picture.

lot adjoining her house, stopping work on a skyscraper being erected on it, as a playground for her dog. Sensational newspaper stories re-

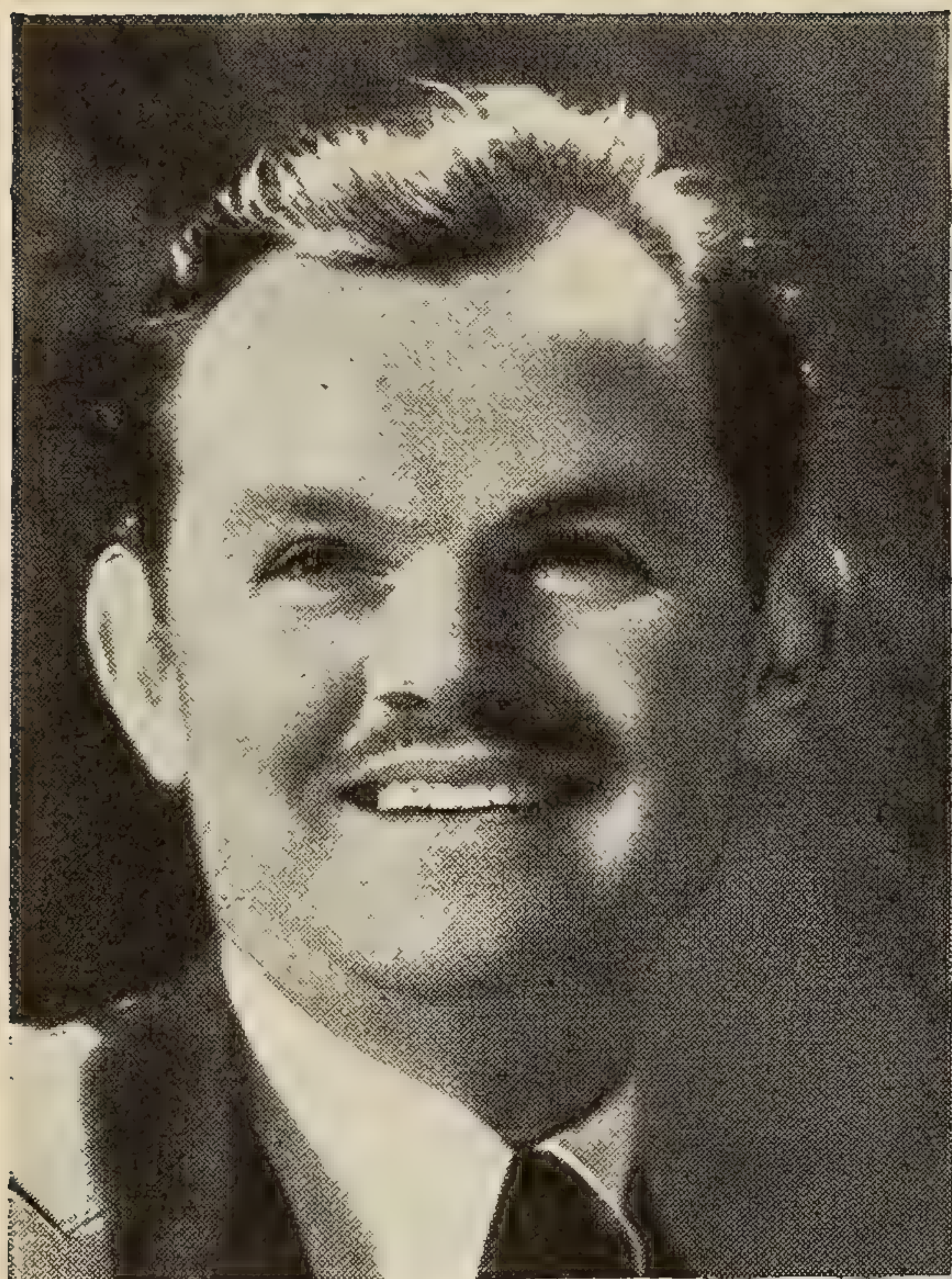
garding this occurrence had already come to the notice of Walter Merkin, a grocer, and his neighbor, Tony Orsatti, who lives in a basement apartment in the rear of his shop with his daughter, Julia, and three adopted boys, Blackie, Flash, and Doc, a cripple who has ambitions of becoming a doctor and curing his own leg. It was Doc who had bandaged Miss Baxter's injured ankle and restored her to consciousness.

Mary Jane tried to get out of bed. She wanted to go home at once but her ankle was too painful for her to stand on. She stormed and shouted at Tony, at Julia and at the boys until they quite lost their patience. They had gone to considerable trouble to make her comfortable, yet she ranted like a lunatic and now she had begun demanding something to eat. Julia brought her a plate heaped with spaghetti and meat balls.

"What is that?" Miss Baxter twisted her nose and sniffed at the plate.

[Continued on page 64]





Lawrence Tibbett is singing his way through a picture called "Metropolitan."



Larry and his son, Michael, at his farm in Wilton, Conn.

By Dena Reed

TIBBETT ~ The Troubadour!

Song And Laughter Bubble From Lawrence Tibbett.
He Takes Nothing Seriously, Least Of All Himself.

Do you sing in your bathtub?

IF you *do* you're as good as a movie star right now. Um-hum. It's just as simple as that! Lawrence Tibbett said so!

The high noon I was due at the Tibbett apartment wore on considerably and still no Larry Tibbett. Undoubtedly that morning the aria got mixed up in the sponge, and under such circumstances one *must* make allowances and think kind thoughts—so I made allowances. At least it *did* give me time to see what manner of workshop one orders when bathtub singing—on a bigger and better scale—brings its rewards.

It is a large room with one huge window overlooking the East River, and the color scheme is dead white against mahogany. A typical man's room. On the beautiful grand piano stands a metronome and several of those thick red pencils used for scoring. It is flanked by two straight mahogany chairs upholstered in white leather. Next comes the mantelpiece with white vases from which ivy twines gracefully down the sides of the open fireplace. Lilies, in simple mahogany vases, relieve several odd tables, on each of which are to be

found cigarettes—although Tibbett does not smoke. There is a portable victrola, a desk and set-in bookcases with a separate tier dividing them containing operas, records and scores. For all this impedimenta there remains a sense of spaciousness, of simplicity and pleasing comfort.

Finally I heard strains of the "Rogue Song," *profundo robusto*, as the door swung open with dramatic effectiveness and voila! there stood Lawrence Tibbett of the Metropolitan opera, Hollywood and a whole chain of radio stations! He looked very shining and very naughty—exactly like brother Jimmie when he's straggled home late after school via the kitchen closet and the jam pot.

He was all apologies, song and diaphragmatic humor—sometimes known in less resplendent settings as "belly laughter." And his hearty good cheer is more contagious than gardener's itch and twice as much fun! He's definitely a happy-go-lucky wretch, a carefree charmer who's quite at home in Hollywood. His first picture under the contract he just signed with Twentieth Century-Fox Pictures will be something to talk—and probably sing—

about for a long while to come!

Except for his hair, he looked exactly like that lovely picture of him with curly locks in his role in "The Rogue Song," a copy of which hung above me on the wall. (He confessed that by edict the wave had been a "permanent"—and he thought that was just the funniest thing that has ever happened to him—and probably is!) But that charcoal sketch over there. We both looked at it—and then I at him.

"You look exactly like a bond salesman there," I said frankly.

"Exactly!" he agreed, laughingly. "I've *always* thought so!"

We both laughed.

"Have you had your breakfast yet?" I ventured, with visions of waiting until he completed the score of "The Rogue Song," interspersed with bacon and eggs.

"Oh I've had my apples and cottage cheese!" he smiled. "I didn't think you could bear it!"

For which I was very grateful. . . . Imagine watching someone devour apples and cottage cheese for *breakfast*! My, my, what strange forms temperament takes!

[Continued on page 70]

Hongkong's Contribution

By Leon Surmelian

MUCH has been written about Hollywood as the city of hard knocks and tragic disappointments, of sorrows, tears, and even suicide. But not always is the road to screen fame strewn with heart-breaking delays and difficulties. Sometimes the gods are generous to a newcomer—as to Wendy Barrie, for instance.

This buoyant English debutante, slender, pretty, and brisk as a lark, is one of the most delightful persons it has ever been my good fortune to write about. So-called "society" means nothing to me. My enthusiasm for her springs from the fact that she has affected me, as well as other hard-boiled Boulevardiers, like a fresh cool breeze on a sultry day.

She is so vibrant, eager, and bubbling over with excitement, as if every day is a holiday, every minute of which must be enjoyed to the full, that shortly after I met her I felt like throwing away my specs and worries and playing hop, skip and jump with her.

To gather the material for this yarn I drove to her beautiful house, formerly occupied by Myrna Loy, who is one of her close friends. The maid lead me into a sumptuous room, and presently Wendy dashed in, wearing athletic shorts and tennis shoes. "Hi" she said, giving me her hand, her gray-green eyes sparkling like a child's, as if meaning to say, "Oh, I am so happy!"

She has a piquant type of beauty, with light brown hair and high cheek bones that give her face that aristocratic look so characteristic of her. She has already attained her majority, but looks like a girl of seventeen.

If you had seen us two minutes after we met, you would have thought we had known each other for years, and that, perhaps, I had just come from overseas to pay her a flying visit, and she was telling all about her thrilling experiences in America and showing me through her house.

Wendy is a character for a novel of the kind Michael Arlen used to write. There is a bit of Mayfair, Paris and the Riviera about her, in all of which places she has lived. Her story reads like fiction.

She was born in the British crown colony of Hongkong. Her father, Frank C. Jenkin, K.C., is an outstanding barrister in the Orient. Her mother, Nell MacDonagh, was born in Ireland and is a descendant of the Irish king Brian Boru. Wendy is a niece of Sir Richard Warren, the great English surgeon. Cosmo Hamilton, the novelist, is an uncle by marriage. Sir James Barrie is her godfather, hence, her professional name, "Barrie." The family is distinguished, and the girl, madcap though she is, has plenty of class.

Robert Sherwood told her she speaks the most perfect English he has ever heard.

She has no accent, either British or American; no learned affectations of any kind in her speech. Her diction is a delight to those who know how the King's English ought to be spoken, even though they cannot speak it themselves. And she can sling our slang as fast as a popular high school girl.

Wendy has been a motion picture actress for over two years.

She has played in half a dozen English films, including the memorable "Private Life of Henry VIII," in which, you will remember, she was Jane Seymour, the favorite wife of that burly monarch. She has played increasingly important rôles in four American productions—"It's a Small World," "College Scandal," "The Big Broadcast of 1936," and "A Feather in Her Hat." But in spite of her success in the acting profession, of her mad adventures and escapades in a dozen countries; in spite of the fact that she has been around the world six times and has lived pretty much on her own, there is nothing worldly-wise and hardened about her, and she has all the freshness and youthful ardor of a young girl going to her first party. And it is precisely this quality of hers that "gets" her interviewers, [Continued on page 68]

Wendy Barrie Is A Glorious Madcap, And A Welcome Newcomer To Pictures.

The piquant profile of Wendy.



The much traveled Wendy has settled enthusiastically in Hollywood.



Even The Most Experienced Men In Hollywood Can Not Tell Beforehand Which Part Will Prove A Star-Maker

THERE'S a saying in Hollywood . . . Parts Make Stars—ah, but which parts? Here is the one real mystery of Hollywood.

Producers, directors, writers, supervisors—all experienced, highly-paid men—are unable, strange as it seems, to forecast correctly whether a part will click with the public or not. If these experts, without exception, cannot judge with any degree of certainty if a rôle will prove tremendous, mediocre or a dismal flop, how then can the actor calculate its worth?

Luck still weighs the scales in Hollywood . . . the progress of a career is wilfully determined by the chance breezes of good fortune. Parts Make Stars—and, may we add in amplification, lack of parts unmake stars, as well.

A shining example stressing the verity of the Hollywood saying may be found in the oft-repeated case of Janet Gaynor, which serves admirably to illustrate the current discussion.

Prior to "Seventh Heaven," Janet had struggled a number of years for recognition—first as extra, then bit player, then leading lady in two-reel westerns and finally as a featured actress at a major studio. Despite the fact that she was no stranger to screen audiences, she failed to attract any particular attention.

Then Fox selected her for the rôle of Diane in "Seventh Heaven," because she seemed to be the "type."

Overnight Janet skyrocketed to a fame few others had attained before her. When the picture started, no one had suspected that the film would achieve its great mark of distinction. In fact there were some who advised against producing it. The leading rôle, they said, would be just another gutter-snipe characterization.

But Diane turned into one of the most memorable parts ever filmed, and little Janet, with



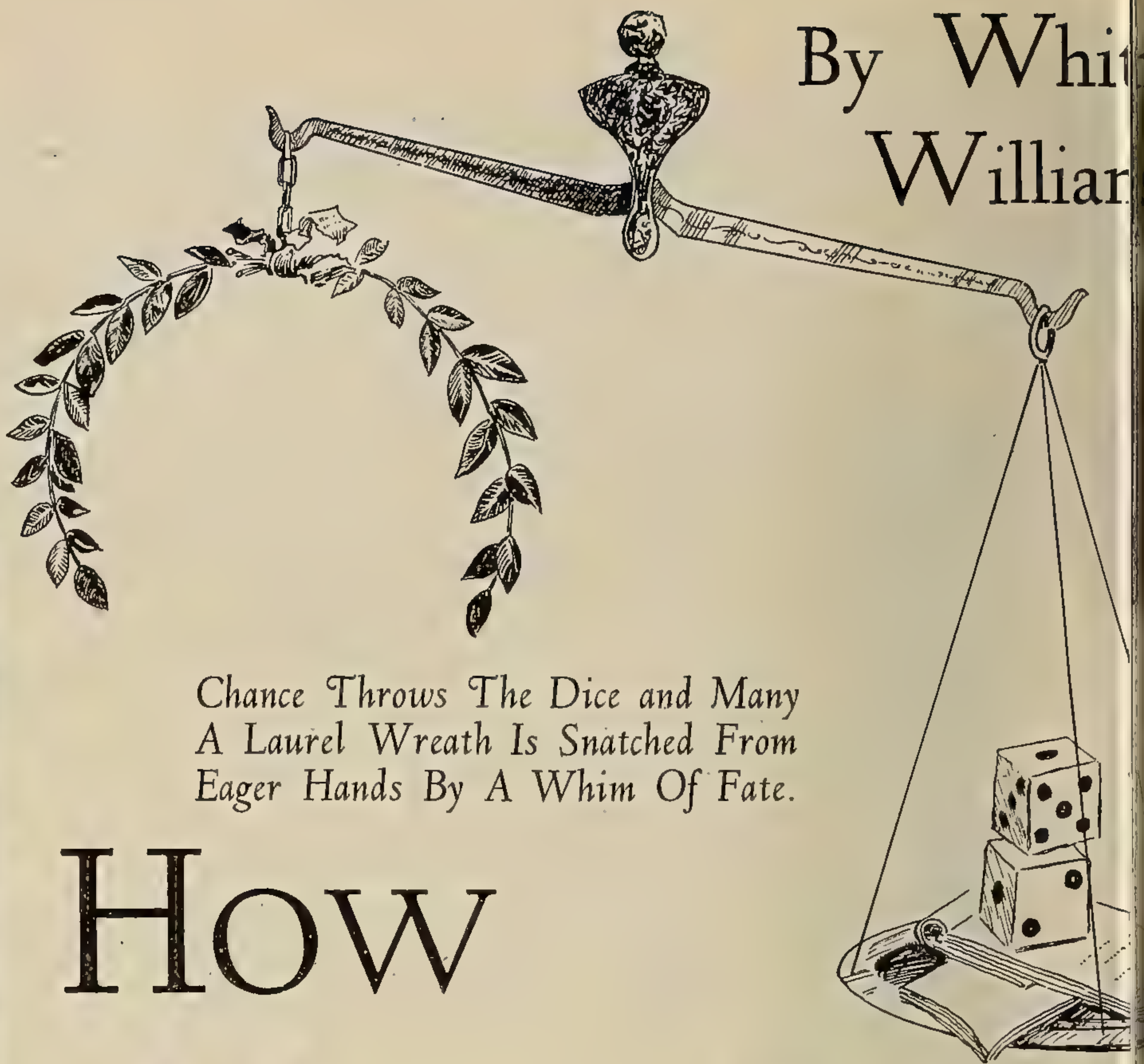
Charles Boyer. He failed once because of a poor part. Now he is extremely successful and very much in demand.



Jane Withers, a clever little actress and a lucky one. "Paddy O'Day" is her next.



Scene from the old silent "Seventh Heaven," which was so lucky for Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.



Chance Throws The Dice and Many A Laurel Wreath Is Snatched From Eager Hands By A Whim Of Fate.

How MUCH OF IT Is LUCK?

several years acting experience under her tiny belt, suddenly found herself the most talked-of personality in Hollywood. Luck? The part would have made any actress, had she been suited to the rôle. *But, in scenario form, neither story nor rôle had looked particularly impressive.*

When Fox put "Stand Up and Cheer" into production, great things were expected of this picture. The film would be one of the wows of the season, executives felt, and in consequence planned a mammoth exploitation campaign. It couldn't miss.

But it did . . . in all but one respect. This single exception to the inferiority of the film lay in the introduction of a cute bundle of sweetness who developed into the most popular star of the screen—Miss Shirley Temple.

In a small part, Shirley merely played

a little girl who did a song and dance. Nobody thought very much about her until the picture was released, and then the studio realized a fortune lay in its lap. She scored as sensationally as did Mae West in her first brief appearance, in "Night After Night."

Shirley had been on the screen for several years, so her amazing personality and ability weren't alone responsible for her success in this film. They helped, of course—but if it hadn't been for the part Shirley now might still be among the unknowns.

Mention of Shirley immediately brings to mind another young lady—Jane Withers. She was "discovered" in one of Little Miss Temple's pictures . . . and once again we have an excellent instance of the part making the star.

Seen as The Brat in "Bright Eyes," she wrapped up all honors for the film and tucked them into her pocket. She stood out like a sore thumb and had things her own way. But do you think the studio planned this? Not by seventeen jugfuls and three slices of salami. Had the powers-that-be known in advance what they learned after the production reached the public, Jane's part would have been cut to a minimum. General opinion had it that it would be a very swell part for Shirley, without any particular consideration being accorded Jane's rôle. Imagine their surprise when it turned out to be a very poor rôle for Shirley and a star-making part for Jane.

Years ago, Peter Lorre made himself the most hated man in Europe through his



Victor McLaglen and Margot Grahame in "The Informer." A lucky break for Vic.

magnificent portrayal of the child-murderer in the German production "M." Some months ago, the Hungarian actor arrived in Hollywood under contract to Columbia, and for his American debut the studio loaned him to Metro-Goldwyn for the starring rôle in "Mad Love."

A perusal of the script convinced him, along with studio executives, that the part would definitely establish him as an important figure on the American screen. Instead, upon the picture's completion, it was found to be a thoroughly disappointing characterization—not through any fault of his but because of the nature of the story. Had either Lorre or the studio anticipated the outcome beforehand, the actor most certainly would not have undertaken so gruesome a rôle.

Stepping into the rôle Myrna Loy had rejected, Luise Rainer distinguished herself in one of the finest film portraits of the season in "Escapade." She seemed tailored for the part.

Miss Loy had refused to do the picture because she didn't believe herself suitable for the rôle. Therefore, with some misgivings, the studio cast its new German import, Luise Rainer, who never had been in front of a camera before, as the sad-eyed heroine.

Her performance may be described as little less than brilliant. She reached out and touched the heart of every spectator. Her future was assured.

There's Fred MacMurray. Looking for new faces, Paramount elected him Claudette Colbert's leading man in "The Gilded Lily." And immediately he clicked like a house afire.

Once before, the young actor had tried his luck on the screen, with no success whatever. A single part elevated him to the front ranks of leading manhood, with every feminine star on the lot clamoring for his services in her next picture.

Often, great success is totally unexpected.

During the filming of "It Happened One Night," neither Claudette Colbert nor Clark Gable believed the film would amount to any great shakes. If the truth were known, they thought it rather a silly program picture. But they were under the magic of Director Frank Capra and tried their best to please him.

No one, then, was any more astonished than these two when the picture proceeded to break records everywhere.

Lady Luck is a strange companion. Frequently, she dictates that a player be cast in a smash part for his initial screen appearance, while again she decrees that his debut be shrouded in unimportance.

Henry Fonda, for instance, created a sensation opposite Janet Gaynor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

Eleanor Powell soared to spectacular heights in "Broadway Melody of 1936."

Henry Wilcoxon carved an easy path to stardom for his interpretation of Marc Antony in "Cleopatra."

Nelson Eddy sang his way into every fan's heart in "Naughty Marietta."



Luise Rainer happened along just in time to catch the part Myrna Loy didn't like. It put her over.

Freddie Bartholomew endeared himself to the nation in "David Copperfield."

Margo evoked the attention of every drama-loving soul in "Crime Without Passion."

Margaret Sullavan established herself as one of the screen's most gifted artists in "Only Yesterday."

Katharine Hepburn caused everyone to shout from the housetops her work in "Bill of Divorcement."

Just as easily the pendulum might have swung in the other direction. In less auspicious parts not one of these stars might have caught the public fancy. Parts Make Stars . . .

On the other hand, Madeleine Carroll, it was felt, would out-Garbo Garbo in her first American film, "The World Moves On." A glamorous star in England, she failed to show to advantage. The part lacked both color and interest.

Anna Sten was hailed as the new dramatic sensation of the screen. In Europe, she had enjoyed maximum popularity. "Nana," which introduced her to American audiences, did little for her.

Three more foreign importations, Mady Christians, Charles Boyer and Francis Lederer, likewise



Madeleine Carroll has clicked again in "The 39 Steps." After being a hit as "The Spy," she ran into an unlucky part and had to start all over.

failed to impress in parts that their studios guaranteed would be the making of this trio. "Wicked Woman" offered Miss Christians no opportunity whatever except a drab characterization; "Caravan" proved an unhappy choice in which to present Boyer; and "Man of Two Worlds" did not allow Lederer to show the talents that undoubtedly were his.

Parts also UNmake Stars. Fortunately, Miss Carroll now has really clicked again in the British "39 Steps," and Boyer and Lederer have since acquitted themselves as splendid actors.

Still another angle presents itself in
[Continued on page 62]

STARS IN BED

When The Devil Was Sick The Devil A Saint Would Be, But When The Devil Was Well The Devil A Saint Was He.

IN HOLLYWOOD, as in Paducah and the rest of the world, nothing seems to bring people more closely together than the misfortune of sickness.

In the mending of broken and bruised bodies petty quarrels are forgotten, harsh words washed away with good wishes and love substituted for the malice that's such a sore spot on the heart of human relationships.

Here is a typical scene in a Hollywood hospital. It is a waiting room off the main corridor. A great director, who is a czar on the set when he directs super-spectacles for the screen, sits next to a little extra girl. On the lot she would never have dared speak to this king. In sorrow they become related. Both sit with anxious eyes waiting for a nurse to come through the door with news. She nervously fingers the pages of a book she thought she could force herself to read; he twists the hat in his hands with concerned apprehension. She has come to see her room-mate; another extra girl, who is ill, not with bodily pain but with the mental struggle to survive in Hollywood. He is visiting a featured actress who plays a rôle in his latest picture. Only a week before he was shouting directions to her on a busy set, humiliating her for a poor performance in the presence of the whole cast. Now he comes as a friend, with bouquets of flowers, to redeem himself.

No dressing rooms can tell the stories that take place off these corridors that lead into sick rooms. Happiness and tragedy are welded into a word that spells Life. A great movie star gives birth to a new soul and fulfills her womanhood not with movie make-believe, but with reality. In the next room a great celebrity passes over the great divide and another career comes to a close. In this room Norma Shearer had one of her babies. Across the hall Belle Bennett died of an incurable cancer. In number 206 Clark Gable recuperated from an operation. Down in the nurses' quarters they still laugh about the time they had getting him into a flannel nightgown cut off at the knees, to take him into Surgery!

Every day unexpected dramas write themselves; delightful comedies, too. The repertoire is endless. The numbered rooms a living book of short stories.

One day Jackie Coogan is brought in, cut and bruised from a horrible automobile accident; his father having died in his sight only a few hours before. An ambulance from Universal City comes speeding madly into the hospital grounds. Charles Bickford, clawed unmercifully by a lion while enacting a scene from "East of Java," is rushed to the nearest operating room. A disas-



Bickford in a Hollywood hospital after his terrible experience.



David Holt played a pathetic hospital scene in "The Big Broadcast," just before he was really taken sick.

trous airplane crash occurs on the way to an Annapolis location taking a toll of lives among the technicians, and a few weeks later, Richard Wallace, the director, in convalescence, recalls over and over again, to the minutest detail, a scene of horror he could never do justice to on the screen. Just as lovely Gertrude Michael stands on the verge of stardom a bad motor crash puts her in the hospital.


"I never really knew how many friends I have in Hollywood until fate put me flat on my back," she confessed from her white hospital bed, where she is rapidly recovering from a broken leg.

"Look at these wires," she said, waving a batch of telegrams above her head. "Why even on the most glorious opening night on Broadway I never got so much attention. And look at the flowers! Half the time I think I've been moved into a florist shop. You know, it's fun being laid up like this. One gets to know where one stands with the world."

She dug her hands into the thicket of paper messages as if they offered

Anecdotes Of The Stars Told By The Nurses In A Hollywood Hospital.

By
Ramon Romero



During the jungle scene in "East of Java" the lion seized Charles Bickford by the throat, severely injuring him.

some immediate cure, and let them linger among the thousands of kind words showered upon her by friends and co-workers who were almost strangers. Her spirit showed no signs of distress, but seemed to glow with a new-found happiness born of the knowledge that Hollywood is not so cruel and busy that it cannot stop to think of its sick.

On the little table by her bed was a stack of manuscripts, sent by the studio for her to read as a prospective "next picture"—a new rôle—when she is on her feet again and ready to face the cameras.

"I guess being under contract to a studio is like being a member of a large family," she commented sadly. "They get so used to you that after a while you're just taken for granted. Then something happens; an accident, illness—anything desperate you want to mention, and suddenly you assume a new importance. The very possibility of disaster gives new valuation, new respect. It's a shame to admit, but true—sometimes you almost have to die to be noticed."

During the past year she has played a series of "family rôles" for Paramount, as she terms them; inconsequential parts of no great importance. Suddenly she is the stricken child, and is being given not only ice cream cones and lollipops to hurry up and get well, but the very best room in the house too. Not in months has the studio sent her such grand parts to read as have come to her bed at the hospital. All she has to do now is recover quickly, and be as welcome back as sister Susie just home from the hospital after a bad case of mumps.

"Actors are the bravest patients in the world," one of the hospital nurses said to me, referring of course to Miss Michael's case among others. "Pain seems to affect them differently than people from any other walk of life. They seem to have the happy faculty of dramatizing their illnesses so that even in a hospital bed they are still playing a rôle. They never permit death and sickness to become real. I've seen magical survivals in this hospital every week; miracles really. That is why I am convinced," she said with positive affirmation, "that actors, particularly movie actors, have the proverbial nine lives of a cat."

The rule holds good not only with grown-ups, but with child actors as well. For instance, she pointed proudly to little David Holt as the latest example of Hollywood courage. The entire cinema capitol has been shaken by the news of little David's case of infantile paralysis. Inquiries have poured into the hospital, where he lies a victim of the dread disease, not by the dozens but by the hundreds. David is suddenly everybody's little boy. While those about him wear grave faces and speak in hushed tones, David reads his pile of telegrams and letters with perhaps more ecstasy than he read his fan mail at the studio. These hit closer to home, nearer to his boy heart. These aren't words simply in praise of a performance, some fictitious little boy whom he pre-



Gertrude Michael, who was injured in an auto smash, is now up and around again.

tended to be in a picture—these are messages for him, bulging with sincerity and anxiety and love; bringing him so close to the invisible army of friends he can almost reach out and touch them.

Little did David realize a few short months ago, when he was working in the dramatic hospital sequence of "The Big Broadcast of 1936," that he would soon be in a real hospital; the chief protagonist of a situation more dramatic than the one he had portrayed in the movies. There is such a vast margin of difference between a crisis in a play and a crisis in real life. On the set the director yells "Cut!" and the scene comes to an end, like a bad dream—but when the greater director who wields his megaphone over Life, yells "Cut!"—it's all over. Finished. As final as the tomb. Little David knows that difference now.

But David is going to get well. The doctors promise that. He will play in the movies again, too. Perhaps it will be a little while—but not too long. It could not [Continued on page 60]

GIVE YOUR CHILDREN A



IF YOU are going to have a Shirley Temple party, see the January issue of Silver Screen, which gives full particulars of how you can get a personal greeting from Shirley, to arrive in time for your party.

MRS. TEMPLE and I were discussing Shirley and Christmas over the luncheon table, just the other day, and I suddenly became so excited over the prospects of wrapping and unwrapping lovely mysterious packages in crinkly tissue paper and big red bows that I began to glow like a Christmas candle.

For eleven months during the year I growl and grouch like an old crank, but comes December and the first whiff of Santa's hoary locks and I become as sweet and sticky as a gumdrop. Children have the edge on us adults when it comes to Christmas, as well they should, and I soon found myself deeply engrossed in Mrs. Temple's plans for a Christmas party for Shirley.

Little Miss Temple took no part in the conversation, even though the magic word of Santa Claus was sprinkled liberally here and there, for Shirley just then was living in another world. She had taken the zennias from the bowl in the center of the table and had stood them on their heads, with their little short stems sticking up, and had made a most enchanting fairy forest.

There was a throne for the queen, made out of a napkin covered with petals, and Shirley knew that just as soon as all the noisy grown-ups left the restaurant, the shy little queen and her fairies and gnomes would discover the fairy forest that Shirley Temple had made for them and would romp there all afternoon. Yes indeed, with her little face cupped in her two chubby hands, Shirley was planning games for the gnomes to play. And sure enough, right there behind the salt shaker a little brown man in a peaked cap was winking at her as if to say, "Thanks Shirley. Just wait until the grown-ups leave."

Shirley believes absolutely in fairies and gnomes and



Here Are The Details Of The Party That Mrs. Temple Is Planning For Her Daughter.

By Elizabeth Wilson

loves to prowl around looking for them in her garden both at home and at the studio. She is very quiet about it and does not want to be disturbed when on the scent of the brownies and gnomes and "little people." In fact, she never discusses them with anyone, it's all a great big grand secret. She can always tell when the fairies come to visit her dressing room during the night.

They, too, are looking forward to Christmas.

In regard to Christmas in the home, Mrs. Temple believes that Christmas never should be "just Santa Claus." She always tries to keep the spiritual values uppermost in her home and feels that such attributes of character as patience, tolerance, courage, kindness and a sense of security contribute more to a child's lasting happiness than the doll or skates she might wish for.

"The best gifts are the gifts of the spirit," Mrs. Temple told me. "And the Christmas message of peace and good will right here on earth—not on some remote continent—is still the hope of all Christian people. And the finest thing we can do for our children's spiritual welfare is for those of us who are parents to do our best to make this hope a reality in our own homes—not only during the holi-

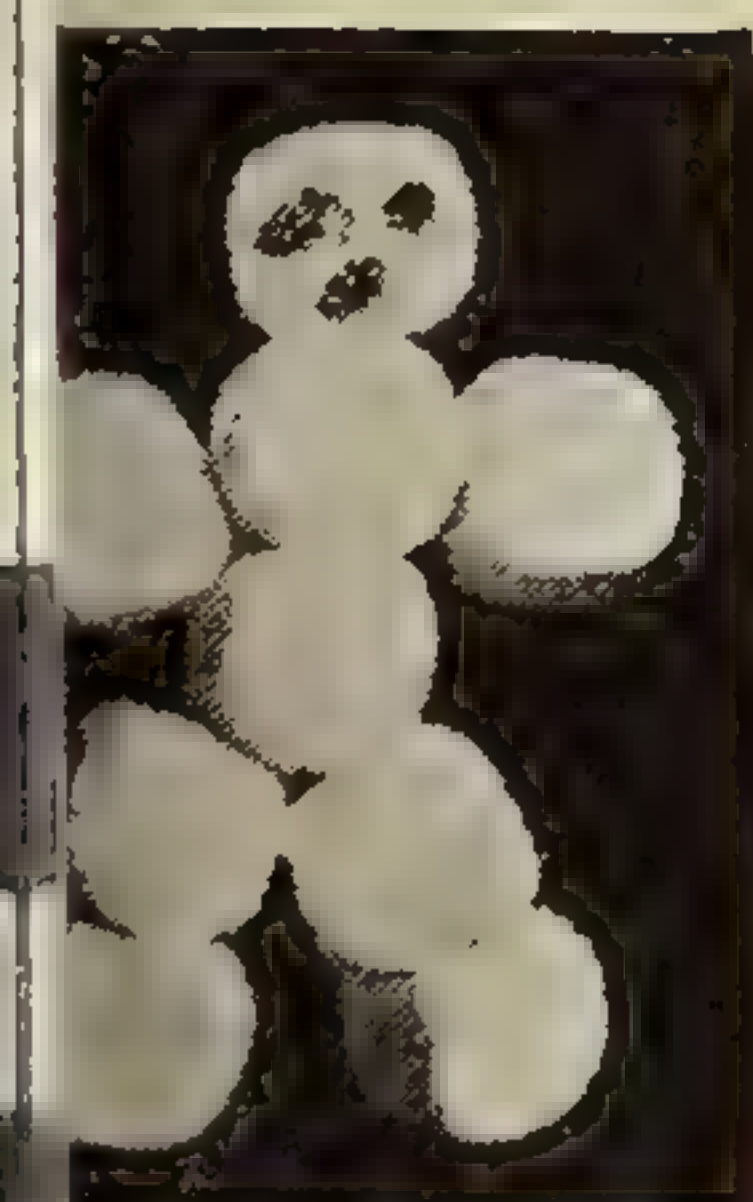


Shirley, the cutest little actress in the world, with the cake that her mother made for her party. Shirley calls it "Curly Top Cake" because of the ornamental icing.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE XMAS PARTY

The Kids All Over The Country
Will All Have This Gay But
Inexpensive Party.



day season, but
throughout the
year's calendar."

Because of Shirley's love for the little gnomes and fairies, Mrs. Temple plans to have the invitation to Shirley's party read:

"We're going to have a party soon
Because the Christmas fairy
Is coming here—won't you come too
And help us all make merry?"

And, of course, down in the corner will be the address of the Temple home in Santa Monica and the time and the date. Shirley's little friends, mostly the neighborhood kids, will all be invited.

The children will arrive around noon and immediately a party luncheon will be served them on a long table out in the patio (that's California for you—a patio Christmas with no more snow than a hen has teeth). After the luncheon they will play games all afternoon. Following is the menu that Mrs. Temple has decided upon for Shirley's Christmas party, and she has very kindly given me the recipes which I now pass on to you. Shirley isn't given cake very often, but on an Occasion such as a Christmas party she is permitted a good slice of the Curly Top Cake. Um-um, wish I had a slice right this minute. Won't some nice little gnome oblige?

Menu for the Shirley Temple Christmas Party

Candied Apples	Scrambled Eggs
Peanut and Jelly Sandwiches	
Hot Cocoa Topped with Whipped Cream	
Curly Top Cake and Ice Cream	Red and White Candies

Candied Apples

Wash and core one fine large apple for each person to be served. Peel a rim at the top.

Set apples in a buttered baking dish and fill the cores with sugar. Top with one-half [Continued on next page]

Snow men made with
toothpicks and marsh-
mallows by Shirley her-
self. She also made the
basket out of paper,
with the floral design
in colored crayons.



"Let's you and me have a
party just exactly alike."
Shirley invites every kid
in the world to have a
Christmas celebration.

teaspoonful butter and a sprinkle of ground cinnamon on each apple.

Bake for an hour at 375 degrees—a moderate oven.

Make a syrup by boiling together one package (about one cupful) red cinnamon drops and three-quarters of a cupful of water to 232 degrees—or until it drips from a spoon.

Dribble the red syrup over the baked apples and cool slightly before serving.

Serve in large saucers with cream, or half milk and cream as you like.

Peanut and Jelly Sandwiches

Into a mixing bowl put one-quarter of a cupful of butter, one-quarter of a cupful of peanut butter and one-half a cupful of red jelly. Stir till blended and spread generously on whole wheat bread.

Remove crusts and cut into triangles.

Cocoa

For each cupful to be served use one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cocoa, two teaspoonfuls sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of milk and one-quarter of a cupful of hot water. All measurements are exactly level as usual.

Put the milk in the top of a double boiler to heat. Put other ingredients into a bowl and stir gently till smooth.

When milk is just to a boiling point add the cocoa mixture and cook for five minutes.

Whip the cream in a mixing bowl, allowing one cupful (measured before whipping) for eight to ten servings. Pour the cocoa into a pitcher for serving or dip from the boiler with a soup ladle, as you prefer.

Curly Top Cake

(Plain sponge cake with "Curly Top")

Icing

3 eggs	1 cup flour
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoonful baking powder
1/2 cup milk	1 teaspoonful vanilla
2 tablespoonfuls melted butter	1/2 teaspoonful salt

The above recipe will serve six children.

Beat the eggs well, add the sugar slowly; add the vanilla; heat the milk; add melted butter and beat into the sugar and egg; mix the dry ingredients and add slowly, beating all the time.

Icing

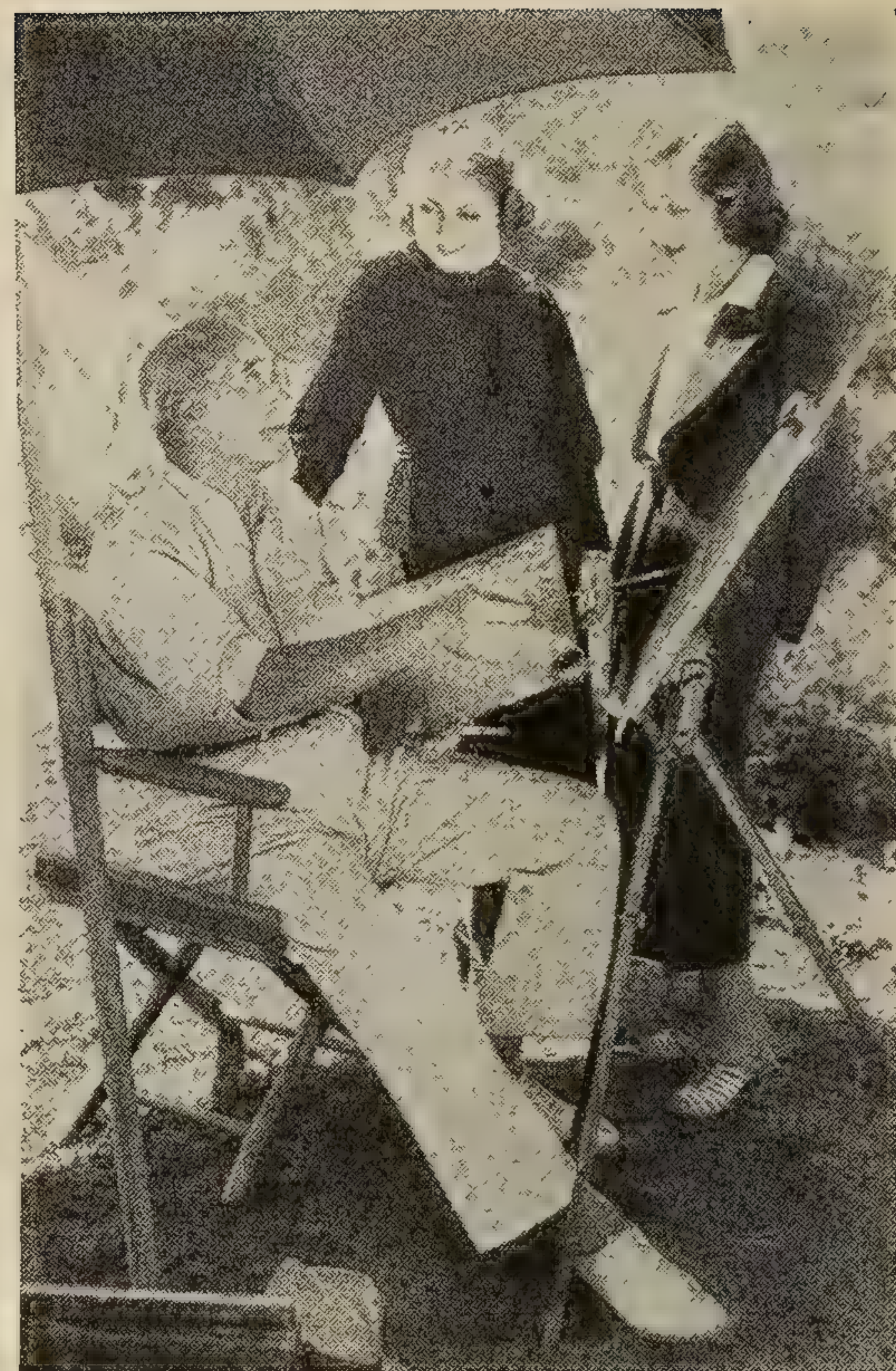
2 whites of eggs	1 teaspoonful of vanilla
2 cups of sugar	
	1/2 cup milk

Boil the sugar and milk until it spins a thread; beat egg whites stiff; add boiling mixture, slowly beating all the time until thick; add vanilla. Ice the cake so that it will look like curls. (There is a special kitchen gadget for this.)

It was while she was making "Curly Top" that Shirley was invited to a children's party and immediately noticed that the icing was put on in curly-cues. Ever since then she has called it "Curly Top Cake." Of course, pure vanilla ice cream will be the best for the children, but at Shirley's party there will very likely be ice cream sundaes, which is one of Shirley's favorite dishes, and which she calls "ice cream with gravy on it."

Well, so much for the menu. The table will be decorated with the utmost simplicity, but at the same time delightfully thrilling to the children. The winter theme is to be used at the table and it will be centered with a Santa Claus surrounded with marshmallow snow men. There will be cotton snowballs, liberally sprinkled with silverdust, at each place, also a gay popcorn ball, and a little paper basket to hold red and white candies and nuts. Shirley makes these little paper baskets and marshmallow snowmen herself and you can just imagine how much fun she will have making them for her party.

To make a paper basket for the candies and nuts, Shirley takes a sheet of paper—Shirley likes to use ordinary typewriter paper—splits the four corners about an inch and a half on one side only. Then she folds the sides toward the center of the sheet of paper for the width of the



Wide World

Grace Bradley and Frances Drake are fascinated by Sir Guy Standing's magic brush. He is a real artist.

split—an inch and a half. This provides the side of the basket. Then she dovetails the corners and pastes them in place. Shirley stops at this stage of the process and with her crayons decorates the sides with floral designs (one of her special delights is drawing flowers). After that is done to her satisfaction she cuts a strip of paper about a half-inch wide, decorates it, and then pastes the ends to the opposite sides of the basket to form a handle.

When she goes to make the snowmen she uses nine marshmallows for each man, three cloves to make his face, and then she takes toothpicks to stick him together and make him stand up.

Besides the cluster of snowmen in the center of the table there will be four of them facing each side of the table. Sprigs of red berries, holly or any kind of Christmas greenery will be used to good effect through the center of the table, leading in the four directions from the snowmen. Mrs. Temple will festoon large bows of red crepe paper around the four corners of the table. And, of course, sparkling silverdust will be spread enticingly over the table cloth and the cotton snow.

Ever since Shirley had so much fun singing "Animal Crackers in My Soup" she has had a great fondness for animal crackers, so Mrs. Temple has thought up a combination of animal cracker and candy which she will surprise Shirley with at the party. The "coated animals" will also be found in Shirley's little home-made baskets on the table.

Coated Animals

Dip animal crackers into melted sweet chocolate and into colored icings. The bear coated with white and rolled in coconut, the lion in chocolate, the zebra in white and chocolate stripes, etc. Use small silver and colored candies for the eyes. Lay finished candies on oiled paper and chill in the refrigerator.

All kids will get a kick out of these animal crackers. They'll probably all start singing "Animal Crackers in My Soup."

[Continued on page 56]



Wide World

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, his wife, with Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, attend the preview of "Barbary Coast" in Hollywood.

OUR "LILY of the OPERA"

Screen Fans Soon
Will Hear The
Glorious Voice Of
Lily Pons.

By
Lenore Samuels



Lily sings her famous Bell Song from "Lakme" in her first picture.

WHEN, in the years to come, they ask me "Did you ever hear Lily Pons?" I shall tell them that I not only heard Lily Pons sing her famous Bell Song from "Lakme" at the Metropolitan, I not only listened entranced to her extraordinary high E's and high F's on the radio, but I also had the rare privilege of meeting her in person.

And Lily, I shall tell them, was that unique phenomenon in the operatic world—a slim and lovely prima donna diametrically opposite from the massive ladies with huge chest expansions with whom, in the past, we have associated this most fascinating of the musical arts.

She had only recently returned from Hollywood, where she had made her first motion picture, "I Dream Too Much," so naturally our conversation turned to pictures.

Said Lily enthusiastically: "Oh, I love that Hollywood. The people—they are so nice. Not too serious. They like to laugh. Yet they work so hard. I—I have a beautiful house there. Oh, so lovely. And a swimming pool. But, swim? No. I had no time. My friends, they use my pool. I—never. True, I pose beside it. For the still pictures, you know? But I don't swim. And I go only to two parties. Just two. Every morning I get up at six. I am at the studio at six-thirty getting made up. At seven I am working. For three months this goes on."

"Did you find the new medium of acting in front of a camera trying?" I asked when she paused for breath.

"At first," Lily admitted, with a sorry shake of her head. "The first two days I am terrified. I have not—what you call confidence in myself. I am afraid that my features will not screen right. I am afraid of my expression. I am afraid I will look self-conscious. Oh, I am simply afraid of everything. So I refuse positively to look at the daily rushes. I am sure they will be bad and then I will not have the courage to continue.

"After the second day, Mr. Cromwell—he was my director—said: 'Lily, you must look at the rushes. They will tell you what is wrong. Then you will correct your errors. That will give you confidence in yourself. I know it will.' So I look at the rushes and I am very much surprised. It seems that I am at home on the screen. After that I am no longer nervous."

I asked if it upset her emotionally to sing one aria over and over again for the recording machine, as I heard she had to do in Hollywood.

Lily looked serious. "It has to be just right on the screen," she said. "And so we work until it is right. Twenty, thirty times, it makes no difference. We work until we get the proper pitch and tone. The recording machine, you see, has not been absolutely perfected yet. It is still not sensitized fine enough for my high E's and high F's. That is why I brought Alberti—he is my maestro—with me to Hollywood. Every time I sing he goes into the sound booth and listens. And Mr. Kostelanetz—he directed my operatic sequences in the picture—goes with him. Alberti knows my voice so well he can detect the slightest flaw. So with both of them watching so carefully all the time, I am certain that when they say "Good" I have recorded perfectly. I am not so sure of my other scenes, though. Maybe the fans will not like my acting. But I hope so. I had such a good time working on this picture, I want to make another.

"I sing a jazzy song in this picture, too," she informed me with obvious relish. "And I do a hot dance," she continued with a snappy, come-hither look in her



In "I Dream Too Much" Lily Pons, supported by Henry Fonda, sparkles with the true vivacity of the French.

enormous dark eyes. "And people, they like that. They want to laugh. No?"

"You didn't mind singing a jazz song?"

"Why I liked that song best of all," cried Lily, her eyes twinkling at my amazement. "It's called, 'I Got Love.' You wait and see. It's good stuff!"

This, then, my fans, is the Lily Pons I will describe in the years to come. This French Lily of the golden voice, whose mind is as uncluttered as the charming room which was her background . . . Who, at sixteen, did not know even that she had a voice, and was training herself to be an accomplished pianist . . . Who met and married a certain August Mesritz during her seventeenth year, for which event the public be thanked. For it was this husband of hers who one day heard her sing a simple song. "You have a voice," said he. "Oh, no," said Lily naively, "I play the piano."

But August Mesritz, who was a music

[Continued on page 69]

The *greatest* thrill in sound..

THE MIGHTY VOICE OF TIBBETT!

He stirs you as never before in this great picture,
revealing the glamour and glory . . . comedy and
caprice . . . rivalries and loves . . . behind the cur-
tain of the world's most spectacular opera house!



LAWRENCE TIBBETT METROPOLITAN

**VIRGINIA BRUCE
ALICE BRADY
CESAR ROMERO
THURSTON HALL**

**A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Richard Boleslawski**

HEAR THE GREAT TIBBETT SING:

*Pagliacci • The Road to Mandalay
The Toreador Song from Carmen
The Barber of Seville • Faust*



SOME CHRISTMAS CARDS

the Stars Might Send

To **YOU!**

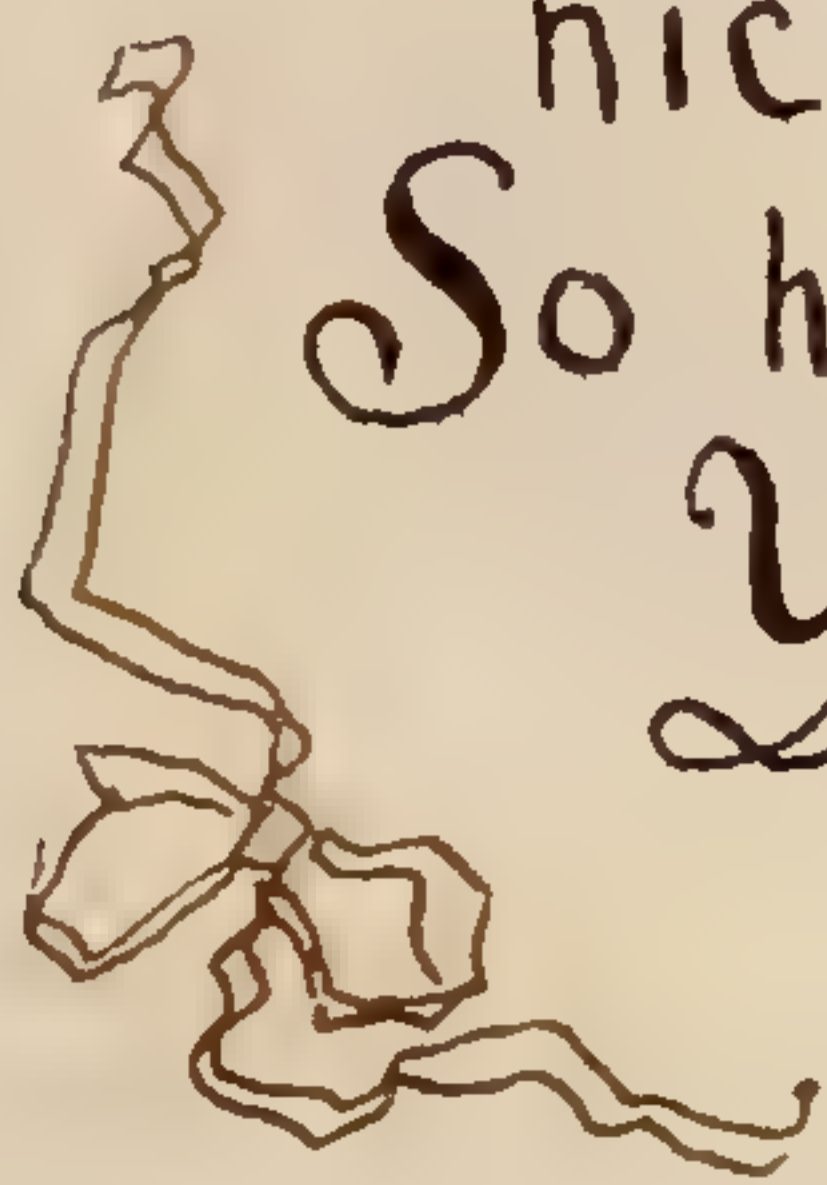
The Season Is Here—The Sentiment
Is True. Merry Christmas!



Christmas gay and
a New Year bonnie
For everyone ~~~
Your loving
Ronnie



You've made my
Christmas the
nicest yet ~~~
So here's a kiss ~
Your friend,
Claudette



I hope your
Christmas joy
comes early ~
And
don't forget
Your loving

Shirley



All the world
at Christmas
harks
To hear good
wishes from
Ned Sparks.

GREETINGS
May Fate smile
upon all lovers
true

This is the wish of
Gene Raymond for
You .



The Stars Send
Cards By The Hun-
dreds, But Each
Wish Is Sincere.

THE MONKEY

The Jungles Are
Full of Hollywood
Actors!

Some
jungle
characters
even in-
vade Hol-
lywood.

Johnny Weissmuller
(in center) and
Maureen O'Sullivan,
in "Tarzan Escapes,"
being coached by a
native.

Victor Jory, Stanley
Andrews and Nor-
man Foster in "Song
Of The Damned."



ARE KICKING!

IT ISN'T the Darwin theory that is causing fits among the survivals of the fittest. Nor is it Frank Buck's one way excursions that causes the simians to simmer and burn. It's the fact that the jungles, which formerly echoed so soothingly to the cooing of the cuckoo, now are all cluttered up with actors. A sensitive monkey can hardly be expected to go on just the same after he has seen Maureen O'Sullivan. And the lady monkeys are chattering shrilly against the unfair competition.

The new Tarzan picture, "Tarzan Escapes," will be previewed in the Malay jungle and many a proud ape and baboon is looking forward to a long tailed contract.

June Knight, appearing in "Broadway Melody of 1936," and somebody's distant cousin.



Virginia Weidler and a tamed bear in "Freckles." Since Charles Bickford was attacked these scenes are often taken by trick photography—two negatives.



Mala and Lotus Long in "Mala." This picture was directed in a South Sea Island jungle by Richard Thorpe.

ALL SET!

Here Come Pictures—
New And Good.



Barbara Stanwyck, supported by Melvyn Douglas and Moroni Olsen, in "Annie Oakley."



Edward Arnold and Marian Marsh in "Crime and Punishment."



Henry Fonda and Rochelle Hudson in "Way Down East."



Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in "Hands Across the Table."

In "Shipmates Forever," Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell are co-starred.



Ginger Rogers and George Brent in "In Person."



WHEN the first cool days come the super-pictures breed. But after those are exploited, seen, reported and released all over the world, the less pretentious, but sometimes more enjoyable, plays come along. Stars hate spectacles, super-pictures and director-pictures. It is in the homey, human stories that we often find those never-be-forgotten moments of pure delight. United Artists believe that "The Memory Lingers On" is sure to be a popular picture, and, from every studio in Hollywood and across the sea, well, simple stories, with not a million-dollar set in sight are ready for your real entertainment.



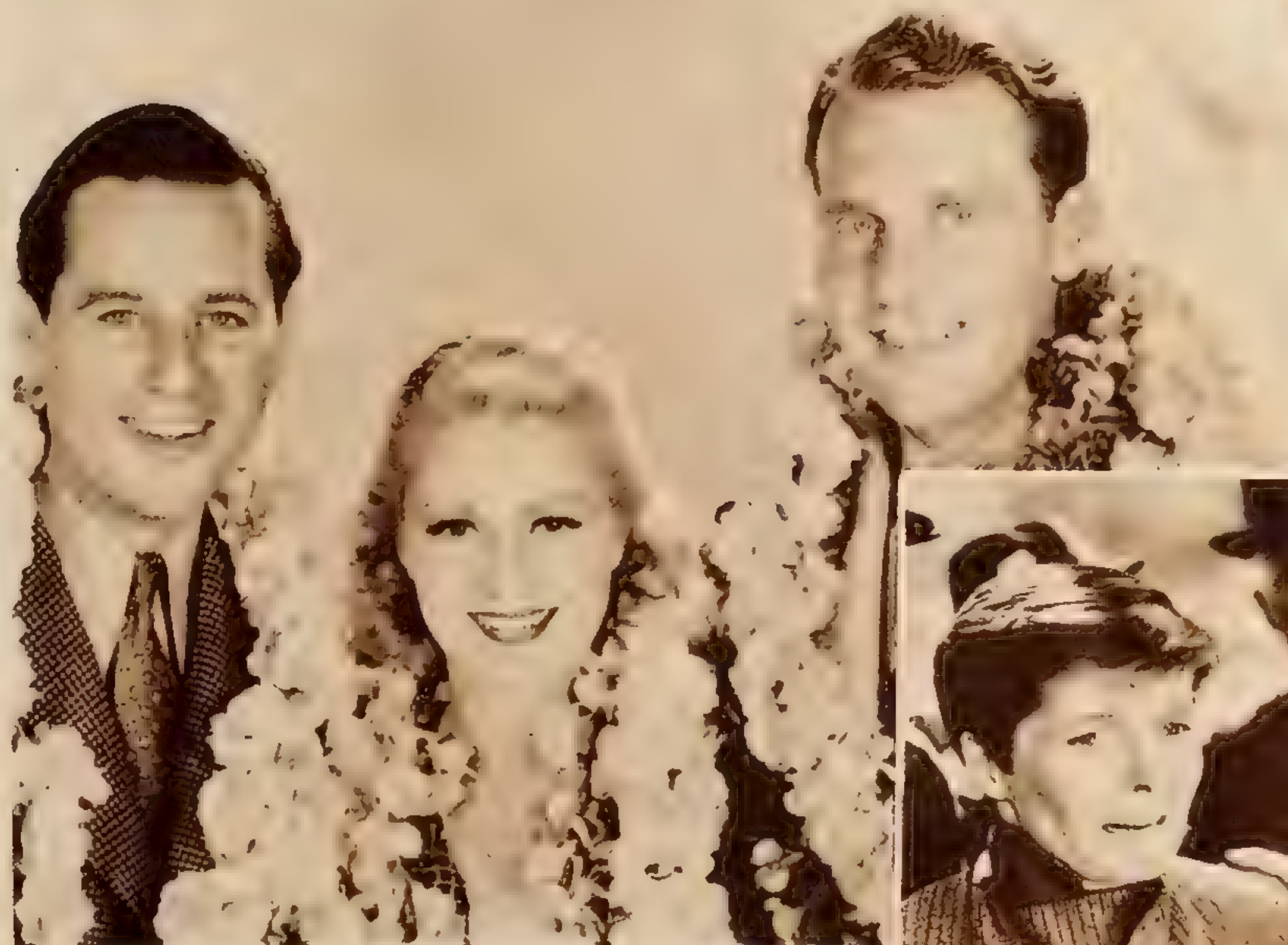


To make "Ah, Wilderness," Director Clarence Brown took Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker to Massachusetts—which is carrying a thing almost too far.



Walter C. Kelly, in "The Virginia Judge," decides matters for Stepin Fetchit and Dudley Dickinson.

ine Hutchinson es George Hous- "The Melody On," a story of a soldier and a All these stories ts broken by grim not have much rld influence.



Ben Lyon (Good to see you back, Ben), Claire Trevor and Ralph Bellamy in "Navy Wife," which has nothing to do with sailors in every port.



In "Sylvia Scarlett," Katharine Hepburn as a boy, and Edmund Gwenn.



Tom Brown and Carol Stone and a chaste salute, from "Freckles."

Helen Vinson, Noah Beery and Conrad Veidt in "King Of The Damned." Two Americans and one German playing in England!





Ginger Rogers



Ann Loring



Olivia de Havilland



Joan Perry



Jean Muir

SO BEAUTIFUL!

Each One Is Lovelier Than
The Other—To Someone.

IN THE days before the movies the actresses of the stage and the opera were supposed to be lovely to look at and the sale of opera glasses was booming. But a face fifty or one hundred and fifty feet away, across the footlights, can never be seen in its every last detail. Today the searching lenses of the cameras enable us to observe good looks to their last curve and dimple.

The girls of the movies must not only be actresses of feeling and strength, but of exquisite beauty as well, and the girls have met the test—

seen it and raised it. In fact their beauty and its care are a separate and continuous occupation.

A picture girl can cause factories to work overtime if she will but use a certain rouge or cream. She can influence millions of customers by announcing her patronage and she can block traffic with buyers if she shops in person. When her personal appearance is such an important possession, how can one of these pretty girls keep from getting conceited? They cannot, but they do not show it—that's where the actress comes in.



Joan Crawford finished "I Live My Life" and came to New York to be married—now she's Mrs. Franchot Tone. She seemed a little thinner and her blue eyes more wonderful than ever. Her new picture is a delightful comedy revealing Joan as a serious actress of extraordinary talent.

The Girls Of The Screen Are The Prettiest Of All Beauties Everywhere. They Are The Cream That Rises To The Top—Hollywood.

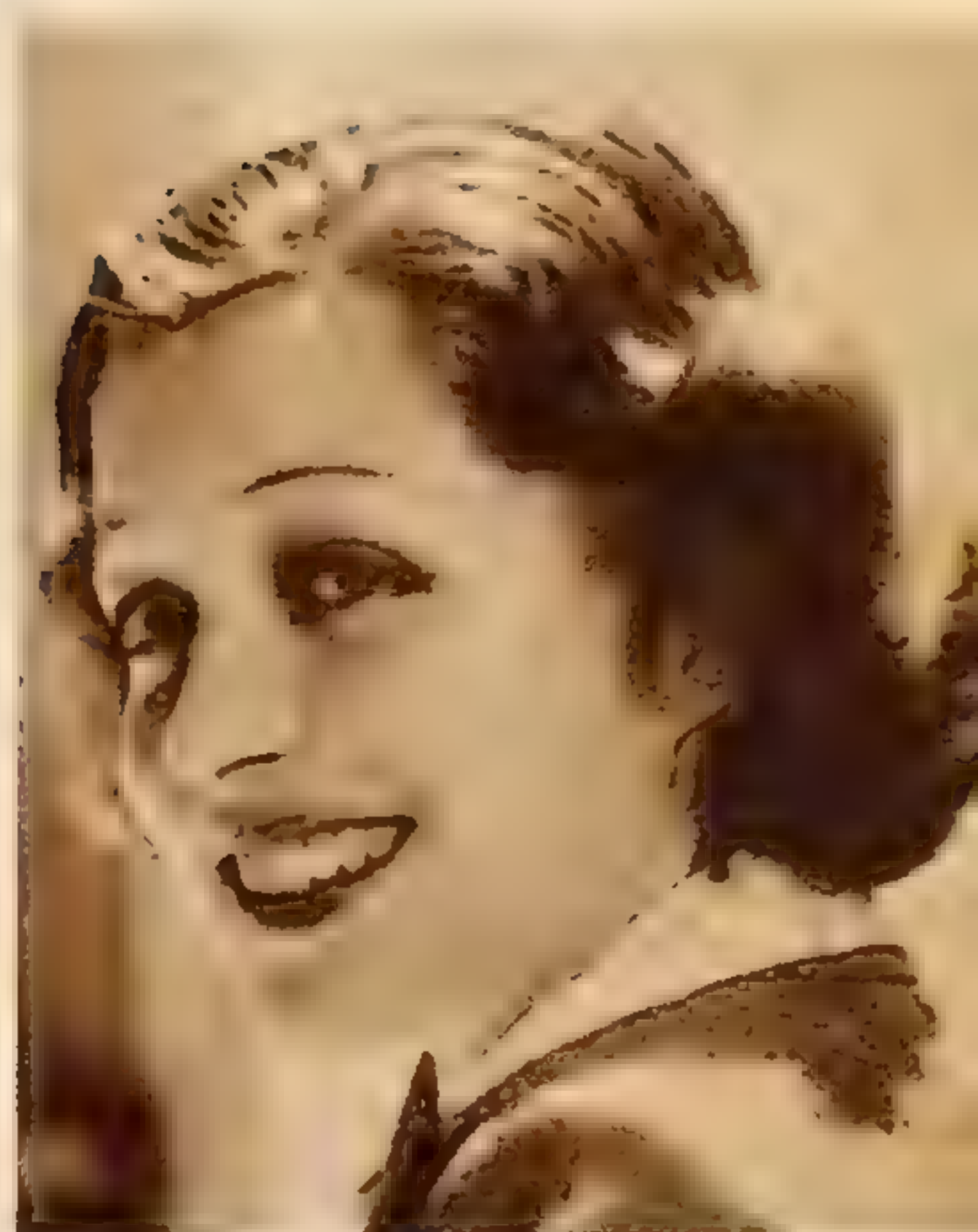


Jean Harlow among the hollyhocks. No one can wear a big hat quite as effectively as a platinum blonde. Jean is a girl who likes to dress up—as what pretty girl does not. Put a big hat within reach and Jean knows just the angle to make the darn thing utterly and completely ravishing.

The Business Of Womanly Beauty—Cosmetics, Powder and Such—Is One Of The Greatest In America, And The Inspiring Examples Of The Girls In The Pictures Keep It So.



Rochelle Hudson



Frances Drake



Betty Grable



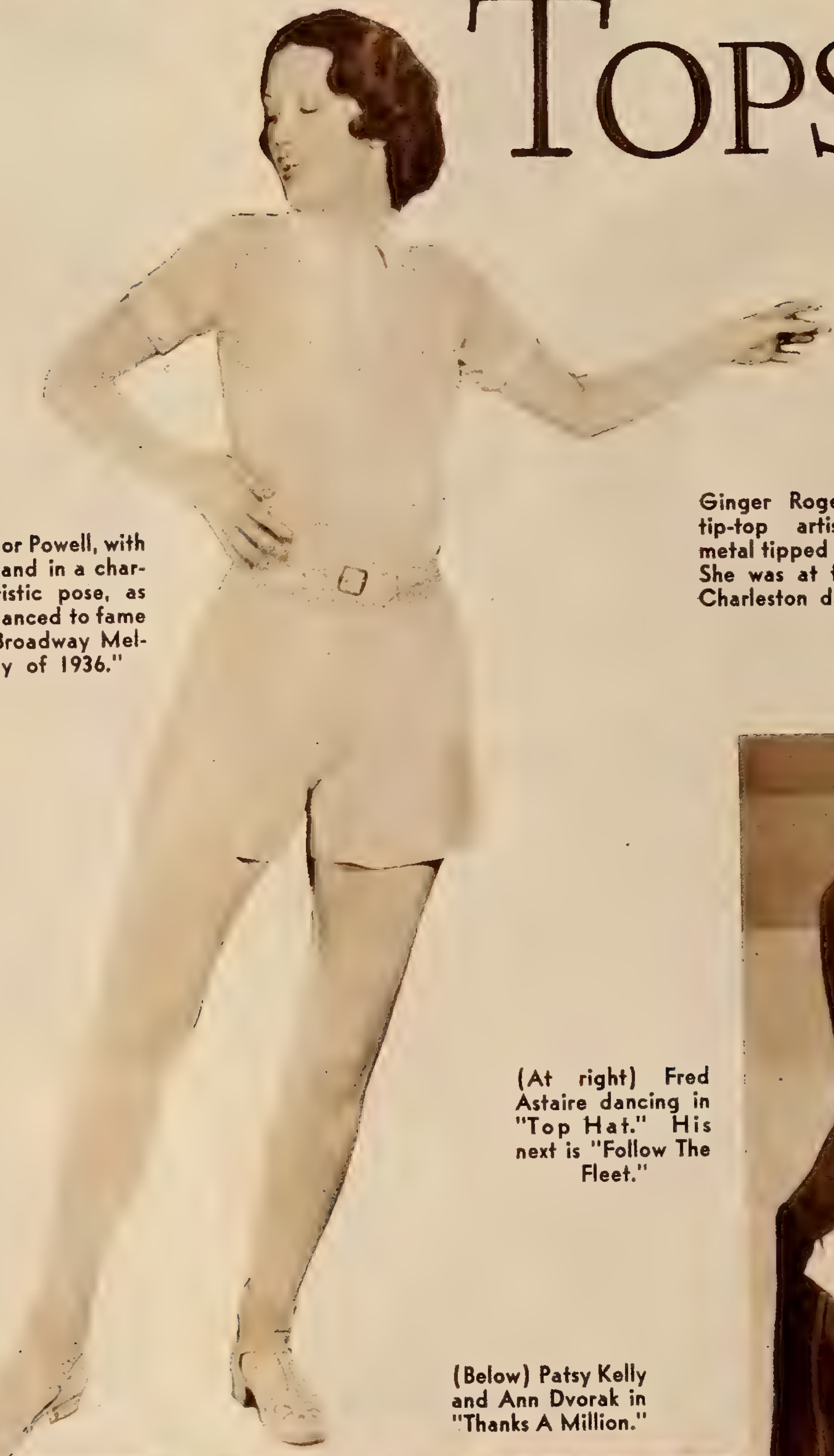
Rosalind Russell



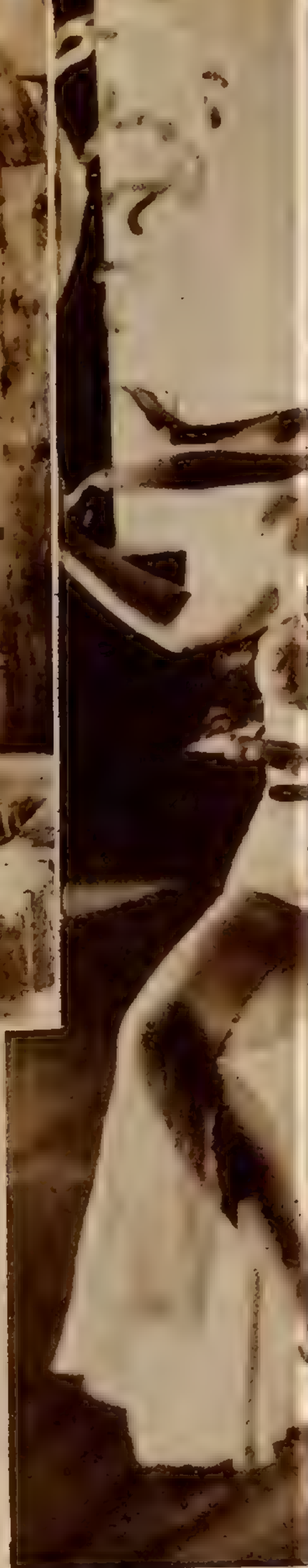
Anita Louise

TAPS ARE TOPS

Eleanor Powell, with her hand in a characteristic pose, as she danced to fame in "Broadway Melody of 1936."



Ginger Rogers, a tip-top artist in metal tipped shoes. She was at first a Charleston dancer.



(At right) Fred Astaire dancing in "Top Hat." His next is "Follow The Fleet."



(Below) Patsy Kelly and Ann Dvorak in "Thanks A Million."





The Popularity Of The Tap Dance Is Due To The Fact That It Is The Only Dance That Has Sound And Motion.

THE dance routines of pictures are at last worthy of the name, and the tap dance has done it. No more do we have to gaze with bored eyes as hundreds of chorus girls form themselves into pinwheels and spare tires and other circular formations which the camera invariably shoots from the stratosphere.

(left) Ruby Keeler, who introduced tap dancing to the screen.

The clever tap dancers deserve their day. Taps is tops.



The "Ball Of Fire" girls and Ray Walker. Musicals are lavish and beautiful, and nowadays bring us every popular song.

Alice Faye, star of "Ball Of Fire." Like all the others, she is from the stage, not Hollywood.

PICTURE PEOPLE



Bette Davis is a wonderful actress, but at her best in "hateful" parts.



Madge Evans and her two pedigreed Scotties. Madge is home again after making a picture abroad.

There Is No More Pleasing Compliment Than To Tell A Person She Resembles A Movie Star.

THEY are known the world over and their affairs and their talents, their looks and their loves are discussed with interest by men and women in every walk of life.

It is one of the strangest things in the world, the similar way that ordinary people react to plays, stories and personalities. When a man and his wife and kids in Bangor, Maine, approve of a player ("She's good," they say), another man and his family in Tulsa, Oklahoma, are also certain to like the same player and probably say the same thing.

Our nation may differ on politics, but on the movies we are one.

Ted Healy is the comedian who introduced the "stooge" to the screen.



They Are The Children Of Publicity—
Devotedly Loved By People They Will Never See—
And Millions Understand Them Better Than They
Understand Themselves



Jackie Cooper grows up,
but he is still a star—
"O'Shaughnessy's Boy."

Chico Marx, of
the famous trio,
being nonchalant.



Robert Montgomery
is home again, too,
and ready for work
in "Piccadilly Jim."



"Rendezvous," with Bill
Powell, will tell secrets
of war-time spies.

The only Jimmie
Cagney, alert and
active—in fact, spry.

SNOOP



It is Gary Cooper, relaxed and genial. His marriage is turning out to be a success, his acting has improved and "Peter Ibbetson," his new picture, is a fine work of art.



For a football story, "Fighting Youth," June Martel, Andy Devine, Charlie Farrell and company put in a day at the Los Angeles Coliseum. Isn't Andy gaining just a little weight?



Constance Cummings and Sally Eilers.



The brilliant cast of "East Of Java"—Siegfried Rumann, Charles Bickford, Leslie Fenton and Elizabeth Young—snooped between scenes. Soon after this Bickford was nearly killed by a lion that sprang at him, clamping his jaws upon Bickford's throat.

SHOTS

The Stars Without Their Make-Up, Minus Costumes And Sans Wigs, Still Reveal The Old Charm. Apparently It Is "Not Detachable."

HARDLY an actor likes to be photographed just as he is when out of character. Not that he is camera shy or that he has anything to hide; it is because he fears that he is uninteresting when he is just himself and he quakes before the snoop-ing photographer, sure that the picture will betray him and show him up a glamor-less, uninteresting person. Let him be reassured. The more commonplace and home-folksey he appears, the more we like him. Glance at the picture of Gary Cooper in his baggy clothes and trusty pipe. The very informality of his appearance lets us all see the Gary that is underneath every part that he plays, the Gary we have liked since the day he hung his long legs over the arm of a chair and grinned engagingly at us.



One reason why Clark Gable holds his popularity is that he is the husky ready-for-anything guy that he appears to be. A scene in "Mutiny On The Bounty." Clark and a native girl going native and shoreward.

Robert Taylor and Betty Furness doing some snooping themselves on the sidelines of "The Magnificent Obsession." Taylor's fan mail, some of which comes to SILVER SCREEN, conclusively proves he has clicked in a big way.



COUNTERACTING *the* GANGSTERS

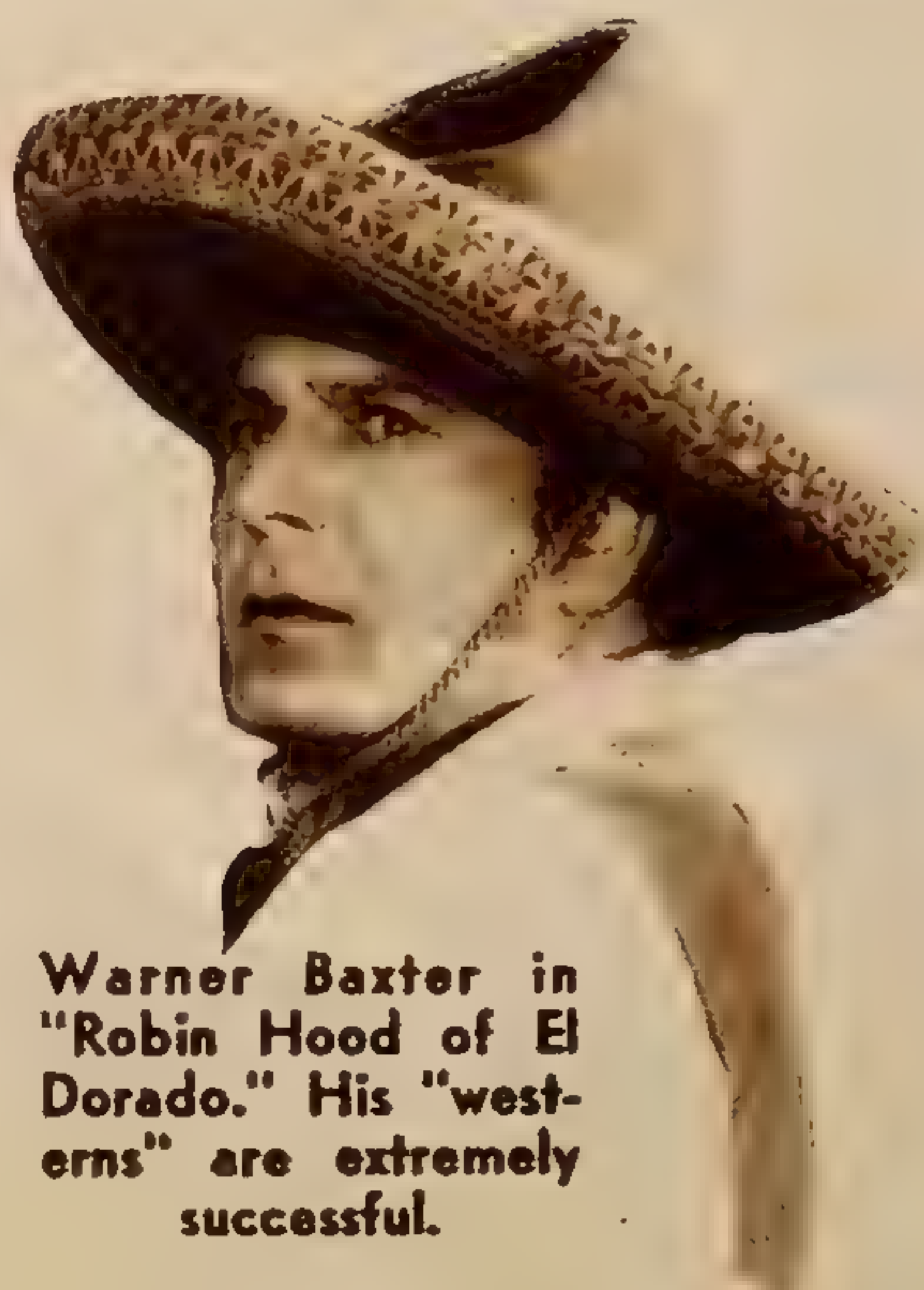
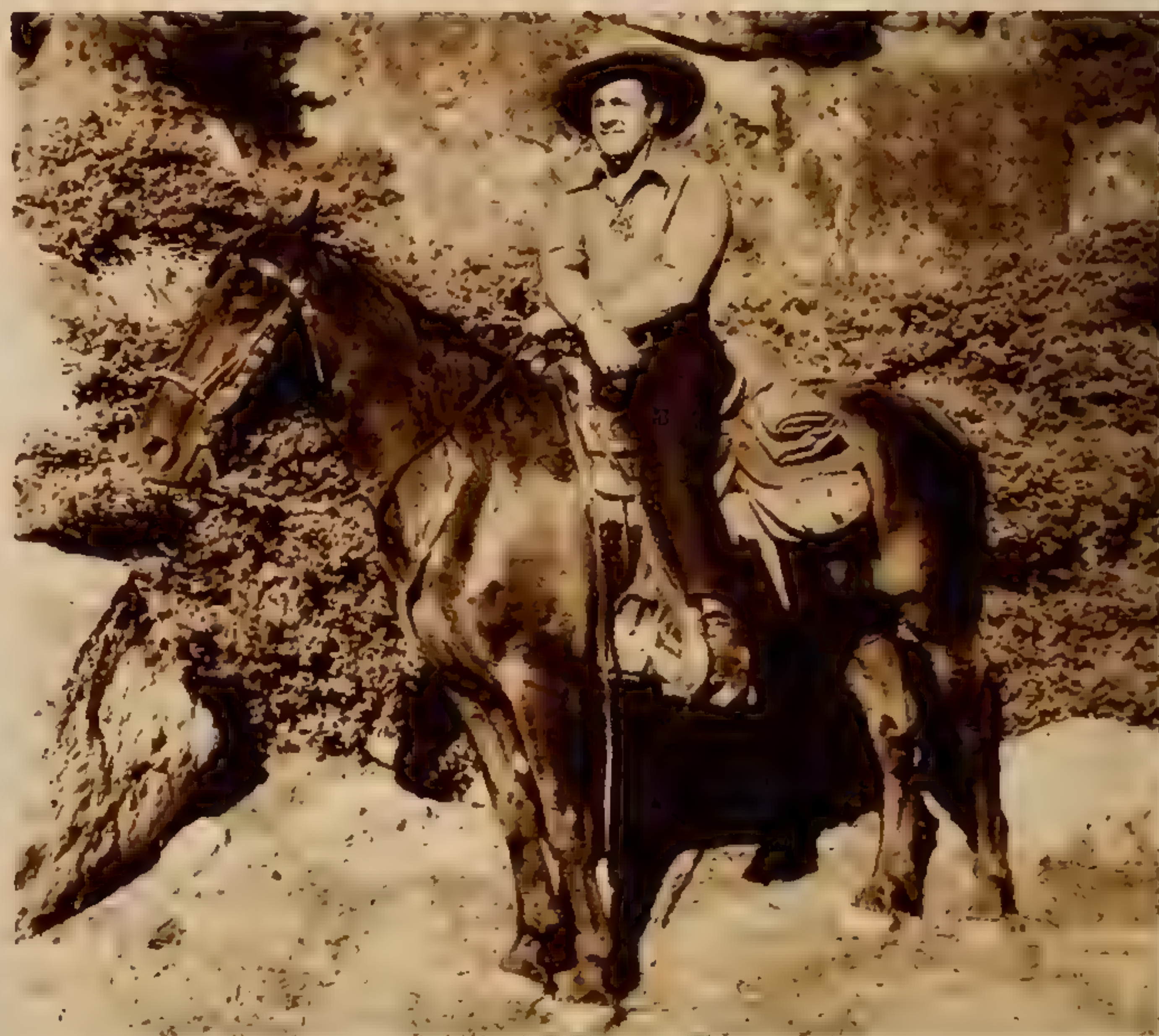


The George O'Brien Company on location in the "Mother Lode" country, sixty-four miles north of Sonora.

*There Is Honor And Manhood
In Every Foot Of Film.*

THE generation ahead of yours read "Deadwood Dick" and grew up to be respected. It is the right way to raise an American boy, and the number of fine western pictures that are being made will help immeasurably to wipe out the memory of the gangsters that the pulp magazines and newspapers have glorified.

George O'Brien and one of his string of valuable thoroughbreds making "Thunder Mountain."



Warner Baxter in "Robin Hood of El Dorado." His "westerns" are extremely successful.



GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Lovely to look at, delightful to see — is Gladys Swarthout, who will make you revise the notion that all operatic stars are fair, fat and forty. A piquant personality...a charm and grace all her own...a voice of molten gold...audiences will take Miss Swarthout to their hearts when they see her in Paramount's colorful "Rose of the Rancho," in which she is co-starred with John Boles.

WHY THEY WEAR EAR MUFFS *In Hollywood*

THE Grand Opera Stars are making pictures in Hollywood and anyone who can sing is "voicing." Some of the soloists are so expensive you have to pay for the echo. Lawrence Tibbett, Gladys Swarthout, Nelson Eddy, Bing Crosby, Lily Pons, Virginia Bruce and many more are releasing chest tones, arias and trills. What next?



Ann Sothorn and Edmund Lowe in Columbia's "Grand Exit." Ann is a singer, too, but there is a right time for everything.



Edith Fellows. A hit in "She Married Her Boss."

Lily Pons of the glorious voice.



Tamara and Frank Parker singing in "Sweet Surrender."



Helen Jepson, a Metropolitan Opera diva, now making a picture.



Clark Gable and his impromptu class in the M-G-M studio.

TOPICS

FOR



GOSSIPS

The Three Phases Of Marriage
In Hollywood, California—Pub-
licity, Advertising And Propaganda.

himself on the upholstery of the chairs and divans and even licked off the paint.

LUISE Rainer chooses foods by their color rather than by their tastes.

ON HER vacation trip to New York Joan Crawford selected her wardrobe in part from the models Adrian designed for her to wear in her last picture, "I Live My Life." When Joan likes the clothes she wears in a picture she usually has Adrian copy them for her for her own wardrobe. Claudette Colbert is another screen star who often takes a fancy to a dress she wears in a picture and has it copied for her personal use.

"AND now," said Director Van Dyke to the hundreds of Indians he had assembled at Lake Tahoe to do the outdoor dance spectacles for "Rose Marie," which is being made on location, "I want you boys to show me one of your own native dances. I might be able to use it in the picture." There was a great silence. The Indians looked aghast. Finally one brave spoke up, "We do Charleston, Black Bottom and Rumba. Indian dances—no." So Metro had to send up a dance director to teach the Indians the dances of their forefathers.

JEAN PARKER who is appearing in the next Robert Donat picture (wasn't he elegant in "39 Steps"?) is gathering up recipes from all the old English Inns in and around London. She says she is going in for European dinners when she returns to Hollywood.

ANN SOTHERN doesn't diet any more. The blonde star has evolved a method worth any number of trick diets to retain her lovely figure. The secret is consistency. Good consistent exercise and what is more important, good consistent food. It is possible to eat to her heart's content if only she allows herself a certain amount of exercise every day. The Sothern weight has remained within two pounds of a hundred and eight for the past six months, she has the appetite of a lumberjack, a sparkle in the eye, and all the health she can use.

CONSIDER the sad case of Louise Beavers, and sadly sigh. For years Louise, a grand actress if I ever saw one, played bits in pictures and worked almost every week. Then along came practically a co-starring part with Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life" and immediately Louise was skyrocketed to fame, and her salary zoomed to a new high. But since that picture she has worked little or not at all. She gets too much money and is too important an actress now just to play bits, and there are very few roles like the one she had in "Imitation of Life." Sad to say, fame isn't helping Louise Beavers. It's a pity.

WHILE Madge Evans was in London she took time out to visit the Schiaparelli, Molyneux and Jenny openings, and is more convinced than ever that she likes Hollywood clothes the best.



Luise Rainer and a left-handed snack. Nope, she hasn't changed her hair yet. Lew Ayres, Joan Blondell and Norman Foster, also at the party.

N. A. N. A.

occasionally of her recent divorce from George Barnes. It seems that there was one week when Joan and George, two heartbroken young people, just

drove around and around continuously trying to make up their minds what was the best thing for them to do. Joan had just about decided that divorce was the only square and fair thing for both of them, and then she suddenly realized that she and George hadn't eaten for three days. They stopped at the first restaurant, which happened to be a Chinese Chop Suey joint, and ordered chow mein, which is a dish that the Blondell is very partial to. Of course the Chinese waiter brought tea and little fortune cakes and Joan nervously broke one and pulled the fortune out. "Don't do it," it said, and Joan nearly collapsed. The whole thing would have probably been called off then and there, but George crunched a cake and out of his came, "You'll feel much better when it's over." So Joan and George decided to abide by George's fortune.

FROM Stockholm comes the news that Garbo is busy these days finishing up a scenario based on the life of a saint. Her fondest dream has been to star in a picture with a religious theme, and the studio offering her none, she has written her own script.

W. C. FIELDS' pride and joy is his trailer. But while he was so sick at Saboba Springs he had to leave his trailer at home. Returning home the other day, almost well now, thank goodness, he went to call on his trailer first thing and almost collapsed when he found that a stray horse had managed to break in and had stuffed

[Continued from page 13]

to the airport to take a plane for Hollywood they snook up on her unawares and took the most awful picture you've ever seen of a charming and beautiful movie star. It was published in the morning paper, and poor Sylvia looked like the "tiger murderess" on her way to the noose. And that's what comes of hurting photographers' feelings.

Now there are things to be said on both sides. Sylvia, like dozens of other movie stars, especially Hepburn, Garbo, Colbert and Shearer, likes to preserve the glamour of the movies and doesn't like to have pictures taken of herself unless she is at the studio. She thinks those candid camera shots that certain magazines and newspapers glory in are terrible, and quite disillusioning to the fans. "My face is my fortune" is the motto of the Hollywood stars. And furthermore, Sylvia, like the rest of them, can't stand being made to look ridiculous. And so the constant battle with photographers.

On the other hand, the poor photographers are only trying to make an honest living. It's their job to shoot celebrities, and so they make every effort so to do. If the star will be sweet and patient and pose while they snap their cameras, they usually give her a break. But naturally if she ducks and screams they are going to get as bad a picture of her as possible. C'est la guerre!

NOW that it is all over, and the pains are not so acute, Joan Blondell speaks

The Stars Have To Live Somewhere, And Sometimes The Neighbors Think The Association Is A Doubtful Honor.

NO MATTER how incomprehensible it may seem to you the old wheeze of "distance lends enchantment but familiarity breeds contempt" is just as true in Hollywood as it is in your own home town—that is, if the word *annoyance* is substituted for *contempt*. If you don't believe it just read this story, which tells of the experiences some of the stars have had with their neighbors.

What a blinding thing glamour is. You may think that if you could only live next to Gary Cooper he could do anything he liked and it would be all right with you. That's fine to think about, but if you had Gary Cooper's eagle cage within a hundred feet of you I bet you'd get just as tired of the noise they made, day after day, as Gary's neighbors did during the period he had them.

Since I began gathering material for this story I've become a pessimist. The stars are folks, same as your own next door neighbor. Their dogs dig up your garden and chase your cats in just the same way. They come home late and wake you up when they bang the garage doors—and if they don't do it personally,

every day, he would know it the first day he played hooky, his manager would know it the second and the world would know it the third. Same way with the voice. It has to be kept limber and nothing but practicing will do it. So imagine, if you can, hearing the powerful baritone of Mr. Tibbett come hurtling through the very early morning air, sometimes with the shriek of dawn, so that his throat muscles will be flexible for his first scene at the studio. Well, he lives in Beverly Hills and there's a goodish yard around his place, but the air is clear out in that climate and voices carry without any trouble at all.

But such is fame. Larry's neighbors hesitated a minute and then said, just a bit too hastily, that they'd rather hear Lawrence Tibbett sing scales than most anyone else sing arias—and I guess they meant it—so



Dick Powell is very gifted, but you should hear what his neighbors would like to give him.

their chauffeurs do. They sing and bang the typewriter and put on the loud speaker to beat the band and it annoys you when they do it just as much as if it were the John Joneses. Stars, when they are in the heavens—or on the screen—sparkle and glitter in a fascinating way but when a bit of one falls to earth and we get a first hand view of it, why—it looks just like some of the rocks in the pasture.

I suppose you, like thousands of others, have paid or would pay five bucks to hear Lawrence Tibbett or Lily Pons or Grace Moore at the Metropolitan; but not the neighbors of these song birds! They wouldn't go across the road to hear them. They don't have to. You know what Paderewski said, that if he didn't practice ten hours



Are neighbors a blessing? Ask Sally Eilers.

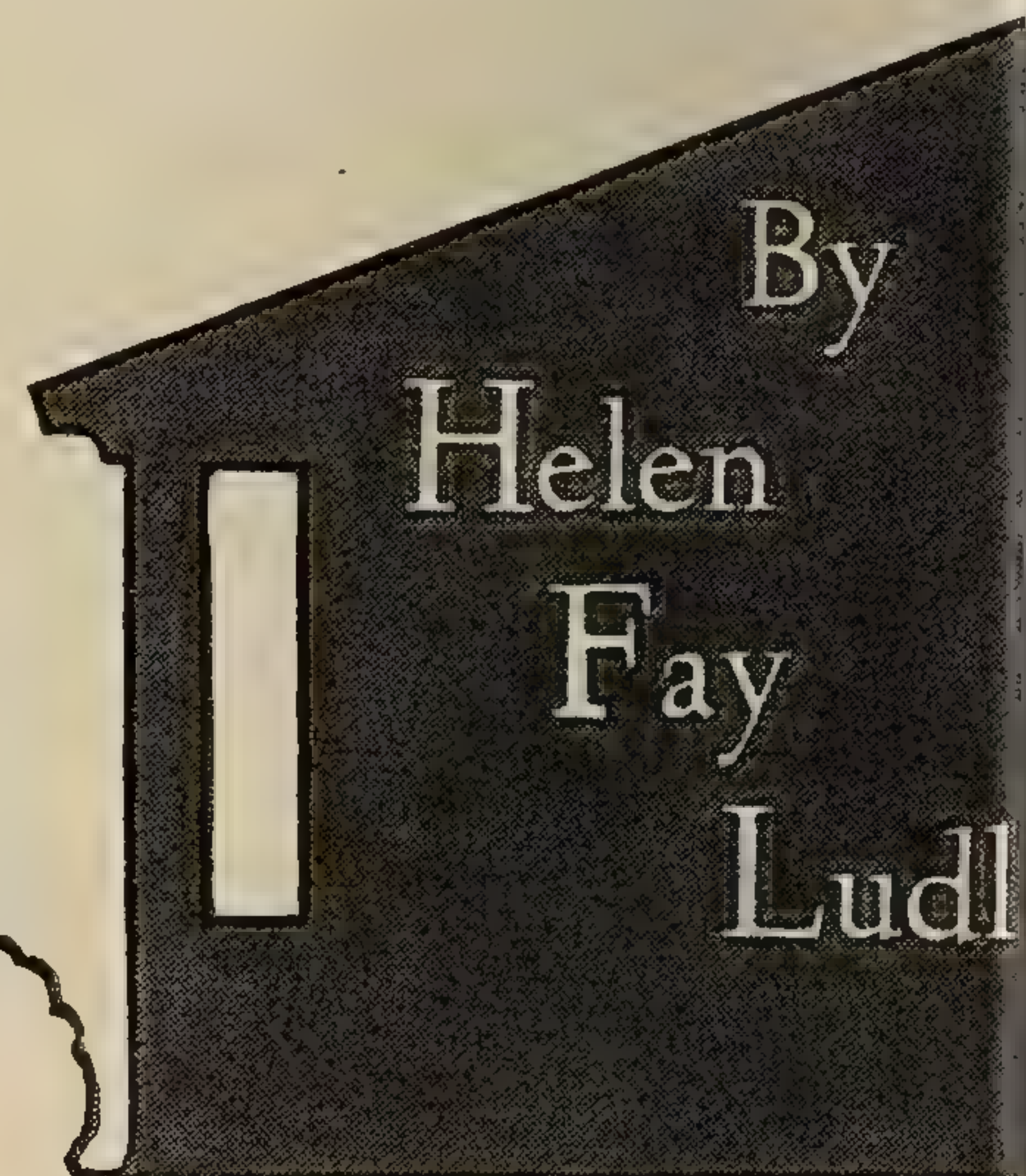
would I. But not at six thirty A.M. However the reply showed that Larry was too much for his neighbors; his fame had them stopped. He helped me out himself by telling me of a time not so very many years ago when he was not the big shot he is now. He was often asked to move in those days, from rooming houses first, and then apartment houses as his budget widened and permitted better living quarters.

A serenade of a different sort greeted the neighbors of Evelyn Venable and her husband Hal Mohr. They live up in the Hollywood Hills, with no particularly near neighbors, but they built a new fish pond and the day of its opening was a proud one in their lives—for awhile. One pleasant moonlight night the pond was taken over by a family of frogs which, at first, only added to the delight of the newlyweds. But one morning—oh, weeks afterwards—Evelyn said, "Darling, doesn't it seem to you that our frog chorus has been unusually lusty of late?" "Why," said Hal, "I hadn't noticed particularly—say—maybe they've been celebrating a few christenings."

Just then the telephone rang and as he hung up Hal said, "Yep—you win. The neighbors are beginning to complain."

He hated to kill them, the frogs I mean, so he spent all that Sunday corralling them and totting them far back into the hills via his car.

Curious ideas people have about pets. There is Douglas Montgomery. He has a duck. Someone



The FOLKS NEXT DOOR

The neighbors of Adrienne Ames did not seem to appreciate her.



gave it to him, to be sure, but he kept it. This duck is no ordinary duck. It was trained to knock with its beak on the front door for admittance, an accomplishment not confined to Doug's door alone, it was later discovered. Hollywood is a great place for mysterious rings at the door bell and when it is opened—lo—there is nothing, except some childish sniggering. For a long time these strange rappings were attributed to the pranks of a child, until one night a wrathful gentleman opened the door himself on cook's night out—and in walked the duck!

If there is a motion picture person in the neighborhood an irregularity of any sort is immediately fastened to him, but in this case the guilt was tracked to the right door. It was not surprising to the neighbors, therefore, to hear that Mr. Montgomery was having his back yard fenced in.

And Kay Johnson's turkeys! What's going to happen about them is still a moot question which isn't being handled mutely I can tell you. Kay and her husband, John Cromwell, who directed Lily Pons in "I Dream Too Much," have a place out in Hidden Valley. That is they thought it was hidden until some of their pals, such as Winnie Sheehan, Ronald Colman and Richard Barthelmess, followed by scads of "private citizens," moved up that way too.

Now a turkey on a Thanksgiving table is one thing but when he salutes the dawn with his lusty gobbles, and when he is joined by his friends and relations, that turkey becomes something else again. Of course there are acres surrounding most of the places but, as I remarked before, the air is very clear out there—well—maybe a certain holiday will settle this question.

Dickie Jones, the baby cowboy, takes his work very seriously because he says it's lotsa fun. Well it may be fun for Dickie but the people downstairs don't spell the word that way. He spends a good deal of time on a ranch but now and then the city has to put up with him. He tries out new roping and riding tricks on all possible bits of furniture, upsetting lamps, chairs, etc. His mother has sometimes paid out substantial sums for these little mistakes and the moving bills, too, are considerable items. There are times when a lease doesn't mean a thing to a



Would a movie star add class to your street? The neighbors of Bette Davis thought not.

first moved in, because of the numbers of dark foreign looking men that surged in and out of her home. One never knows in these days of revolutions what one may find under one's doormat of a morning and Margo's visitors looked ominous. Imagine the confusion of a few neighbors when they discovered that the suspicious-looking foreigners were all members of Margo's household, uncles, cousins, brothers-in-law, and all members of the aristocratic Guadalupe family of Mexico. Margo never goes about alone. She always lives with one of her married sisters or her grandmother, who travels most places with her.

Dick Powell has bought himself an estate. He had to. Dick is addicted to music, as you may have [Continued on page 70]

Hollywood landlord.

All that was bad enough, but the last year or two Dicky has added singing to his other accomplishments, and hour after hour he warbles his favorite cowboy song, "Hand me down my walking cane." His fidelity to his art really deserves a greater appreciation than the gift he received recently. It was a cane, sent in care of his mother, and the attached note read, "If you don't use this on that boy of yours, we will."

Ah well, what is art if one can't suffer for it.

And what do you think Charles Farrell does? He practices polo right in the back yard and he doesn't live on a ten-acre estate either. You must admit that if you stepped out on your own private patio, and had a fiery eyed polo pony snorting past within ten feet of your nose, you would have every right to be disconcerted. The elderly gentleman who is Charlie's neighbor must be a born philosopher for his only comment was, "Well I don't like polo but if they conduct the East-West match here in the back yard, which I strongly suspect will be the next step, I shall have an excellent seat."

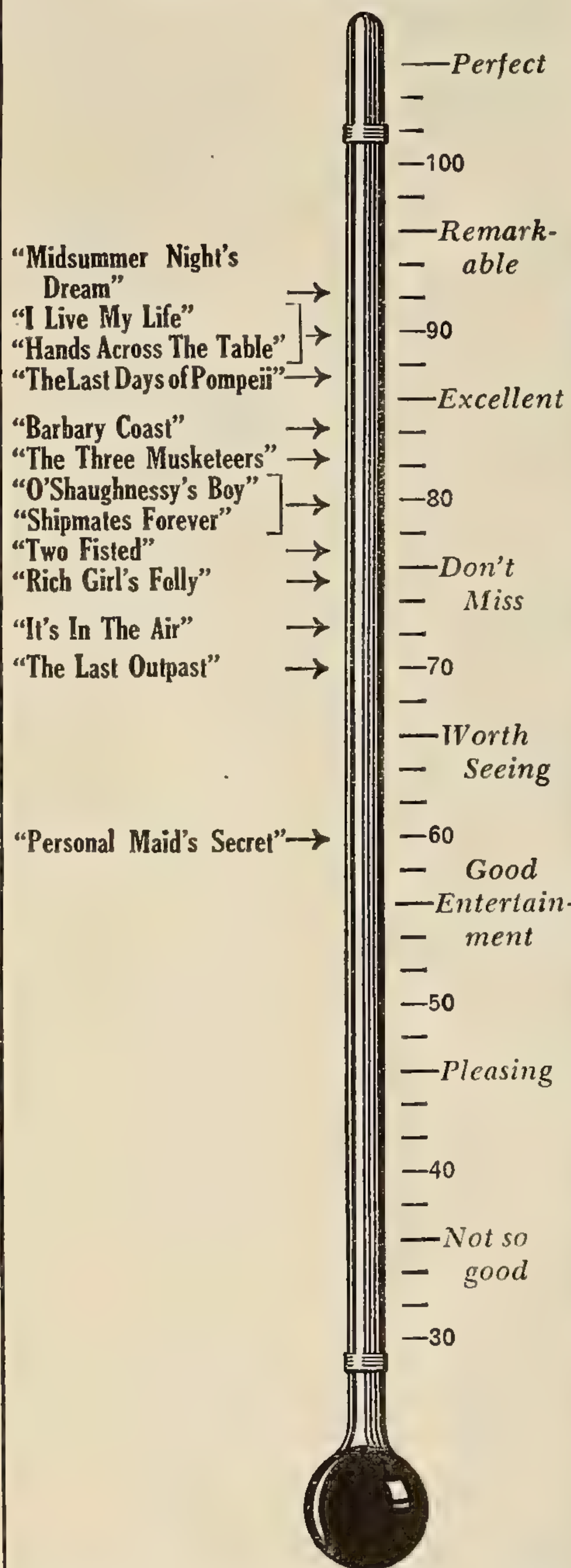
Margo, the fascinating young Mexican dancer, created quite a stir in her neighborhood, when she

REVIEWS

OF PICTURES SEEN

PICTURE THERMOMETER

Degrees of Quality



O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BOY

Rating: 80°—REUNION OF BEERY AND COOPER
—M-G-M

HAVE yourself a good emotional spree with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, and don't forget the handkerchiefs. Wally and Jackie both give their best performances in years and when they turn on the emotions, so will you, and you'll love it.

Wally plays an animal trainer in a circus who is robbed of his wife and small son by a nasty sister-in-law, who is a psychopathic case if we ever saw one. This causes Wally to lose his nerve and a big cat nips off his arm. He's pretty down and out. On the death of his wife his son is returned to him, but it is a son who hates him, whose childish mind has been poisoned by his diabolical aunt. How Wally goes about winning the love and respect of his son, and regaining his nerve, is the body of

the story, and with just enough tear jerking it reaches an exciting climax.

Sara Haden is brilliant as the insane aunt, and my how you will hate her. Spanky McFarland plays Jackie Cooper as a child—just imagine our Skippy being old enough to have a child play him as a little boy. How time flies, ah me. Clarence Muse as Wally's man Friday gets plenty of laughs. It's a good story and a fine production and every member of the family will like it—but don't forget the handkerchiefs!



The combination of Wally Beery and Jackie Cooper. They have not lost their skill.

RICH GIRL'S FOLLY

Rating: 75°—THOSE SNOOTY HEIRESES—
Columbia

IN HIS latest picture, George Raft plays a beer baron who is doing a stretch in prison and, while there, becomes the pal and confidant of Walter Connolly, a rich New Yorker, who was sent up as an income tax dodger. (Oh, you meet the best people in jail these days.) Poor Mr. Connolly dies and wills his pal his family, which is quite a legacy if you ever saw one.

Georgie, reformed now, and very serious about life and things, takes charge of the family and starts straightening them out. First there is addle-pated daughter Joan Bennett who thinks the entire universe is being run just for her pleasure. Then there is irresponsible James Blakely, the typical rich man's son who is always in a jam. And last, but not least, Mother, elegantly played to the last flutter by Billie Burke.

Of course, Georgie falls in love with Joanie, who proceeds to rebel, and ends up by getting kidnapped. Comes the Chase Scene, and very exciting it is, too. George and Joan are both excellent, and all and all it is a most pleasant and entertaining comedy.

SHIPMATES FOREVER

Rating: 80°—TRIMMING AND TRADITION—
Warners

WELL, here we are in the Navy again and up to our eyebrows in uniforms and traditions. No matter how you look at it the Naval Academy, where plebs become ensigns, is romantic, and when that Dick Powell puts on a dress uniform and parades around the campus, my, my, does my heart go pitty pat!

Dick plays a successful young crooner in a New York night club who has worked

up a good hate for the Navy, despite the fact that his father is an Admiral. But the old man tricks his son into taking the Naval entrance examinations and, sort of on a dare, Dick goes to the Academy for four years—with the understanding of course that he can return to his night club when he graduates.

It takes seven reels to inject the right amount of college spirit into our Dick, but when he falls he falls hard. Entering the Academy the same time that Dick does are John Arledge, Eddie Acuff, Ross Alexander and Dick Foran, and we follow them up to their graduation, too.

Ruby Keeler, the daughter of an officer, teaches dancing to the kids at the Academy, and of course she and Dick have one of those insulting friendships that finally leads to love. Because the picture is directed by Frank Borzage, that master of sentiment, there is quite a bit of tear-jerking here and there. And Dick Powell sings two of the newest Warren and Dubin song hits.

HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE

Rating: 90°—LI'L MISSY LOMBARD SCORES—
Paramount

AFTER a year of playing society girl stooge to Paramount's leading men (meaning Messieurs Crosby, Cooper and Raft) Carole Lombard at last has a chance to prove that not only is she a beautiful and glamorous star, but a very talented one besides, and with a decided flair for comedy.

She plays a poor young manicurist who has made up her mind, and she has one, that this thing called love is a lot of hooey and she will definitely marry for money. So while she cuts cuticle she watches for a victim. She finds him one day, a scion of society, playing hopscotch in the corridor of a ritzy hotel. But imagine her dismay when she finds that he is quite, quite poor and has come to the same conclusion that she has, viz., to marry money—in fact he is one up on her for he has picked out an heiress. Well, of course, they marry for love. But not until you have had seven reels of tiptop entertainment. Fred MacMurray plays the society chappie and is a lot of fun. Ralph Bellamy gives his usual splendid performance as Carole's wealthy friend, who is just about to propose when Fred walks in. Astrid Allwyn as the rich girl and Ruth Donnelly as the cashier contribute to the pleasure of it all. Mitchell Leisen, the director, has done a grand job pacing it so there's never a dull moment.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

Rating: 87°—IN THE DEMILLE MANNER—
RKO

NOTHING remains of Bulwer-Lytton's famous novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii," except the title and the thrilling eruption of Vesuvius. Instead, a couple of R-K-O's best writers have written an original story, a powerful drama, which has, as its theme, the dawning of Christian ideals in the mad and ruthless welter of pagan cruelty and lust.

Briefly, against gorgeous backgrounds of fabulous Rome, Pompeii and Judea, the story is about a young blacksmith, Preston Foster, who cares not for gold or fame but is happy in the love of his wife and small son. But when they are mercilessly crushed

beneath the wheels of a chariot he hardens his heart, decides that money and power are the only things worthwhile after all, and becomes the most sensational gladiator in Rome.

He effects a crooked deal with Pontius Pilate, (Basil Rathbone) and eventually becomes one of Pompeii's wealthiest men. All this is motivated by his love for his adopted son. But the boy (John Wood) becomes a Christian, denounces the horrible cruelty and grandeur of Rome, and pities the poor slaves who must be sacrificed in the arena. He is deeply in love with one of the slave girls, Dorothy Wilson, and with her is led to the arena, where Preston Foster, grief-stricken and out of his mind, finds them too late to help them.

But, just as they are about to meet the most horrible of deaths—comes the magnificent eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, and the most thrilling scenes you have seen in many a day.

THE BARBARY COAST

Rating: 84°—ACCORDING TO THE HAYS OFFICE
—Goldwyn

HERE'S that good old rip-snorting Barbary Coast that you've heard about, but, mind you now, no bawdiness. Mr. Hays saw to that. But even without the bawdy, the elegant goings-on in the early days of the beginnings of San Francisco are still exciting, and thanks to that swell writing team of Hecht and MacArthur, they are accurately depicted here.

The story's about a gal from the East who comes to San Francisco to marry a guy, but when she arrives she finds that her fiance has just been killed by the gangster who runs the town. Eddie Robinson, in a frilly shirt, is excellent as the old time racketeer and the big menace of Frisco.

His roulette wheel, which is crooked, is famous throughout the gold country. Miriam Hopkins, the nice little girl from the East, finds herself stranded in this noisy town and grabs the first job she can find—Mistress of Chance for Eddie's roulette table. But she repulses all of Eddie's advances and is quite hardboiled about everything, until along comes Love.

Joel McCrea plays the innocent young miner who falls in love with the most notorious woman in San Francisco, and you may be sure that true love finds a way, and that Eddie does the noble thing



Miriam Hopkins repulsing the gambler, Edward G. Robinson, on the Barbary Coast.

by Miriam, who naturally has been a "good" girl all the time. Miriam gives another of her fine "hussy" performances, and makes the role quite believable. Joel McCrea in his quiet, dignified way makes a grand hero. Walter Brennan as "Old Atrocity," the one-eyed Connolly of his day, does a neat bit of picture-stealing.

I LIVE MY LIFE

Rating: 90°—THE TAMING OF CRAWFORD—
M-G-M

JOAN CRAWFORD'S latest picture is one long, loud, merry round of laughter from beginning to end and you just can't afford to miss so much crazy fun. Joan plays a rich girl with ermines and diamonds and an arrogant temper and just so spoiled that her Grandma, Jessie Ralph, and her father, Frank Morgan, can't do anything with her.

But, one fine day, when her father's yacht is anchored off the coast of Greece, she falls in love with a young archeologist—and furthermore a young Irish archeologist with a temper equalled only by her own. Brian Aherne plays the young Irishman and loosens up so completely that you find yourself getting all excited about him.

Well, Brian chases Joanie to New York



Brian Aherne (it's his year), Joan Crawford and Fred Keating in "I Live My Life," a good comedy.

and takes it upon himself to try and tame her. Phooey for society and wealth says he, and the fight is on. Joan goes into one of the best tantrums ever to be seen on the screen, but Brian isn't far behind with a terrific scene at the church which will leave you weak from laughing.

You've never seen two such amusing butlers as Eric Blore and Arthur Treacher, nor such a cantankerous old grandmother as Jessie Ralph. And, just to make it even more terrific, there are Fred Keating, Aline MacMahon, Etienne Girardot and Frank Conroy. And, just as you suspected all along, that master of trivial, sophisticated comedy, W. S. Van Dyke, directed it. It's Van Dyke at his best, and we simply couldn't say more.

PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET

Rating: 60°—KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE—
Warners

GOOD and amusing comedy without a slap-stick to be found. Ruth Donnelly plays a maid named Lizzie, who has had a bit of Park Avenue experience and knows how the rich folks carry on. She becomes the maid-of-all-work in the modest flat of an ambitious young insurance salesman and adroitly talks him and his wife into a successful social splurge.

In fact, Lizzie stage manages Margaret Lindsay and Warren Hull, the young couple, so well that soon she has them established on Long Island and hobnob-

bing with socialites who simply are push-overs for insurance policies. Lizzie, it seems, has a daughter who does not know her, and of course said daughter eventually turns up at the mansion where Lizzie is the maid and complications begin.

Anita Louise is the long lost daughter who, after several stormy scenes, finds her real mother and true love—true love being played this time by Frank Albertson. Most of the comedy is supplied by the butler in love with Lizzie, the incomparable Arthur Treacher who is specializing in butlers.

IT'S IN THE AIR

Rating: 73°—FUNNY FARCE—M-G-M

A GAY and utterly preposterous comedy that was made for laughs and will certainly get them. Jack Benny plays an old smoothie who lives by his wits, aided and abetted by his side-kick and stooge, the inimitable Mr. Ted Healy.

Una Merkel is excellent as the little woman who wields a mean racquet but simply melts when her erring spouse (Jack Benny) is faced with danger. Grant Mitchell plays a heavenly capitalist and Nat Pendleton is perfect as an outwitted revenue officer. Mary Carlisle and Harvey Stephens are the love interest. Ted Healy, with more to do than usual, is my idea of what a comedian should really be.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Rating: 92°—BOTTOM'S UP—Warner
Brothers

"WITH pomp, with triumph and with revelling"—to use Mr. Shakespeare's own words—his fantasy, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," has come to town. Max Reinhardt, a great director, and Warner Brothers take the bows.

We have seen a great many Warner Brothers' pictures and we must confess that our main pleasure in the "Dream" was in viewing the familiar faces, now at last in deathless roles. James Cagney plays Bottom. And many another former gangster leaves his gory past behind him, and, speaking the Bard's famous lines, convincingly plays his classic role. Frank McHugh, Joe E. Brown, Ross Alexander, Dick Powell, Hugh Herbert, all the old familiar faces were present, and performed brilliantly. A special word must be said for Mickey Rooney as Puck. Olivia de Havilland was particularly fine.

The flavor of the entire performance is different from other screen fare and we believe you will enjoy this evening with real literature.

TWO FISTED

Rating: 77°—NEVER A DULL MOMENT—
Paramount

REMEMBER "Is Zat So?" the Broadway stage hit of several years ago? Well, Lee Tracy and Roscoe Karns, aided and abetted by a couple of screen adapters, have turned it into one of the funniest farces you'll ever have the good luck to see.

Lee is swell, as usual, with a hot line of chatter, and Roscoe makes an excellent foil for him. By the way, Mr. Karns proves without a doubt that he is no boob when it comes to fighting. Gail Patrick is pleasing as the young mother and Gordon Westcott is sufficiently obnoxious as the nasty husband. Also in the cast, and perfectly elegant, are Grace Bradley, Little Billy Lee, Florence Lake (the perfect chatter-box), and handsome Kent Taylor. The dialogue is so swift and witty that it is nothing less than brilliant. For the laughs, don't miss this one.

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Park Avenue Goes Hollywood

[Continued from page 15]

plane trip back to Los Angeles. Advertising agencies will pay them from \$750 to \$3500 for a five-minute air appearance, the price depending on the star's popularity. Furrriers like I. J. Fox will give them expensive pelts if they will pose in an advertisement. Hotels offer special rates. Conde Nast, if he escorts them to theatre, will direct his magazine editors to devote a page to flattering pictures in subsequent issues. On the basis of sheer economics, a trip to New York is not to be sneered at by any star. It pays well.

The results of the introduction of the stars of Hollywood to the Social Registerites is amusing. Society dowagers and debbies, anxious to keep up with the passing show, read the Broadway columns religiously. Mrs. Van Astorbilt will know every line in Louella Parsons' column just off the press. Mrs. Vanwhitney will unbend behind her lorgnette to wave cheerily to Regina Crewe. A society woman will be at some pains to seat her swell-looking debutante daughter next to Bob Rubin, M.G.M. vice-president, on the far chance that Mr. Rubin will be moved to comment during dinner: "That daughter of yours would screen well." Park Avenue, believe me, has gone Hollywood with a vengeance. The pioneer work of Dorothy di Frasso now has spread to the entire society group. Hostesses feel a pardonable glow of pride if they can snare a Grace Moore or a Tullio Carminati to add glamour to the seating lists.

The net result of all this has been good. Snobbery, if it hasn't been completely obliterated, at least has been modified. Society now is inclined to measure a person's interest, rather than his blood count. The movies, once ignored by the intelligentsia as a shoddy substitute for the legitimate drama, now have gained the upper hand. Logically this has brought about important changes. Jock Whitney, having come to know the people of the screen socially, has been moved to invest his money and enthusiasm and background in the film industry. Young Walter Chrysler has diverted his interest in the publishing business to the selection of manuscripts suitable for the screen. Lucius Ordway sends his son to join Walter Wanger on the Coast during the lad's summer vacation from Dart-

mouth. This introduction of new blood and blueblood into the veins of Hollywood is a happy augury. Inevitably and unconsciously, the level must be raised and this is beneficial.

Dorothy di Frasso must be credited with the greatest part of what has been accomplished. She is the preacher who joined the "400" and Hollywood in the bonds of wedlock, and, while you may point out that this was another version of a shotgun marriage, with Park Avenue as an unwilling bridegroom, the honeymoon has been a mutually happy experience.

She comes from one of the solid families of New York, and her name originally was Dorothy Taylor. She married Count di Frasso, one of the real titular personages of Italy. In the days when she first turned a friendly glance in the direction of Hollywood, this was little short of social heresy. It was she who took Gary Cooper in hand and transformed the gawky and naive six-footer into quite a man of the world. Lupe Velez never forgave Gary for going social on her, but Lupe had as much chance of winning out over the polished Countess as Baer had of defeating Joe Louis. It was this first meeting with Hollywood that convinced the witty and charming Countess to move her lares and penates to Los Angeles. From the very start, she was a terrific success. Hollywood couldn't be awed by money or fame because it had both in quantities, but the appearance of a real Countess, and wealthy too, did the trick. Before you could say Jack Robinson, her home became the social center of the film colony. If she ruled it with an iron hand, the subjects never realized it, for Dorothy, trained abroad, always wore the velvet glove of tact.

Her society friends were shocked when they learned that henceforth this was to be Dorothy's real career. But when the first shock wore off, some of them ventured to Hollywood to have a look-see—and they loved it. They found it exciting to have tea with a movie hero, instead of having cocktails at La Rue with some stodgy banker's son. One by one, her society friends capitulated.

That started the east to west breakdown of the morale of the "400." Dorothy sent the Coast stars east with letters of intro-

duction, and the breaking-down process was complete. So, to the Countess di Frasso must go all the honors. She did as much for the Hollywood stars when they went abroad. She gave them letters to the crowned heads of Europe, she introduced them to people in England and France, for her list of important acquaintances abroad is as vast as it is here in this country. The ones she liked particularly were invited to her castle in Italy, one of the national museums of Mussolini's land.

She is, by all odds, the most interesting and forceful woman I have ever met. Entirely feminine, she has all the vigor of a man in accomplishing what she sets out to accomplish. She would have made a brilliant politician. Grover Whalen said, one night, to her: "Dorothy, you should have been the wife of the President of the United States and he could have dispensed with a Cabinet." I don't believe he flattered her too greatly. With her social tact and her constructive ambition, there is no telling what she could have accomplished in any field which enlisted her interest.

Most remarkable fact about her is that Hollywood, in return, has given her nothing and she has asked nothing. She has helped countless in the movie colony, encouraging youngsters in their careers, seeing to it that they met the right people and arguing brilliantly in their behalf. But she has asked nothing for herself. Perhaps that explains the security of her position.

There is only one real peril in the situation that has developed. Hollywood, having captured Park Avenue and Newport and Southampton, must be careful not to borrow from them the snobbery that was characteristic of those watering places before Countess di Frasso made her pioneer entrance upon the scene.

The movie stars can walk with kings but let them remember not to lose the common touch. After all, the debutantes and the dowagers form an infinitesimal portion of the screen audience.

Park Avenue has gone Hollywood, but it is important that Hollywood shall not go Park Ave-noo. The stars who forget that will lose their audience quickly, and once they forfeit stardom, they'll learn that Park Avenue wants no part of them either.

Give Your Children A Shirley Temple Xmas Party

[Continued from page 32]

Pop-Corn Balls

2 quarts popped corn 2 tablespoonfuls
1/2 cup water butter
2 cups brown sugar

Melt butter, add sugar and water. Pour over popcorn, stirring until every kernel is coated. Shape into balls, twist in colored, oiled paper.

The popcorn balls in bright red paper with huge paper bows are not to be eaten at the party but are for the children to take home.

Well, now, what are they going to do and play at Shirley's party? Goodness only knows, you ought to have a very good idea of what they're going to eat by now. Shirley will greet her little guests in the large and comfortable living room of her parents' home and when given the signal someone will start playing "On the Good Ship Lollypop," and all the little boys and girls will grab partners, with Shirley as hostess leading the procession, and march around the room several times, and then through a

door into the patio where the Christmas table and luncheon awaits them. Just in case you have forgotten the words of the "On the Good Ship Lollypop" and you want the kids to sing them at your party, here they are:

"ON THE GOOD SHIP LOLLIPOP"

Sung by Shirley Temple and James Dunn in the Fox Film picture, "Bright Eyes"

I've thrown away my toys
Even my drum and trains,
I wanna make some noise
With real live aeroplanes.

Some day I'm going to fly
I'll be a pilot, too.
And when I do, how would you
Like to be on crew?

On the good ship Lollypop,
It's a sweet trip to a candy shop
Where bonbons play
On the sunny beach of Peppermint bay.

Lemonade stands everywhere, cracker jack bands fill the air
And there you are—happy landing on a chocolate bar.

See the sugar bowl do a tootsie roll with the big bad devil's food cake!
If you eat too much—ooh! ooh! You'll wake with a "tummy ache"
On the good ship Lollypop . . .
It's a night trip into bed you hop
And dream away on the good ship Lollypop.

Words and music by Sidney Clare and Richard A. Whiting—Arranged by C. Mockridge.
Special permission to SILVER SCREEN to use "On the Good Ship Lollypop" via 20th Century-Fox.

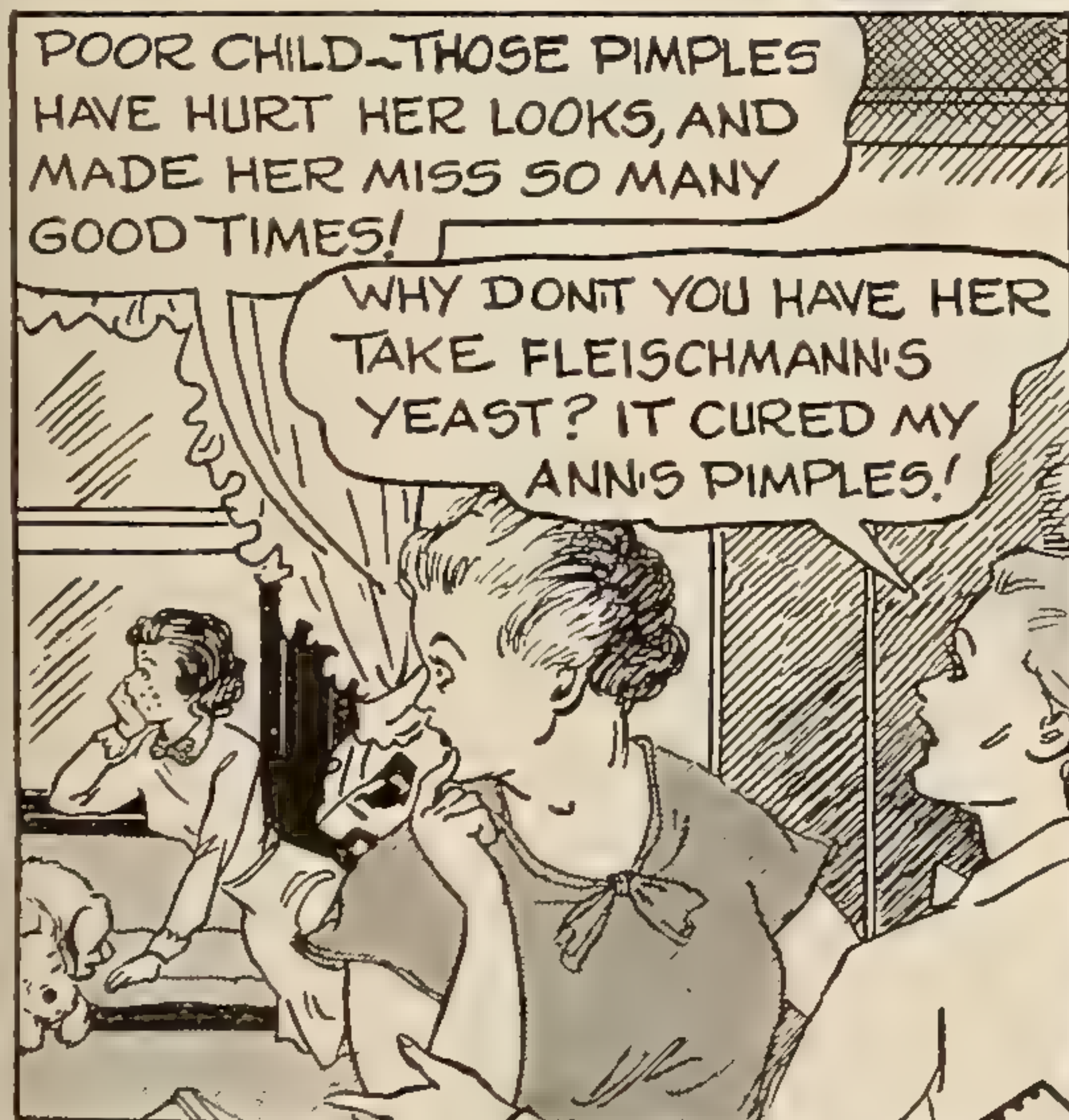
After the luncheon, games are in order, and how. Shirley's favorite game (and the game that will be played first) is called "The March of the Months."

Arrange chairs as in a theatre, facing a part of the room which can be conveniently used as a stage. If there are twelve

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**But
secretly
she cried
over her
pimpley
skin**

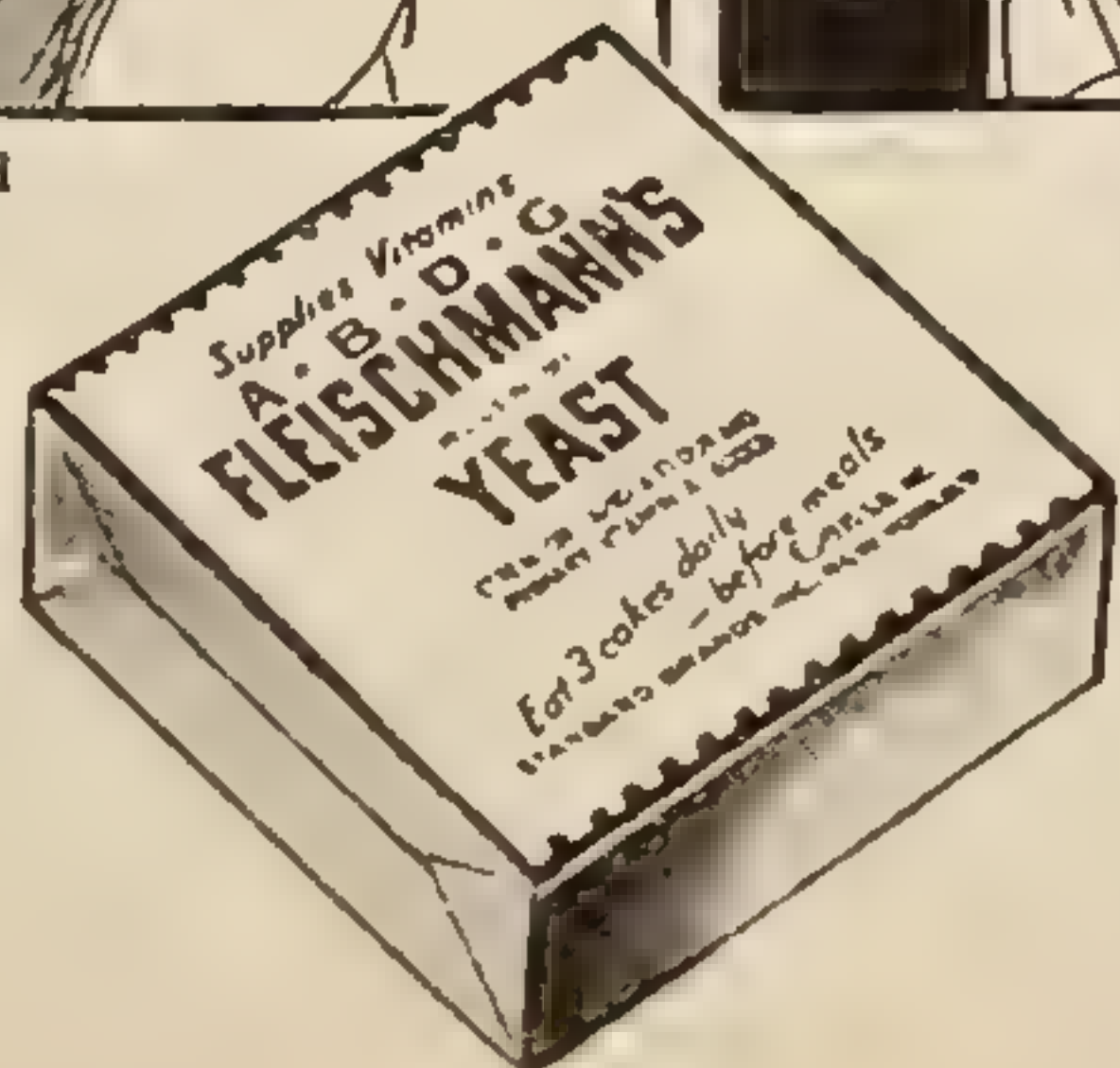


Don't let adolescent pimples cramp YOUR style

From 13 to 25 years of age, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes over-sensitive. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the sensitive skin and make pimples break through.

Physicians prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast for adolescent pimples. This fresh yeast clears skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples vanish! Eat it 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears.

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated



—clears the skin

**by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

A Big Smile-



and a little Chocolate Tablet

Once this lady fairly loathed the idea of taking a laxative. Postponed it as long as she could. Hated the taste; hated the effect; hated the aftermath. Then she found out about Ex-Lax.

It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Mild and gentle in action... approximating Nature. She found it thorough, too, without over-action. There was no need for her to keep on increasing the dose to get results. On every count she found Ex-Lax the ideal laxative. It is the best in America... according to America's opinion of it. Because more people take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were bought last year alone. 10c and 25c boxes; at every drug store.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
\$125 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

children present each one will be given the name of a month. If less than twelve, some of the children will have to double the roles. If more than twelve, two can be assigned to a month. Each child is required to interpret his month—to act it out—as, for instance:

January will shiver and be very cold, rubbing his hands and hugging himself.

February will cut down imaginary cherry trees with an imaginary axe.

March can pretend to play an imaginary harp.

April puts up an imaginary umbrella as protection against April showers.

May hangs May baskets on doorknobs, rings the bell and runs. (The baskets can be some of Shirley's paper baskets.)

June throws school books away and his hat in the air.

July waves an American flag.

August pretends to dive into the ocean or swimming pool.

September very reluctantly picks up books and goes to school.

October flutters her hands like falling leaves.

November gives thanks.

December (played by Shirley) hangs up a Christmas stocking and waits a few moments very expectantly. Then, sure enough, Santa Claus arrives with a bundle of gifts on his back, one for each of the little children, and every gift something very simple and inexpensive from the five and ten. Always remember that children are not snobs about presents; that comes later, and they'd rather have a ten cent fireman's hat than something very expensive. If, at your party, you do not wish to have Santa Claus arrive, a kiddie car or a clothes basket can be dragged in laden down with presents, and the little hostess can distribute them herself.

The merry part of the March of the Months lies in the fact that the children must guess what months are being interpreted. The assignments for the months are to be given secretly by some member of the family so that no one knows who anyone else is. The months should not be called according to the calendar, just call the name of the child, and have him step to the center of the room, or patio, and "do his stuff." A few "props" may be provided beforehand, if you prefer. Appropriate music on the piano or victrola helps make this game even more exciting for children.

Another favorite game of Shirley's is "Musical Chairs," which I am sure you all know. Another is "The King in the Chair." Two chairs are placed fairly close together but across the space between them is spread a blanket with the ends in the two chairs. Two children sit on the chairs, then send for a child out of the room, and when he enters he's invited most cordially to have a seat between them. When the child sits down, the other two children jump up hastily, and the little kid takes a sprawl. The children simply go into hysterics over this, especially the little boys.

Still another favorite game of Shirley's is "Putting the Horse to Bed." Remember how Shirley put the little horse to bed in "Curly Top?" Well, Mrs. Temple draws a bed on a large piece of paper and tacks it on the wall. Then each child is given a paper horse and a pin, blindfolded, turned around three times, and told to put the horse in the bed. The child who gets nearest the right spot in the bed gets a simple prize.

Well, how about a Shirley Temple party for your own little Martha and Johnny? Just do what Shirley Temple does at her Christmas party and I guarantee it will be loads of fun.

Me and My Public

[Continued from page 21]

A period ensued during which stars shrank from public appearances and the gala premiere practically disappeared.

During this time Clark Gable escaped from a theater by devious subterranean passages, which led him through the basements of three large buildings, and during the same time Bob Montgomery avoided a crowd by flattening himself on the floor of a convenient taxi-cab.

You can't blame them. An admiring and not at all ugly crowd once threatened to tear all the clothes off Ramon Novarro as mementos, when he was leaving a New York theater. A trio of kindly gents rescued him, led him down a fire escape to their car which was parked in an alley. Novarro sighed, viewed his buttonless and tieless condition ruefully and expressed his gratitude. But the three rescuers trundled him, willy-nilly, to an apartment where they insisted that he be Exhibit A at the large party assembled there. They wouldn't take "No!" for an answer and Ramon finally made his escape, for the second time that evening, via the fire escape outside the bathroom window!

Anna Sten was flattered but frightened stiff at the demonstration which occurred outside a Los Angeles radio station where she had participated in a broadcast. Her driver and the Sam Goldwyn press agent both attempted to protect her from the onslaught and found themselves pushing one another with belligerent vigor while Ann fought her way through the throng to her car. By the time the two men had identified one another, the crowds were swarming over the car, snatching at Anna's

clothing and tearing the flowers from the vases inside the car.

"I tried to smile," Anna told me. "I know that it was sweet of them to be so interested... but I was so terribly frightened!"

Sometimes these encounters of a star with his public lead to pleasant relationships and even to lasting friendships. Joe E. Brown has undoubtedly strengthened his fan following by his antics at the Hollywood Legion fights. But it takes a certain type of *natural* showman to handle such situations.

Richard Barthelmess is genuinely shy and dodges meeting his public if it is humanly possible. This is because of his consciousness that he is smaller than they expect him to be. He can be built up on the screen... but when he meets his public in person, he must appear in his true dimensions!

My neighbor, Alison Skipworth, attended a picture one evening not long ago and, as is her sensible custom, she was walking home. She became nervously aware of a group of rowdy youths who had recognized her and were following her. Imagine her relief when a car drove alongside and a respectful, middle-aged gentleman called her by name and offered to bring her home! "You must not walk out alone at night," he scolded. "It isn't safe!"

That encounter led to a pleasant friendship between Skippy and the gentleman and his family. Skippy does not walk out alone at night any more.

It is important, we are told, that these

[Continued on page 60]

**"MY HANDBAG CONTENTS
NEVER SPILL OR GET LOST,"**

says Sally Eilers



**"... I INSIST ON MODELS FEATURING THE SECURITY OF
THE AUTOMATIC-LOCKING *Talon* SLIDE FASTENER"**

Today, Hollywood actresses are buying handbags with a great deal of caution. They are avoiding the unreliable, loose-closing kind of bags—and choosing the one kind that gives absolute security as well as smart style—handbags featuring the Talon automatic-locking fastener.

Handbags completed with the

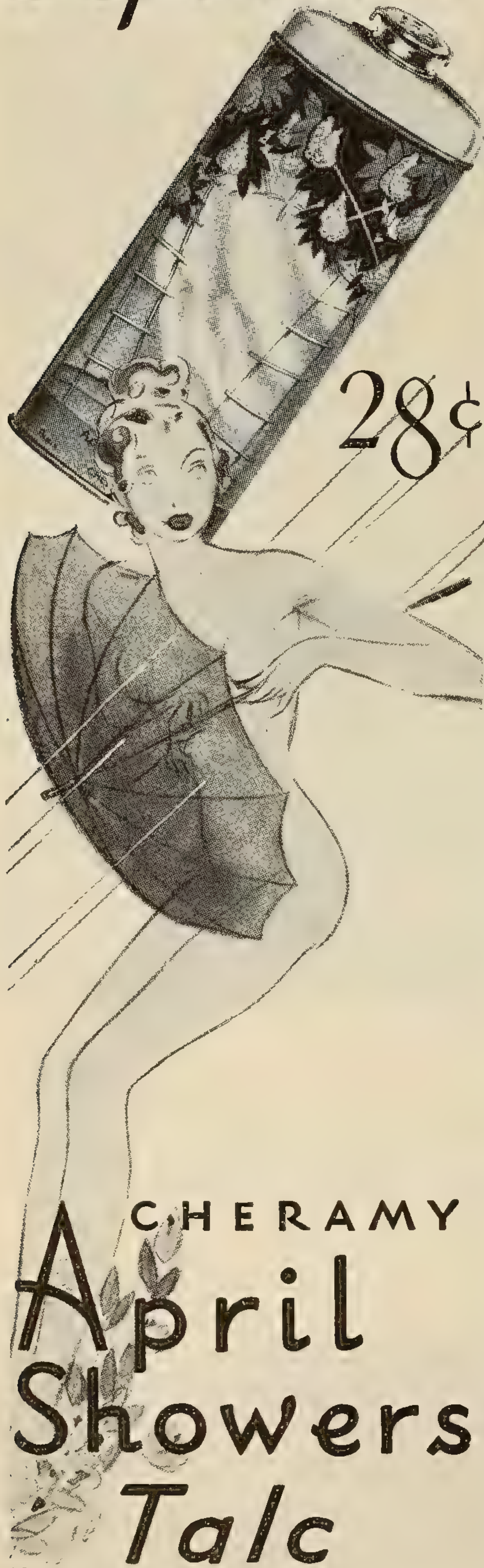
small Talon fastener close quickly ... easily ... surely!

It's always a good idea to look for TALON on the handbags you buy. Then you can take for granted smart design and excellent quality, because only the best manufacturers feature this fastener on their models. And the best stores sell them—in styles of the latest fashion.



Here's your protection—the automatic-locking feature! Tug at the sides of your bag, drop it, turn it over—the fastener can't come open, even a little, unless you pull it.

Exquisite but not Expensive



IT'S thrilling to use only the softest, finest, imported talc... It's exciting to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth"... And it's satisfying to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

people remember faces and that they attach the correct names to them... oh, extremely important! Well, I give my modest little prize to Jack Oakie. I was a-sittin' in a cocktail spot with a gentleman from the East when Jack, striped sweater and all, strolled through the room. "I'd like to meet him!" quoth my host. "Sorry," said I. "I met him several years ago... but he wouldn't remember me."

Whereupon Jack, strolling back through the room, cried, "Helen Louise!"—spread

his arms and rushed over to give me a nice kiss. Somewhat breathlessly I introduced the two gentlemen.

Afterward my friend inquired, "What would have happened if you had known each other well?"

The only answer to which was, "Well, dear! dear! This Hollywood! They have to be nice to their public, you know... and he probably thought I was a paying customer!"

Anyway, it made a grand impression.

Stars in Bed

[Continued from page 29]

be otherwise with so many swell people all rooting for him. Harold Lloyd, with whom he worked in "The Cat's Paw," has a new surprise for him almost every day. And Sir Guy Standing, who was in the hospital sequence with him in "The Big Broadcast," is a daily visitor. The executives at the Paramount studio are lining up all sorts of nice plans for his future—and all the kids on the lot relay their sympathies via visitors who are allowed in the sick room. Virginia Weildler sends word that if David doesn't come back to the schoolhouse on the Paramount lot soon, to play with the kids, they will simply have to break regulations and come up and play with him.

Meanwhile David faces the prospect of Christmas in bed. If all the Santa Clauses materialize that are being planned for him, every fat man in Hollywood, with a large tummy, who looks good in bright red will have a job this Christmas Eve; and all the reindeer in the country will probably have to be summoned for the occasion. David has made out a list fifteen feet long of all the things he wants this Christmas; not only for himself, but for all the other patients too. But his mother, wracked with weeks of anxiety, wants only one thing this Christmas. She wants David to get well again. She begs the Almighty to let her tear-stained eyes behold her son walk once more, on his own two feet. A stage mother—but not so different from your own, as you can see.

"And they say Hollywood has only time for the successful, the great and the strong," the nurse smiled a little pitifully. "The nice things about Hollywood never seem to get into the papers," she continued. "Why is it you reporters are always so willing to headline the scandals and the divorces, but make so little of the sweet kindnesses people would rather read about?"

To prove what she meant she pointed out the recent case of a little girl, desperately ill, who refused to be operated upon unless she could have a personally autographed picture of her favorite movie star—Myrna Loy. Someone called Myrna and told her. She came herself to the hospital, and in the presence of the sick child gratified her heart's desire. One columnist mentioned the story in a paragraph of scandal notes, in which it was lost. Yet Myrna's battle with her bosses a few months ago made the banner lines on the front page.

The answer is that Hollywood is just a billion dollar backdrop to show off a lot of ego, and few take the trouble to look behind the backdrop for the realities. Hollywood would have you believe its heart is as tinsel as its glamor, as merciless as the ruthless ambition which rules it. But to this hospital nurse, who lives in Hollywood, and yet is not a part of it—

who touches the fringes of its excitement and madness, but is herself untouched by it, it presents a different picture. She sees behind the backdrop with clear-eyed perception.

She has been closer to some of the great stars than their own families, doctors or directors. Degree by degree, day by day, she has watched at the bedside of the famous, while life ebbed away out of the human shell of some actor who had thrilled millions—or returned like a prodigal cast out by death. The mother of the sick, she has stood like a strong, thick wall between life and eternity; a witness to virtues and weaknesses in the human make-up, which always reveal themselves with uncompromising truth in the crucial moments of an illness. Who knows better the meaning of the words—bravery and cowardice? Who can better tell you the true character of the silversheet gods who portray symbols of nobility on strips of celluloid?

Some stars leave the hospital in better condition than ever, but they leave behind them memories that are never quite erased from the record books. The medical staff, from the most expensive surgeon to the lowliest nurse and interne, still speak with amusement of the time John Barrymore came close to disrupting the whole hospital force when he was in for a rest cure several months ago. He kept them in gales of laughter. The hospital bed-time stories which he told are still going the rounds of the corridors; typical Barrymore bon mots, bouncing like rubber balls from one bed to another. Then there was Eddie Cantor, recuperating from a recent operation, and trying to write his new radio program on a hospital bed; previewing his new gags, jokes and songs to all the doctors, nurses and internes who would listen.

"When they get bad," he advised, "Give me ether."

Once in a while showmanship creeps even into a hospital, and all the ether, chloroform and formaldehyde cannot drown out its odor of publicity. There was the case of Tom Mix's press agent who was determined to bring Tony, Mix's horse, into the hospital, and to the bedside of his master. The press agent thought it would hit the front page of every newspaper in the country—but the doctors, who are more discreet, thought that the proper place for a horse was in the stable.

Spencer Tracy left enough funny stories behind, too, to last the nurses for the rest of the year. Brought into the hospital unconscious from injuries received on the set of "Riff Raff," in which he is co-starring with Jean Harlow, he woke up to find a beautiful nurse standing over him.

"I bet you hitch your wagon to a star every time," he said to the nurse.

"I bet you tell that to all the nurses," she answered.

"If you don't tell your husband, I will!"

DR. LINITA BERETTA

leading gynecologist of Milan, Italy, tells how a marriage was saved from disaster, when a timid wife found courage to face the facts



"ONE DAY a timid young woman came into my office... nervous, worried, unhappy. She told me her husband,

too, had become irritable and cold. In fact, he wanted to give up his business and get away... by himself.

"Then out came the usual story of ignorance, fear and false modesty. I showed her how proper marriage hygiene with reliable 'Lysol' would provide the peace of mind which would calm her worries, replace fear with assurance. Even then she was timid.

"Finally I said, 'If you don't tell your husband your real problem... I will!'

"She was almost hysterical with fear and embarrassment, but she knew that I meant what I said. A few months later she came to me again—a different woman!

"I thought you were cruel,' she confessed. 'But now I'm so grateful. My husband and I are happy again!'

"I would like to give every married woman the same advice, which has helped so many of my patients... proper feminine hygiene. Regular use of 'Lysol'—because 'Lysol' is a truly effective germicide. And yet, used in the proper dilution, it is gentle, soothing—and antiseptic. Physicians everywhere prefer it."

(Signed) DR. LINITA BERETTA



"She was almost hysterical with fear and embarrassment... but my advice about 'Lysol' restored her happiness."

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1. SAFETY... "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. Contains no free alkali; cannot harm delicate feminine tissues.
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How Much Of It Is Luck? *[Continued from page 27]*

what part luck figures in the careers of stars. Many personalities scoring sensational triumphs have been more or less prominent on the screen for years. Comes a great rôle, and they are hailed as new and picturesque personalities. To illustrate:

Ginger Rogers had been a leading lady in more pictures than she could remember. With "The Gay Divorcee," she entered upon an entirely new career.

Joan Bennett took a new lease on life after her capital performance as Amy in "Little Women."

Chester Morris found new popularity after "Public Hero No. 1."

Victor McLaglen amazed even himself in "The Informer," and stands an excellent chance of winning next year's Academy award.

Rochelle Hudson qualified herself for stardom in "Way Down East."

Bette Davis proved she could troupe with the highest-bracketed stars in "Of

Human Bondage."

Bruce Cabot received a new contract for his grand performance in "Let 'Em Have It."

Jeanette MacDonald elevated herself to the top rank in "Naughty Marietta."

Edward Arnold took his rightful place with the outstanding stars of the screen for his priceless interpretation of "Diamond Jim."

All these, and many more too numerous to mention by name and part, came to the front because Lady Luck finally deigned to favor them with a touch of her wand.

From a glance at productions now in the making and others soon to be released, it would appear that luck still shadows many of our stars. Great hopes are felt, but the past has proven the fallacy of prediction.

The following, however, to mention but a few of those undertakings of the future, look like "naturals," both for star and picture.

Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone in "Mutiny on the Bounty."

Ronald Colman in "A Tale of Two Cities."

Lily Pons in "I Dream Too Much."

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in "Peter Ibbetson."

Peter Lorre in "Crime and Punishment."

Warner Baxter in "Robin Hood of El Dorado."

Harold Lloyd in "The Milky Way."

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "Rose Marie."

Lawrence Tibbett in "Metropolitan."

Errol Flynn in "Captain Blood."

Miriam Hopkins and Edward G. Robinson in "Barbary Coast."

How much of it is Luck? Percentages cannot be quoted, of course, but the career of any player is hopeless when that lady of moods places a heavy hand on the balance against him.

Luck still weighs the scales in Hollywood.

On Location With Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy

[Continued from page 19]

sit for two hours waiting for Nature to pull herself together. When we started out I was sure that Jeanette was going to get the prize for being the best grouch, then I wasn't so sure but what Nelson should have it, but by the time we had damned ants and bees and flies and dirt and wind and sun we suddenly found out that we were enjoying ourselves and laughing like everything. There's nothing like being marooned on a desert island or a mountain crag for bringing out the palsy walsy in people. I have an idea that when Jeanette and Nelson saw me scaling that peak they said, "Oh my God, a fan writer," but after the deadly formality of the first fifteen minutes, and after an ant had climbed down Jeanette's neck and a horse fly had bitten Nelson, we were all three carrying on like friends of long standing.

I don't think I have ever met two grander people than Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Jeanette's story of how she came to be a bug and insect hater had me in such hysterics that I nearly lost my balance. If you could only see the horror on her face when she describes the time she bit into an apple and found only one half of a slimy, wiggling worm. And the morning she stepped out of bed into her bedroom slippers and squashed a nice juicy cockroach. Since then she has had a phobia about anything that crawls. And on our little mountain crag things were crawling plenty. All of insect-dom were out to see what movie stars look like, and I regret to say, taste like.

When Jeanette isn't feeling sociable on a set she starts reading a detective or mystery story. She is a pushover for all thrillers and reads them continuously. The thing that makes Jeanette the maddest is to read in someone's column that she was out the night before with so and so and it looks like a romance. She had just read in Winchell's column that she had been "around with Gene Raymond" and did she burn. I felt awfully guilty when she was expressing her opinion of writers who just must throw somebody into a romance before the paper goes to press for I, too, alas, have predicted romances for Miss MacDonald. But it seems that Bob Ritchie is still head man in her life—he sends her flowers even way up to Tahoe every day.

Girls, you have no idea how really handsome that Nelson Eddy is—in person. The first time I saw him on the screen I murmured "Ah, there is a man" and practically swooned. And you have done a bit of swooning too, judging from the fan letters Nelson Eddy receives. Since "Naughty Marietta" he gets more fan mail than anybody on the Metro lot. Nelson has a very handsome face, just strong enough, just kind enough, and when he smiles there is a certain charming and completely irresistible sweetness about him.

After talking with him for awhile you have a very definite idea that Mr. Eddy knows truth from hooey, and no one will ever be able to make a fool out of him. When he was a kid he had to give up school and go to work to support his mother and himself, but that didn't mean that he was going to give up an education. He took correspondence school courses in art, economics, history and practically everything else—in fact, Nelson says that his one claim to fame is that he has taken more correspondence school courses than anyone else in America. And like most self-taught people he has a great respect for knowledge and knows far more about politics, the arts, and world affairs than you and I with our degrees will ever know. But, ah me, I was never one to admire the mind. It's his physique that gets me.

He usually spends him time on the set drawing caricatures, which are quite excellent, of the people about him. His teacher and best friend, Dr. Lippe, can put Nelson in high spirits anytime with his impersonations and quiet wit, and so Nelson keeps the little Doctor about him as much as possible. Nelson had just as soon not be shaved by the bartender, or have children interrupt his dinner asking him to sing, but he's very gallant about it.

Tahoe was Indian country in the old days and there are still reservations of the Washoes and Shoshones near by. Director Van Dyke has engaged several hundreds of the Indians to appear in the picture (the locale is supposed to be Canada) and the big braves have become as coy as kittens. They've pitched their tepees on an isthmus and are prepared to give their all to "Rose Marie." The other day Nelson Eddy recorded the song "Rose Marie" right out in the open and when the Indians

heard it across the mountains they simply went into ecstasies and have been humming it ever since. They'll probably all become such rabid fans that they'll follow the company back to Hollywood.

The picture version of "Rose Marie" will be slightly different from the stage play, slightly being an understatement. Jeanette will play a temperamental opera star who wanders into the wilds to help her brother, who has escaped from prison. And our Mr. Eddy plays Bruce, of the Canadian Mounted, who always gets his man. The important Indian rôle, Boniface, will be played by a Greek, which very likely will annoy the Shoshones. But the sooner they find out about pictures the better.

Well, personally, I don't care how much they change "Rose Marie" just so long as they leave in it "The Indian Love Call," "Rose Marie" and the Totem Pole dance—and those three gems are preserved. The Totem Pole dance is going to be an eye knocker-outer. I was rowed over to the isthmus, off Emerald Bay, where the Totem Poles have already been erected, and mercy, were they frightening. That dance is going to be the last word in exoticism.

I'm going to be awfully mad if an irate movie star (to whom I might have naively given a romance) murders me before I have a chance to see, and hear, "Rose Marie."



Nelson Eddy in the costume he wears in "Rose Marie."

Reviews OF PICTURES SEEN

[Continued from page 55]

LITTLE AMERICA

THAT SOUTHERN EXPOSURE AGAIN—
Paramount

HERE is a deeply moving and thrilling account of Admiral Richard Byrd's second Antarctic Expedition, magnificently photographed and interestingly presented. As you recall, the first of the "Little America" films was shot silent, but this one brings authentic sound from the awe inspiring wastes of the Antarctic and greatly adds to the effectiveness of the picture.

The screen story covers a number of incidents, including the famous flight over Marie Byrd Land, the rescue of Admiral Byrd's old plane after four years under snow, and a blizzard sequence at Little America that will make your teeth chatter. Everyone interested in adventure, modern science, and beautiful photography will go pleasantly mad about this picture.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Rating: 82°—SWORD PLAY—R-K-O

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' famous old classic comes to the screen with much clattering of swords and chasing back and forth, and if you aren't too much a stickler for text you will enjoy it immensely. The picture was made for entertainment and entertain it does from the moment the young Gascon, d'Artagnan, rides through the gates of Paris until the final scene when Queen Anne appears at the King's Ball, wearing the diamonds that caused all the excitement.

Walter Abel, who plays d'Artagnan, is R-K-O's latest "discovery" and was imported from Broadway especially for this role. He is splendid as the swashbuckling young gallant, though, of course, there are plenty of those old die-hards around who will say that Douglas Fairbanks was better. That's something you'll have to decide for yourself. It's all very exciting and thrilling. Athos, Porthos and Aramis are played by Paul Lukas, Moroni Olsen and Onslow Stevens, and three more dexterous young gentlemen with the sword you never saw. Ian Keith plays the scheming Rochefort, Heather Angel plays the lovely Constance, lady-in-waiting to Queen Anne, who is played by Rosamond Pinchof of the Pennsylvania Pinchots. Margot Grahame as Milady de Winter walks away with all the acting honors as far as I'm concerned. There isn't a "big name" in the entire cast, so now we can find out whether or not a picture must have a star to be a success.

THE LAST OUTPOST

Rating: 70°—THE GREAT OUTDOORS—
Paramount

THE cameraman gets the biggest hand on this picture, for you haven't seen such magnificent photography since "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." The desert scenes and the scene where an entire village packs up and starts a trek over hill and dale are brilliantly and thrillingly done.

But the story, ah the story, it sounds very much like something you've seen before. It's one of those little triangles wherein a fellow falls in love with the wife of the man who has saved his life, but doesn't know it until they are forced to do the noble thing by each other, and of course the husband gets mortally wounded—so that simplifies love.

Cary Grant is the guy who innocently steals a wife, and Gertrude Michael is the wife. Claude Rains is the rest of the triangle and suffers and suffers.

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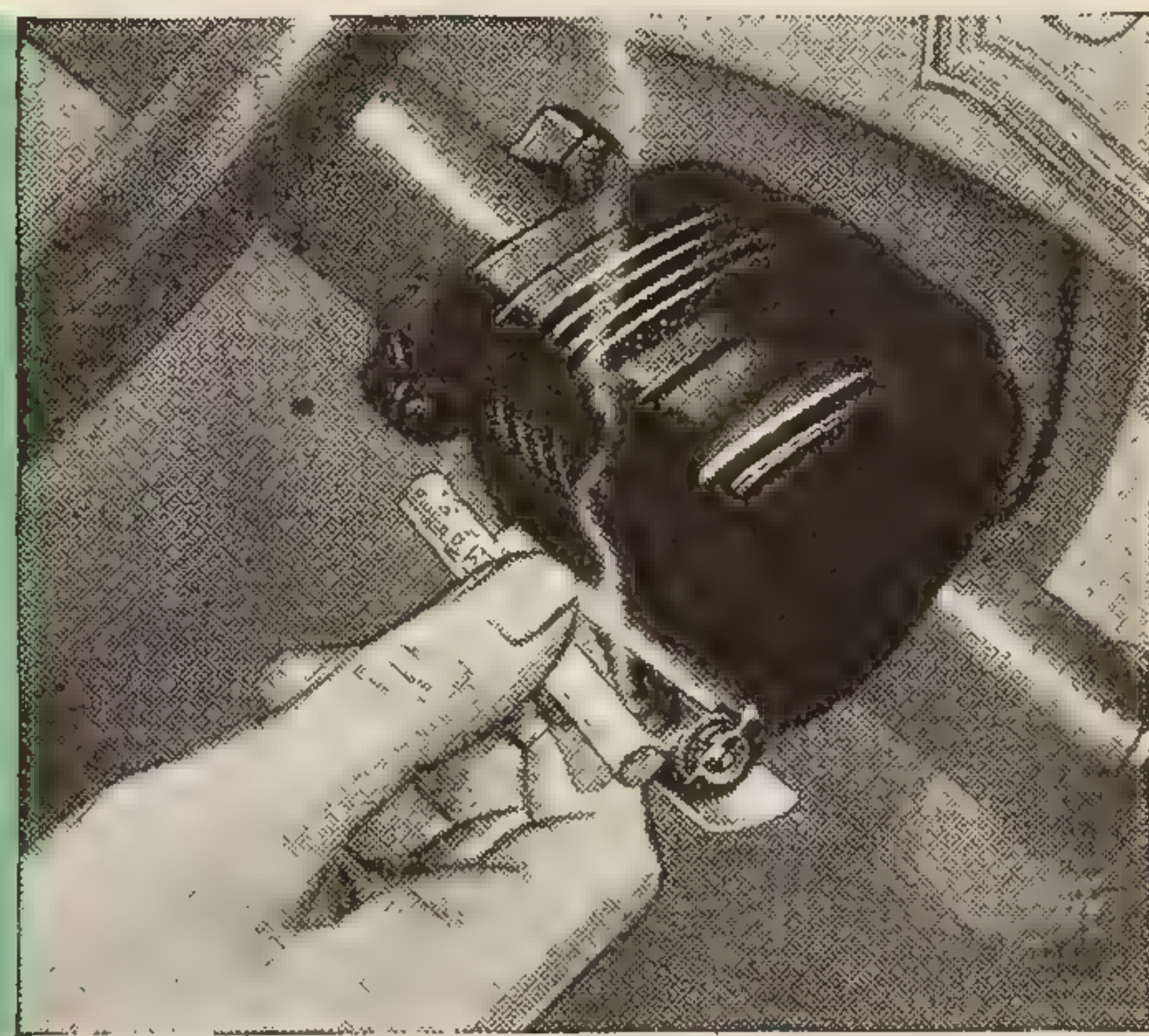
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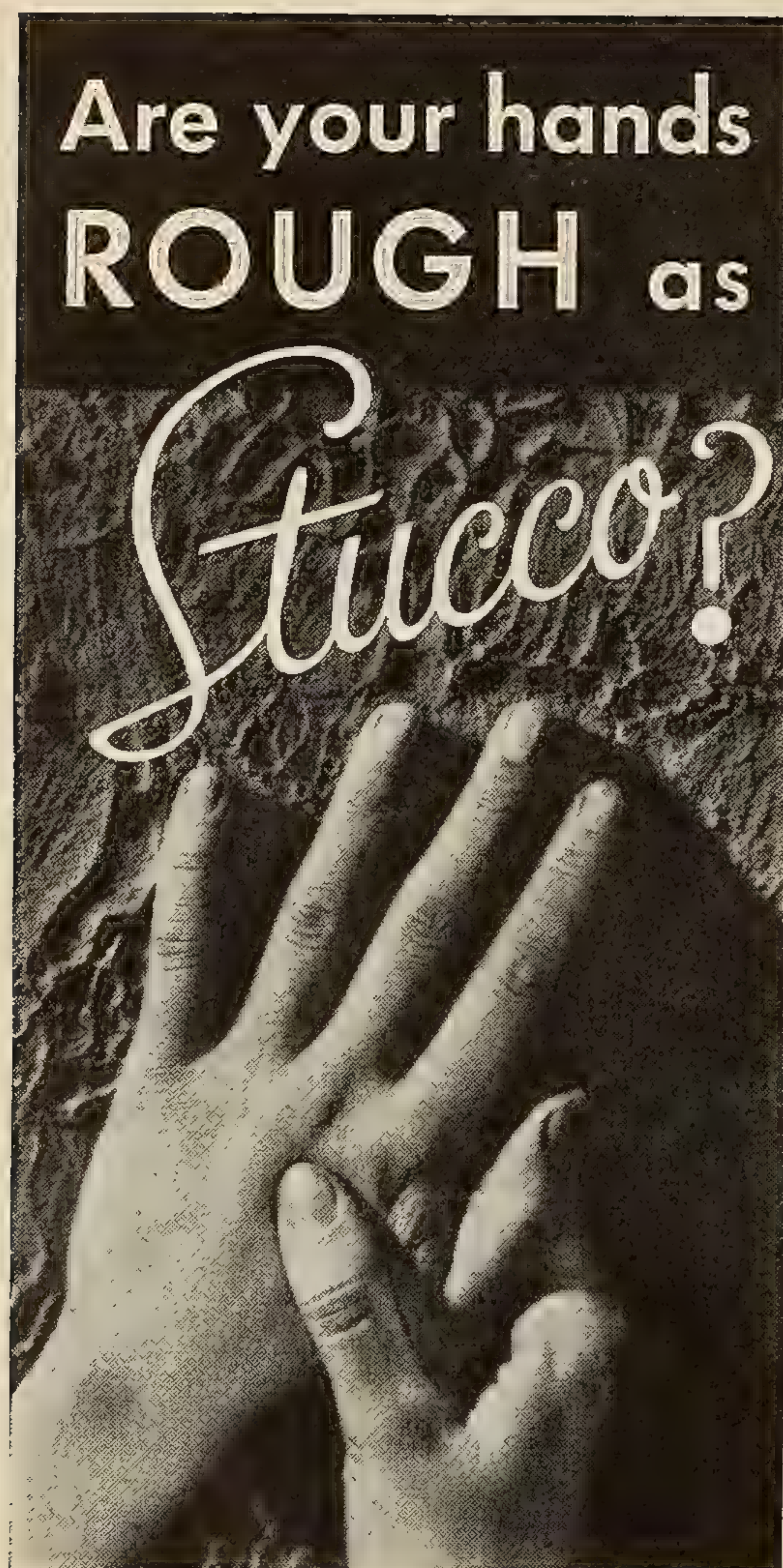
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SilverScreen



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SILVER SCREEN

WILL HAVE EXCLUSIVELY

"THE MILKY WAY"
FICTIONIZED!

Read the Story of Harold Lloyd's
New Film — Hilarious! Exciting!

May Robson's New Picture

[Continued from page 23]

"That is spaghetti and meat balls a la Tonio," said Tony, kissing his fingers and rolling his eyes heavenward.

"Why I wouldn't feed *that* to Aubrey. Get me a breast of chicken."

Tony's eyes fairly popped from his head. Perspiration beaded his brow. The others exchanged significant glances and shook their heads.

"Say, who do you think you are . . . Queen Marie? Would you like something else?" Tony bellowed at Mary Jane.

"Yes. A dessert and a demi-tasse. And be quick about it."

Her tirade was interrupted by the distant jangling of a bell and an impatient, highly excited voice calling Tony. As if glad to escape, Tony hurried into the barbershop where his friend, Walter Merkin, stood waving a paper.

"Hey, Tony!" he said breathlessly. "Dat woman who spent a million dollars for a playground for her dog has been kidnap. See!"

Tony took the paper and read the headlines. Beneath them was a picture of a heavily veiled woman clasping a dog in her arms. He looked beseechingly at Walter and pointed to the picture.

"Das iss her dog," explained Walter. "He vas kidnap too. The kidnappers are in a pretty pickle. Dis time the G-men are going to make a special example and fry them like weiner-schnitzel. In der chair. And den they turn him over und fry him on der other side."

Tony sat down heavily, holding the paper before him as Walter said goodbye. His face was a pasty white, blank with fear. Again and again he moistened his lips while his eyes roved nervously around the tiny shop like those of an animal caught in a trap. Soon he got up and went into the room where Julia and the boys were eating. From here he could see Mary Jane like an arrogant, overstuffed owl propped against her pillows, with the tell-tale Aubrey in her arms.

"You know what they do to me?" he said in a whisper. "They fry me. That old battle axe in there she's Mary Jane Baxter. She's kidnaped and we're the kidnappers."

"I told you guys that dame meant trouble." Blackie pushed his plate back and got to his feet. "We got to get her out of here."

"But we didn't kidnap her," said Doc, as Blackie moved toward the bedroom.

"Try and make the cops believe that."

"Just a minute," Tony caught Blackie by the arm. "We got-a be smart. I do this."

Tony and his family begged Mary Jane to go home where she belonged. She was willing enough to go although

she could not understand the sudden change in their manner until her eyes caught sight of the paper with its scareheads announcing that she had been kidnapped. Her amusement was cut short when she saw another item on the same page stating that she would be committed to an insane asylum when and if she was found. Mary Jane refused to leave, threatening all of them with prosecution to the fullest extent of the law if they tried to put her out or told anyone where she was.

For Mary Jane the days that followed were the happiest she had ever known. Robbed of the luxuries to which she had all her life been accustomed, she found herself in the position of serving rather than being served. She was getting a real thrill out of helping Julia in the kitchen and with the housework. She knew real contentment for the first time in her life as she sat rocking and reading in her chair, stealing fond looks at Doc, absorbed in his home work, or Flash washing dishes and cleaning the sink. These days she fairly brimmed over with vitality and enthusiasm, she seemed to stride through life with the rhythm of a newly discovered melody. These youngsters, who might well have been her grandchildren, crept into her heart and flooded it with a sweetness, a fullness she had somehow missed in all her years of living.

Especially did she love little Doc, with his shriveled leg and his very large ambition to grow up into a fine doctor. Tony had called her "Queenie" in that first hour after her arrival in their midst, before they found out who she was, and "Queenie" she had remained to all of them. They were all sweet to her—from Julia, who was so obviously in love with Blackie and so terribly worried about the lookout work he was doing for Boss Benton, head of a notorious gang of crooks, to Blackie and Flash and even Tony, with whom she quarrelled continuously.

And Aubrey seemed happier playing with these children in their cheap surroundings than he ever had when pampered and spoiled on his silken cushions at home.

There came a night, after the one on which the G-men paid them a visit in order to ask Tony's help in locating Mary Jane, when nervousness kept them all close indoors. Mary Jane sat at the old piano and played a few chords. Then, suddenly, it became a happy party. Flash produced his harmonica, Tony his mandolin and

they played Italian folk songs while Doc danced, because it was good for his leg, and Blackie and Julia sang, hands clasped, the splendor of their love radiating a glory which had transformed the drab little sitting room with the odor of barber shop soap and stale cooking into a gold and brocade bower fragrant with the scent of morning glories.

That night after he had gotten in bed Doc called out and asked Mary Jane to tuck him in. No one had ever before seen this expression on the face of Mary Jane, the autocratic, domineering old woman, as she stood over Doc, her eyes brimming with unshed tears.

"Gee, Queenie," Doc smiled into her wrinkled face, "You—you smile—nice."

"Do I?" Mary Jane replied. "Thank you."

"You know, Queenie," Doc continued seriously. "You've got to get out of here before you get us all sent up the river for kidnapping."

Mary Jane chuckled.

"Not that we aren't glad to have you but, gee, I can't figure you out. This dump wasn't good enough for you at first. Now you don't wanna go. Why?"

"Go to sleep. You talk to much."

"Why do you wanna stay, Queenie? You got a mansion, servants, everything anybody can want . . . and you wanna stay here."

"It's none of your business—but I . . . I like it here."

"You do?" Doc looked at her incredulously, then he pushed himself further down into his bed with a happy sigh. Mary Jane stooped to tuck the covers close around the frail little body and Doc kissed her shyly on the cheek.

"Goodnight, Grandma," he said softly as she switched off the lights.

Queenie stood outside the door of Doc's room in an ecstasy of bliss. If there had been any aloofness left in her, Doc had forever swept it away. Her fingers caressed the spot where his lips had touched her cheek.

"Grandma!" she said in a joyous whisper. In this moment of intense happiness she was conscious of hearing voices, and she followed them to the roof. Here Blackie and Julia were facing each other in hurt bewilderment over Blackie's refusal to give up his work with Benton. He needed money, he explained, to buy nice foods for Queenie. Noisily thumping her cane to announce her coming, Mary Jane walked out on the roof.

The night was starry and the breeze sweeping up from the East River had a salty cleanness. Tiny lights moved slowly up and down the stream and to either side of where she stood great necklaces of steel cut the night.

"I want some of this air, too," she said, and then with a piercing look at Julia: "What are you crying for? You two aren't having a spat."

"Blackie's leaving us . . . me." Julia's voice was scarcely audible.

"You're a couple of young fools . . . idiots! Break up! Throw your happiness away just as I did when I was your age. Ever since I've been sour, crabbed . . . miserable. If I had it to do over again I'd do just the opposite, even if I thought he was wrong. It's damnation to go through fifty years just *thinking* of someone."

Blackie and Julia listened in amazement. Julia's eyes were wet with tears. Mary Jane had turned her back on the river and her eyes were raised to the towering skyline of Manhattan which, years ago, had witnessed the breaking of her dreams.

"Gee, Queenie," Blackie broke the silence. "I never figured you'd loved anyone."

"You haven't sense enough to figure anything," Mary Jane was instantly gruff again. Then she turned to Julia. "As for you, this young fellow might amount to



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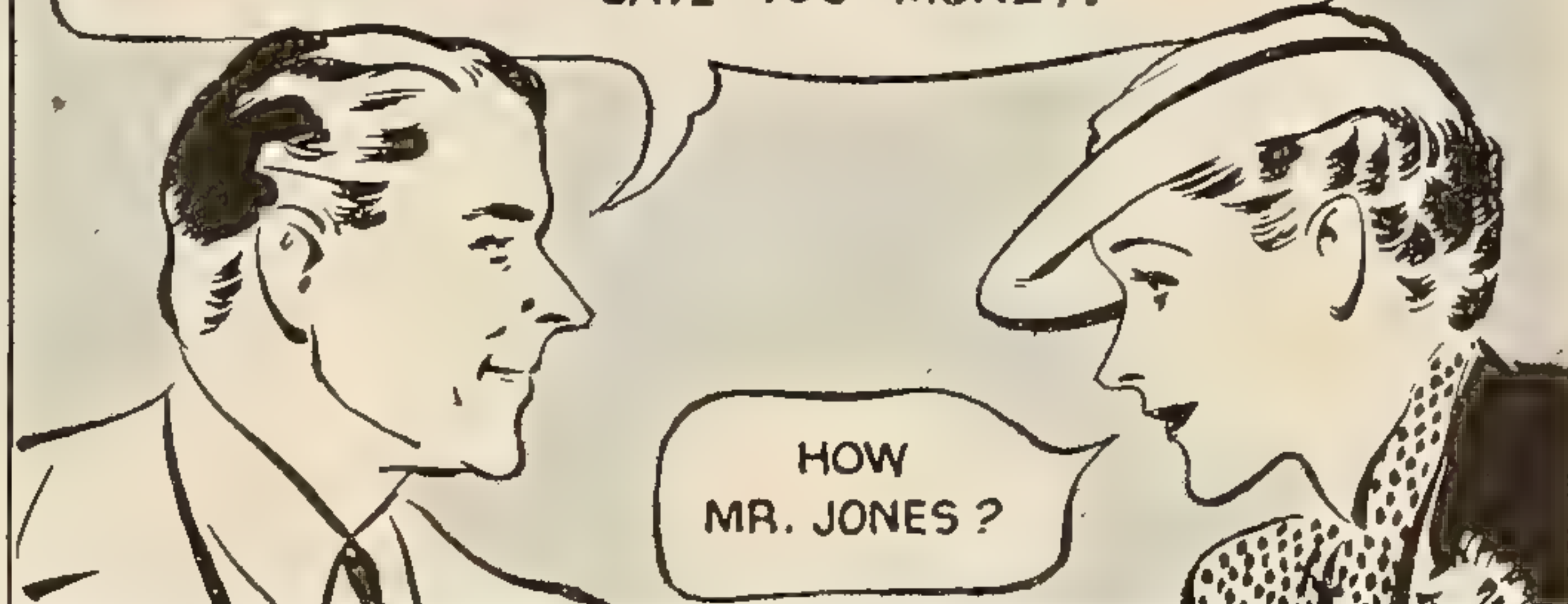
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BUT OUR DRUGGIST, A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE, TOLD ME THAT I COULD MAKE MY MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR BY BUYING

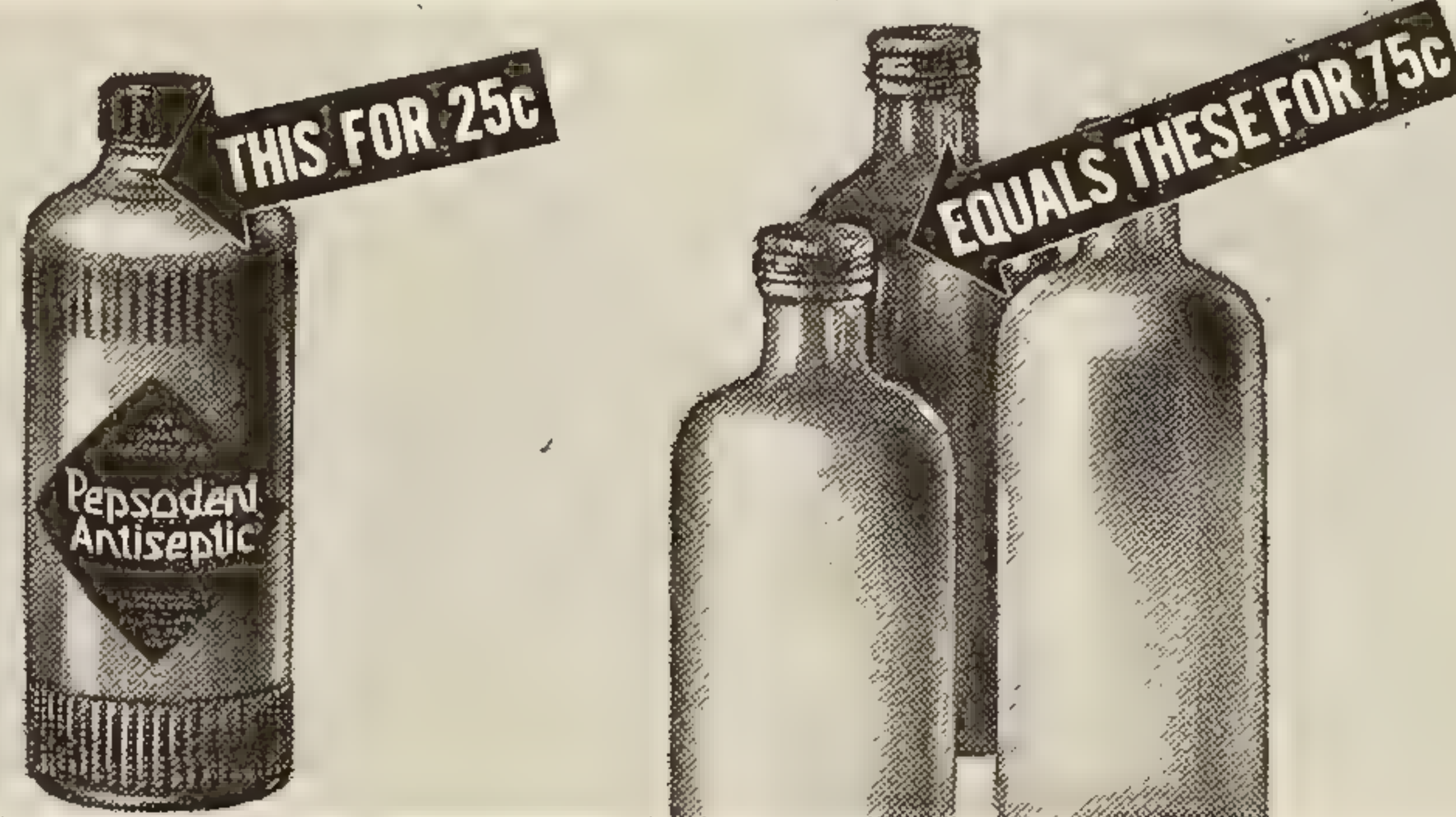
Pepsodent Antiseptic

I'D MAKE MORE SELLING 3 BOTTLES OF THE OTHER, MRS. BAXTER, BUT PEPSODENT WILL SAVE YOU MONEY!



THE DRUGGIST EXPLAINED TO ME THAT: IN GERM KILLING POWER, ONE BOTTLE OF **Pepsodent Antiseptic** EQUALS 3 BOTTLES OF OTHER LEADING MOUTH ANTISEPTICS.

(Because Pepsodent still kills germs effectively, even if you dilute it with 2 parts water.)



SO I BOUGHT A BOTTLE OF

Pepsodent Antiseptic LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, I WANT TO MAKE MY MONEY GO AS FAR AS I CAN.

I'M ALWAYS GOING TO BUY **PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC** FROM NOW ON. SAVING 66 CENTS ON EVERY DOLLAR IS REAL ECONOMY.

YOU BET IT IS, MRS. BAXTER. AND YOU CAN RELY ON **PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC!**



Pepsodent Antiseptic

gives greater protection against germs

SAVING money is only half the story. Thousands who switch to Pepsodent Antiseptic tell us it is more effective in fighting colds and unpleasant breath. This extra efficiency is the result of Pepsodent's remarkable germ-killing action—actually it is 3 times as

powerful as other leading kinds. It is absolutely safe when used full strength, yet even when two parts of water are added, *Pepsodent still kills germs in less than 10 seconds.* Play safe! Guard your health and save your hard-earned money! Get Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter.

New Radio Hit! Al Pearce and His Happy-Go-Lucky Gang. Mon., Wed., and Fri., 5 to 5:30 P.M. Eastern Time, N.B.C.

something if you'd try to help him instead of pushing him down." Without a backward glance she started away, mumbling something about having stayed too long, leaving the youngsters to straighten out their difficulties.

There were others who were interested in Mary Jane Baxter's disappearance. Her nephew, Percy, had offered \$50,000 reward for her return dead or alive. Boss Benton, the cause of the trouble between Blackie and Julia, decided that since someone had beat him to this snatch job he would have to hi-jack the old woman, just as he used to hi-jack liquor in the prohibition days. Spike and Butch, two of his henchmen, were dispatched to look for Mary Jane. It was only a matter of time before they paid Blackie a visit in the barber shop, and there they recognized the dog Aubrey. That night they returned to kidnap Mary Jane, knocking Doc unconscious when he discovered them taking Queenie away.

Benton and his gang took her to their country hideout and, soon after, Blackie went to see Benton pretending that he wanted a cut on the ransom.

Julia tried to restrain Blackie from going to Boss Benton. Her strong, young fingers clung to his arm.

"Why are you going? I want to know," she implored. Blackie didn't answer but with an impulsiveness born of desperation he took Julia in his arms, kissed her and then, pushing her from him, bolted for the door. He did not dare answer or stay and see her lovely eyes full of tears, her mouth trembling, fear of what might happen to him in her every gesture. But Julia did not need to be told. She knew that Blackie had gone to Boss Benton's.

Knowing of the friendship that existed between Blackie and Miss Baxter, Benton directed the former to secure the old wom-

an's signature, so that it might be sent to her lawyer as proof that she was actually in his possession. He also told Blackie that no attempt would be made to return Miss Baxter to her family, that she would be killed the instant the demanded half million dollars was received.

Benton pushed open the door of the room in which Mary Jane was seated with the gangsters. They had been alternately playing cards and trying to induce the old lady to sign the ransom note. Life had become curiously difficult for the gangsters since Mary Jane entered their home circle. She was one victim who, quite unafraid, ordered them about and made life generally miserable for them. Mary Jane glanced up from the table as the door opened and a smile lighted her face.

"Here's a friend of yours to see you," said Benton.

"Blackie!" she went toward him.

"The same old battle axe, grouching and beefing about everything." Blackie was deliberately offensive but Mary Jane could not know this. "Did you squawk on us like a sackful of alley cats? If you wasn't so batty you'd know why we snatched you. Tony wants that ransom money to give Doc a good leg and an education. He wants it so as Julia and Flash and me can have a chance. And if you had a heart instead of a hunk of iron, you'd sign that ransom note and let a swell little guy like Doc get something out of life instead of giving it all to a mutt."

Mary Jane looked at him a moment. She didn't believe all that he was saying and she didn't understand that part she believed but . . . well she had lived her life and this was better than letting that nephew of hers get control of her money.

Blackie left the apartment with Benton, who intended making a phone call to Mary Jane's lawyer. From an adjoining booth he overheard Blackie secretly calling the

police, shot him and then fled, while Blackie was taken unconscious to the prison ward of the hospital. When he regained consciousness, however, he begged to be allowed to take the officers to the Benton hideout. Before leaving on this expedition the government men released to the news agencies an announcement that Blackie had died without regaining consciousness, and when Benton heard this on his radio he was greatly relieved. He immediately called the lawyer and arranged to meet him on a country road near his hideout for the "payoff."

Secretly entering the hideout alone, a short while later, Blackie succeeded in getting Mary Jane out of a window, but is wounded when he is discovered by the gangsters guarding her. Within a few minutes a concealed force of officers have rounded up the entire gang, including Benton himself, in a terrific chase and gun battle.

Mary Jane in the meanwhile, went with her lawyers, but was obliged to face another examination by the lunacy commission, with Tony, Walter, Julia, and the boys opposing, with great success, the testimony of Percy and her other avaricious relatives.

"What's so funny, Queenie?" asked Doc as the last of the relatives went through the door.

"Ssh!" said Mary Jane. "Listen!"

Loud voices could be heard through the still opened door. They ran to it and poked their heads out to see what was going on.

"Come back here, you crazy galoots!" Mary Jane called. "That's Blackie. I sent him out to collect that \$50,000 Percy offered," and she rocked back and forth with laughter, holding her sides.

Even Aubrey didn't know what to make of it.

They Know Their Groceries

[Continued from page 17]

Over there he buys bath things until you figure he must be about the cleanest man on earth. After experimenting with several back-brushes, he finds one with a long handle that reaches all points North and South. He takes it, plus an army of pine-soap and shaving necessities. About fifty dollars is invested here to keep the Powell chassis pure. (But pure!)

Then, two steps at a time, he proceeds to that enchanted balcony where Mr. Maybrey supervises the vast wines and liquors department. Beautiful bottles to dream of. It might surprise you to learn that William himself does very little tippling, but boy, he knows his spirits! He has a cellar that would compare favorably with the best in the country. He discusses vintages like an old hand with the courtly white-haired Maybrey, and orders a case of white Bordeaux, Graves, 1904, and a case of red Bordeaux Latour, 1911. Then a half dozen bottles of Martel Brandy, and a case of Moet and Chandon vintage 1921 champagne.

Finally, having invested a neat three hundred dollars in his larder and cellar, he dashes to Mr. Young's office to say howdy, and they are very apt to sit discussing the Sybaritic pleasures of the table for an hour.

This, my wide-eyed children, does not happen every day or every week. We just happened to be around when Bill was in one of his most gorgeous shopping moods.

Madge Evans has a weakness for fine cheeses, and she likes to select them personally. Her favorite is a fine high imported Roquefort (85c the pound) crumbly with age and marked like rare marble, of

which she purchased two pounds the day we went shopping with her. (Heigh ho, and to think my idea of luxury always has been to buy a whole pound of Roquefort at once!)

Mrs. Harold Lloyd buys in large quantities for her family, and has a lark on her shopping expeditions. Eddie Horton stocks up with preserved, brandied and spiced fruits at intervals, and has no trouble at all making up his mind, as you might expect from his genius-of-indecision performances. He is an avocado customer, as well.

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, very much suburban householders, take a look at all departments, and buy a comprehensive supply of groceries whenever they go in Young's. Ginger is very fond of fancy crackers and cookies, the cocktail assortments in amusing shapes engage her interest, as well as the antipastos and exotic marmalades. She is fond of a green fig marmalade, also one made of lemons. These range from 35 to 55 cents a jar.

When Cecil B. DeMille goes a-marketing, it's a field day for the fancy sausage department. Also the antipasto and anchovy business. He sweeps a lavish hand right down the show-case and says, "I'll take some of that." His preference is for piquant and highly seasoned foods. Louis B. Mayer has a standing order for kippered barracuda and eastern smoked whitefish to be delivered to him every week at the studio.

The best candy customers are Myrna Loy (imported chocolates, preferably Dutch, and Rademakes's Pastilles), Katharine Hepburn, Jetta Goudal, and Mrs. Pat O'Brien—as well as ZaSu, whom we mentioned.

Bill Powell buys a lot of candy at Christmas time.

Charles Laughton is interested in honeys and jams—he likes the strange exotic Syrian honey, and wild strawberry, wild cherry, and brambleberry jams and jellies. Warren William's wife goes shopping for Hawaiian Macadamia nuts, a delicious



Sally Eilers has the free lunch idea, but what she likes, she buys.

salted meaty nut which has only recently been introduced in this country. They sell for \$1.25 a small jar. Ronald Colman is another Macadamia customer, stopping off at the store often just to buy them.

The fresh caviar patrons at the delicatessen counter include Joseph Schenck, who can polish off a pound in no time at all. He also buys lots of meat, and selects his own with unerring judgment. Not long ago he made a shopping tour with Merle Oberon, and they selected a number of delicacies for a party Schenck was giving. The Selznicks are fresh caviar fanciers, also. (Fresh Beluga is \$12.50 a pound, and it looks as if you have to be a picture producer to afford it!)

Joan Crawford's infrequent sorties to the market have been mainly for brandied and spiced fruits and gift baskets. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill send beautiful baskets to all the new mothers they know in the hospitals. Louise Fazenda is one of Young's earliest customers, and one of the favorites. She buys everything you could possibly think of for her table, from the staple comestibles, to the finest delicacies. The bakery counter is one of her favorites, that department which has made some of the most gorgeous birthday and wedding cakes Hollywood has ever seen. Among many they have accomplished was the Lindbergh wedding cake, which cost five hundred dollars, and another five hundred to get it to Mexico intact and in time. Louise gives presents to all the clerks at Christmas time.

Gary Cooper used to be an ardent delicatessen customer before he was married—he sampled everything, and bought almost everything. They don't see so much of

him any more.

One of the most epicurean tables in Hollywood is set by Mr. and Mrs. Warner Oland, and a trip to the market with that discriminating pair is a liberal education. They like the wine jellies with meats, and usually order some tender little squabs to be served with wild rice. Their Mexican cook at the beach house in Carpinteria uses many exotic herbs and spices, and in the Beverly Hills house, they have a Norwegian cook who varies the menu for them with many of Warner's native dishes. He was born in Norway, you know.

They are especially fond of a Norwegian trout in jelly, which arrives in tins straight from its native shores. They do a pretty thorough job of shopping whenever they descend upon Mr. Young's precinct, and I learned from them, for the first time, that Bombay Duck is a fish! They also are fresh caviar addicts, and in wines prefer the Rhine types, Liebfraumilch 1921 being their favorite, with a Schloss Johannisberger (from the vineyards of the former Crown Prince of Germany) a close second.

Charley and Mrs. Murray are old-time customers who market several times a week. Charley has a funny name for all the girls in the store. One is Frisco Sal, another Louisiana Lou. He likes to select his own prime ribs of beef and leg of lamb, and makes quite an occasion of it. He is a very popular patron, with a new story for the manager every time he arrives.

Nearly all the patrons roam around nibbling on something, a piece of candy or a delicacy from the demonstration table, until it rather takes on the appearance of a party. When Louise Fazenda and ZaSu Pitts arrive together, it is a party.

Carl Brisson buys his Swedish Aalborg Akavit, and Kirsbaer Liqueur up, on the balcony, and then makes a systematic collection of Swedish foods from all over the store, even a Swedish licorice candy.

Wherever they shop, you can depend upon it—the stars know what they are buying, from pot-roast to plovers eggs—and they count among their best days the ones when they go to market!



Ralph Bellamy picks his champagne to fit his guests.

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15¢ Cigarette

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Jane
Heath

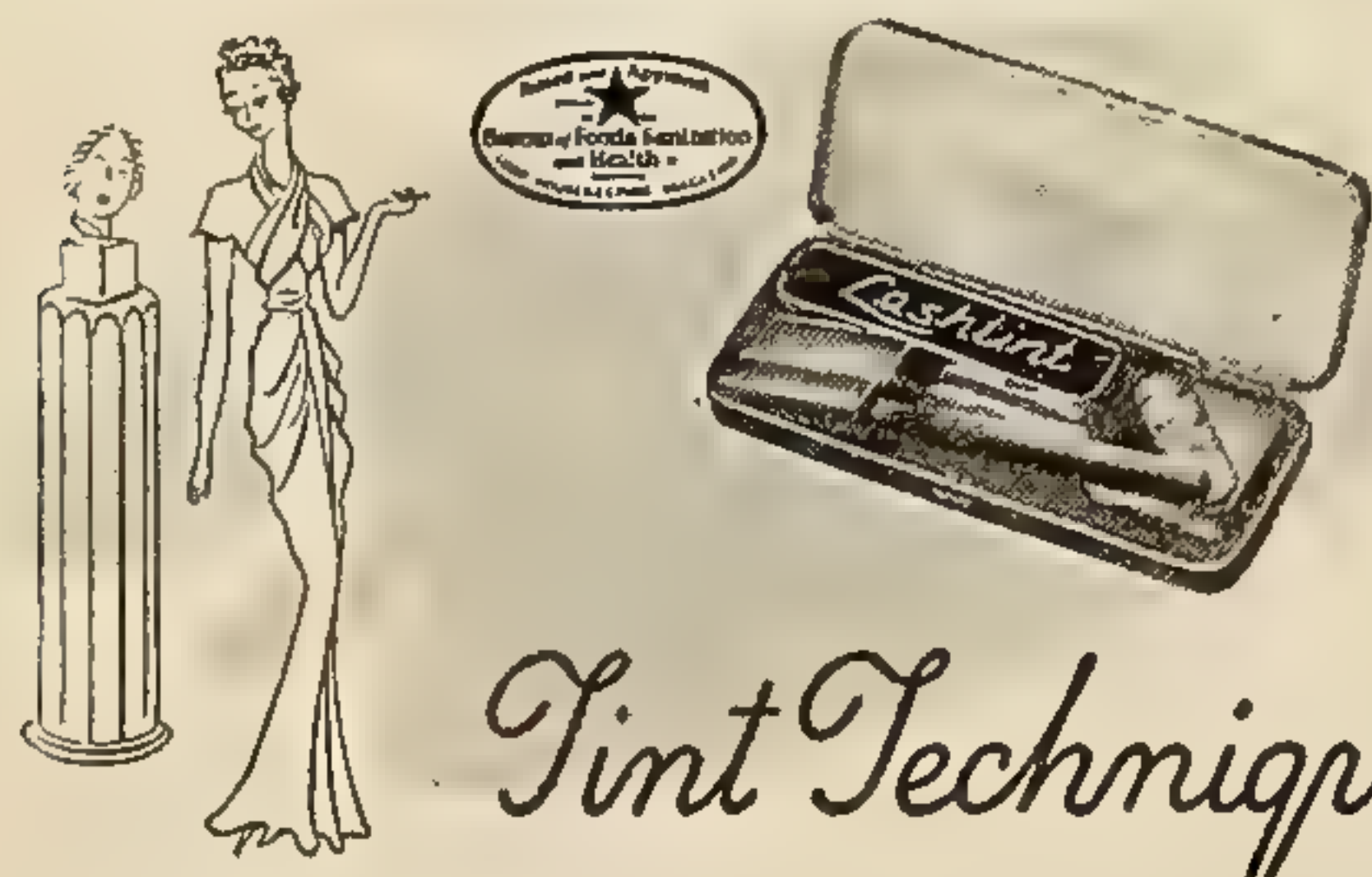
THE NAKED EYE!

To YOUR naked eye, it probably looks as if the country were full of women more beautiful than you, about to steal your best beau! Probably that's the trouble—your naked eye! Try slipping your lashes into KURLASH. Lo! your lashes are curled up in a fascinating sweep like a movie star's, looking twice as long, dark and glamorous. Your eyes sparkle (that's more light entering!), are deeper and more colorful! No heat—no cosmetics! \$1, at stores near you.



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Dear Mrs. J. M.—far from being "obvious" eye make-up is extremely subtle. Apply a little SHADETTE—\$1—in blue, violet, green or brown to your eyelids, close to the lashes and blend it outward. It defies detection but how your eyes deepen and sparkle!



Tint Technique

Lashes also need never look "made up." Try this Lashtint Compact. The little sponge stays damp for hours—and supplies just the right moisture to insure even applications of the fine mascara. Result: silky, natural looking lashes! \$1, in black, blue or brown.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department D-12, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Hongkong's Contribution

[Continued from page 25]

used to poses, pretenses and outbursts of temperament among the movie great.

I said her story reads like fiction, and see if you will agree with me.

The Jenkin mansion in Hongkong is one of the show places of the town. Situated on the Peak, a high promontory, it commands a magnificent view of the picturesque harbor and the seething city below. Wendy's earliest memories are the family dinners on the moonlit veranda of their home, with no lights or candles needed on the table, so bright was the Oriental moonlight, and ceremonious Chinese servants waiting on them. She has also fond memories of her amah, the native nurse who attended her.

She went to an exclusive school in Hongkong, but the malarial climate got her down, and, when she was ten, she was sent to London, accompanied by her mother, and placed in the Convent of the Assumption. There have been many priests and nuns in her family. It was in the sunny cloisters of this convent that she spent her most formative years and acquired the greater part of her formal education. Six or seven years later she returned to Hongkong, to find that her amah was gone and the grass looked lovelier on their lawn. She was no longer the frail child her father used to know, but a trim young lady, using lipstick and powder and with ideas of her own. Some of these ideas did not coincide with those held by the estimable King's Counsel. She sailed back to Europe, traveling alone, and leaving an irate father behind her. She was placed at an ultra-smart finishing school in Geneva to round out her education, and here she learned to speak French fluently.

But apparently Wendy wasn't a model pupil, extremely bright though she was. "I have been expelled from every school I have attended," she laughed. "I always hated to study."

"You look very Nordic, but you are as peppery as a Spanish girl," I said.

"Oh, I am sure I have some Spanish blood in me! I must have. I am Irish on my mother's side, you know. Inter-marriages were quite common between the Irish and the Spanish."

"What plans did your parents have for you? Exactly what did your father want you to become?"

"What other plans could they have but having me presented at the Court and marrying me off to an English peer?" And she added indignantly, "My father wanted me to settle down in Mayfair or in the country and become a placid English matron."

One day while she was engaged in an animated conversation with her young escort at the Savoy in London, where the Mayfair crowd dines, the British producer, Alexander Korda, approached her and proposed to give her a screen test. He wanted to prove to a friend that acting talent is inborn and cannot be acquired. Her facial expressions had attracted him; he was certain she could be a good actress.

Her mother disapproved of her entering the acting profession, and it was such a shock to her father that he still refuses to answer her letters, although it is said the living room of the Jenkin mansion on the Peak is littered with newspaper clippings and magazine articles describing the screen triumphs of their daughter.

"But mother and I have always been pals," she said. "She married very young,

and you wouldn't think she could have a daughter of my age if you were to see her. People tell me I am her exact image when she was my age, that I even talk, laugh, and walk like her. I prevailed upon mother to let me take the test. It proved successful, and I was cast in 'The Wedding Rehearsal,' with Roland Young."

Other pictures followed. During the filming of "Henry VIII," "shot on the cuff," as she says, Charles Laughton took her under his wing and taught her the tricks of the acting profession. But hardly had this picture been released when she met young Woolworth Donahue, heir of the five and ten millions, at the celebrated wedding of Barbara Hutton and the late Alexis Mdivani. Their friendship ripened into a romance. "Men never fall for me at once," she said. "I am not pretty enough for that. I have adored four men, and in every case our romantic attachment gradually grew out of our friendship for each other. I have to be somewhat of a pal before I can love a man."

She asked Korda to release her from her contract, and wearing a huge star sapphire on her left hand, she sailed for New York, filled with high hopes of raising a family of her own. The maternal instinct is very strong in her. But fate decreed otherwise. The reception she received from the parents of her fiancé was anything but cordial. They looked down upon her as an actress, and this hurt her deeply, because she is as proud of her family as they are of theirs. Heartbroken, she discussed every phase of the situation with the young socialite, and they decided to part, as good friends.

She found herself alone in the Big City, nervous, exhausted from the shock of her broken romance. When it rains it pours; misfortunes never come alone. She fell ill with a severe attack of influenza, and there was nobody to take care of her. Her health has never been robust, due to repeated attacks of malaria during her childhood. Those were bleak days indeed for the sunny Wendy. She came to California on an airliner to rest and recover her shattered health—and "to forget." The desert sun at Palm Springs restored her to health and to a comparative calm. Her fair, delicate skin was tanned to a rich golden brown.

She moved to a hotel in Hollywood. She had no financial worries, as checks from the profits of "Henry VIII" kept her well supplied with funds. That picture was a cooperative enterprise for the cast, each getting a percentage of the profits.

One day, while dining at the Vendome, one of the famous restaurants catering to the appetites of screen celebrities, she engaged in a verbal altercation with a certain gentleman, which proved to be instrumental in getting her a studio contract. Zeppo Marx, of the mad Marx brothers, now an agent, happened to witness her verbal fireworks, and, fascinated, assured her some studio could make good use of her talents. Ten days later Paramount offered her a long term contract.

Paramount has big plans for her, and considers her one of its white hopes for screen honors. But she doesn't know what fame means, and didn't impress me as one who takes her career too seriously. When I asked her what is her great ambition in life, she said:

"To marry and have a baby."

May the gods always be tender with her.

HEDDA HOPPER is coaching the new import, Jan Kiepura, in diction. His new picture for Paramount will be "Give Us This Night." It is expected that he will be a sensation in Hollywood.

Our "Lily Of The Opera"

[Continued from page 33]

critic of note, held a different opinion. He took her to Alberti de Gorostiago, a famous voice teacher, and de Gorostiago agreed with him. So Lily commenced studying voice, a study so exacting that her entire life had to be and is still regulated by it. Regular hours, regular diet, little or no social diversion—these must be hers if she wished to "get anywhere." And Lily definitely did.

In due course of time she sang at provincial opera houses all over her native France, until, in 1931, she made her famous debut at the Metropolitan in New York—the mecca of all opera singers. At that time Lily was just twenty-seven years old, she was slim and graceful and extremely easy to look upon, and her exceptional coloratura soprano permitted the staid old Metropolitan to add new laurels to its already illustrious brow. For her marvellous voice range made it possible for them to introduce a most colorful opera into its repertoire—"Lakme"—unfamiliar to most of us only because it is so seldom that a singer can be found whose range includes its unusually high notes.

From then on the years sped quickly for Lily. All over the world she travelled, singing her way into the hearts of music lovers. A divorce from her husband was rumored and then became a reality; another marriage was predicted between her and a titled German doctor, but this came to naught. Another romance is now rumored between her and Andre Kostelanetz, her musical director in "I Dream Too Much" and on the radio. Lily says nothing about marriage but she does say that "Mr. Kostelanetz gives me so much confidence that when I sing on the radio I forget to be nervous. In opera I never forget. And on the screen I never have to forget. Odd, n'est ce pas?"

Lily enjoyed Hollywood, but it is New York that she loves more than any other city in the world. Recently she bought a home in Connecticut, and it is there she goes after her broadcast in New York each Wednesday night. "I do not know what to make of this leisure," she told me with a shrug of her expressive shoulders. "I do not sing at the Metropolitan until December, and I broadcast only once a week. In the meantime I have leisure for the first time in years. But I can't do with it what I want. Always I have to watch the voice. I must not get tired. I must not catch cold. I must not—oh, never must I get sick!"

Ah, yes! Lily Pons is a success all right. But withal she has not lost the common touch. She likes simple, unaffected people. She likes simple clothes. "I buy my lingerie in Paris," she informed me, and her bisque-colored silk lounging pajamas paid ample tribute to her native habitat. In New York I buy all my other clothes. All tailored. I do not like frills. In South America I buy my shoes." I did not ask her why because I knew instinctively there wasn't a shop in America that could fashion shoes small enough for the Pons foot, which is size one and a half, and the cutest foot in the world, if you want to take it from one who has seen it *that* close.

AND THANKSGIVING COMING!

MRS. KALMUS, the authority on technicolor, says that the stars can now start eating again, for while black and white photography adds pounds to one's appearance, color photography works just the other way—every star appears slim and lovely.

Speedy! Easy! Grand!



EAGLE BRAND COCONUT MACAROONS

1/2 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet, about one inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes two dozen.

• Only 2 ingredients! A child could mix them! Yet these cookies are crispy, crunchy, coconutty marvels. Men love them! • But remember —Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

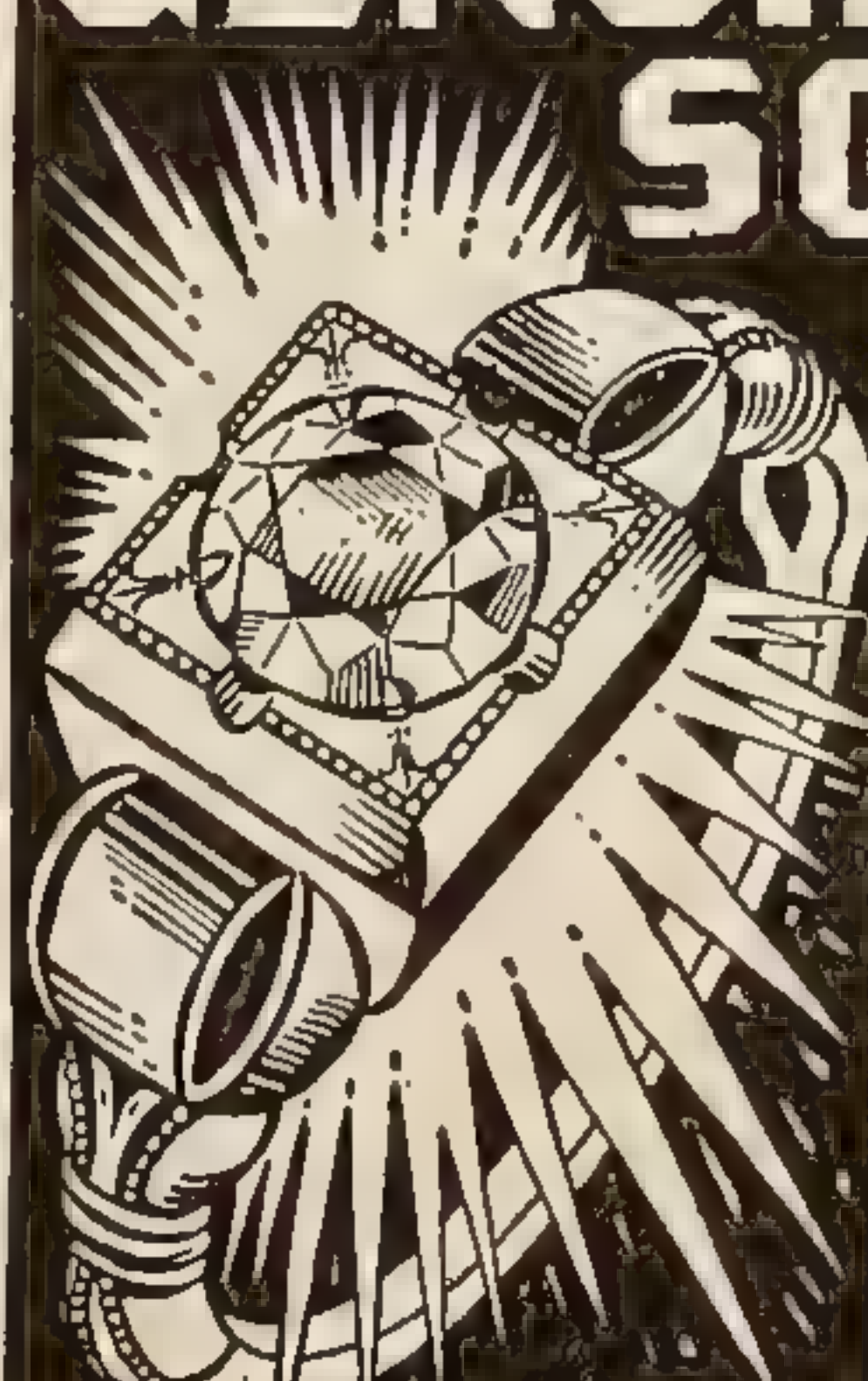
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*Youthifies
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The Folks Next Door

[Continued from page 53]

guessed, but it isn't all lyric—oh no. Dick can play several musical instruments, or so he and a few thousand other people thought, until recently, when his secretary handed him a letter from a young lady who lived near, which read: "—and if Mr. Powell *must* keep up that din night after night why doesn't he learn how to play!" Practicing, you see, is a different thing from the finished product as you hear it in the theatre.

But it's an ill wind that doesn't blow some fresh air to somebody. The next day the real estate people got a commission to hunt for a country home for Dick.

Young George Breakston has a desert tortoise, several in fact. He polishes their backs so that they shine like anything, and each one has his name and address and "please return" carved in its back. Sometimes they wander a mile or more away, and so far have been good-naturedly returned, but when they burrow into the petunia beds of the lady next door George takes time to pull himself together before he calls to collect them.

Bette Davis bought an old model T Ford for eighteen dollars and she and her husband Harmon Nelson got a great kick out of going to all the swanky film openings and parties in it. Well that's all right—it was done for a joke and hostesses got as much fun out of the prank, since it was Bette Davis who did it, as Bette herself. But if you were Bette's next door neighbor, would you like to have a comedy coach like that parked practically in front of your house hour after hour. Not if you lived on a Rolls Royce or Packard street, you wouldn't. So until Bette got tired of the gag and bought a real car, she wasn't very popular in the neighborhood.

Roger Pryor lives in an apartment house and he loves skeet shooting, and that's not a good combination. Everyone in the house seems to like Roger well enough, some of the inmates are film people like himself, but they don't like his shooting and they have formed a little conspiracy against him. When they hear him making for the roof, and the noise proclaims the fact that he has arrived, they straggle up there, too, for sun baths, to play ping pong or quoits or hand ball. This clutters up the roof and cramps Roger's style and recently he confided to a friend that he was going to move into a house so he wouldn't be eternally pestered by the neighbors!

If you're going to continue the skeet shooting, Roger, a house won't do you a bit of good—you'll have to buy a ranch in

Chatsworth or the Santa Monica mountains, and even then look out for the echo. No neighbor would like an echo booming in his window minute after minute. Even though you're a movie celeb and wired for sound.

With Warren William it's dogs. Believe it, or not, some people do keep chickens in and around Hollywood and Beverly Hills and Warren's dogs like 'em. Chicken killing is really a bad habit and I'm surprised Warren hasn't spoken harshly to his pups or whatever it is you do to break dogs of this habit but, if he has tried, his methods haven't worked. So far all the headway he has been able to make with the irate owners of the chicks is to pay the bills—and you'd be surprised how much more expensive a dead chicken is than a live one.

Adrienne Ames has a badminton court and she likes to play at night. The catch to that is that she has to have flood lights on the court which shine or rather glare into the rooms of the houses on both sides of her. Her neighbors seethed in silence for awhile with Adrienne quite unconscious of the discomfort she was causing, until one evening she heard some one say, "There's that woman playing badminton again," and down went the shades. Next day the electricians were busy turning the lights so that they would stay on the court where they belonged.

A day or so after Ralph and Catherine Bellamy moved into their new apartment they dashed down one morning early to try out the tennis court that lay between the apartment house and the somewhat imposing home next door. They hadn't been playing long when two young and very attractive girls appeared, all ready for a game of tennis, and they seemed much surprised that the court was occupied. "Muscle in on their hour," thought Ralph and went on playing. He muffed a ball and as he went to get it he heard one of them say, "I wouldn't say anything—he'll get discouraged soon."

That rankled because Ralph isn't a bad player but, then again, he isn't Fred Perry either and the first thing he knew he had an inferiority complex and began missing balls all over the place.

"My tennis isn't so bad people have to feel sorry for me, is it?" he asked his wife as they left—a lot sooner than he had at first intended.

"No dear—but I think that was just a polite way of asking us to get off their private tennis court!"

Tibbett—The Troubadour

[Continued from page 24]

Have I forgotten to mention he was a symphony of tonal beauty, all toggled out in cream silk pajamas with a high Russian collar and trimmed in a dull mahogany red that harmonized perfectly with the walls, and with a robe to match? He was, and the press was duly overwhelmed!

But never fear that Larry's going arty on us in the fillums. He takes nothing seriously, least of all himself, and he has a perfectly gorgeous sense of humor that some one may have the good sense to recognize and do something constructive about. At any rate forget he's a Metropolitan star and all the stuffy traditions that have come to be associated with such Elysian grandeur and take Larry for what he is, a pretty swell guy who's about to sally forth in a moompichur that, he feels, will at last give him the chance

Grace Moore had in "One Night of Love."

"It was terrible," he will assure you, "how unprepared motion pictures were, just a few years ago, for the recording of voice. But we must not forget those first sad efforts were part of the pioneering spirit which has made possible the fine musical film of today. However I, for one, am proud of having been part of that frightfully premature effort. I have always militantly pioneered for popular-priced English-spoken opera and I really believe the cinema has solved the problem for the music-hungry masses. I am also firmly convinced that fine musicals have progressed beyond the cycle stage, and now, fully entrenched, are to become an integral part of basic motion picture production!"

And there you are! So you'd better tune

the old pianner up and get a load of Tris-tan and Isolde before the boy friend asks you down to the Gem to break a chocolate bar with him!

Tibbett is a California village lad who's shortly to be given the Golden Gate on a silver platter because he worked darn hard for it! He was going to be a Sheriff, like his dad, until his father was brought home dead, with his boots on! He was seven and his mother said from then on he could only play sheriff.

Subsequently he appeared in Shakespear-ean companies, joined the U. S. Navy during the War and, when he enjoyed two decisive operatic successes in 1923 at the Hollywood Bowl, decided definitely in favor of singing. By this time, at 22, with a \$500 bankroll, he had married and his wife had had twin sons; but imbued with a new faith in his singing ability he sought and obtained the financial backing of a wealthy art patron.

And so he came East to earn success, which was climaxed, during his second season at the Met, by actually stopping the show for a quarter of an hour while the frenzied audience acclaimed him! It was a real triumph for an all-American baritone, for up to that time a boy with Welsh, German and Celtic blood had as much chance in grand opera as a fan dancer in a raccoon coat.

Yet I really believe overcoming that one additional obstacle made the game just that much more interesting to left tackle Tibbett. At any rate he loves a good joke, whether it's on you, me, or even himself!

He told me something that had occurred recently at his gym. He goes in much for hand ball, swimming and other virile sports and takes his fame and renown as a he-man should. So it is that many acquaintances at his club and gym know him simply as "Larry."

One rather nice chap, a serious-minded man, had taken an obvious fancy to him and whenever they met took occasion to talk. It had so happened that a fellow member was having financial difficulties—which isn't an isolated case in this merry year of '35—and was not seen about, having to devote all his time to flagging a tobogganing business. The serious man related this to Larry, with proper sympathy. And Tibbett said a few apt words about how sorry he was—that while things, generally, were looking up, some fellows were still having their difficulties. And in he went to take his shower, which was accompanied by the free distribution of about \$3,000 worth of "Emperor Jones."

A few days later, the serious man sneaked out to where Tibbett was doing a private work-out and, edging over, he confidentially asked him to sit down. Larry hadn't the slightest intimation whether he was going to be asked to refinance the now possibly bankrupt young man, or what. But soon he was treated to some *very* interesting information.

His companion recalled their talk of the other day and told him not to worry. No, he had heard him singing when he was taking his shower and that, while he was no Gatti-Cazzaza, he guessed he knew a nice voice when he heard one. Well he figured that with a little training he wouldn't have a half bad chance, no sir! to get some work, if conditions warranted, on a small radio station of which a friend of his was a director. Of course it wouldn't pay exactly the kind of money the crooners make, ha-ha, but he figured it *would* be a stop-gap until he got back on his feet, and of course he wouldn't say anything around the club about it. . . .

Larry thinks that's the swellest situation that's yet come up in a life brimful of situations.

"Did I tell you about the time I was



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arrested for singing?" he asked.

I was sure he hadn't.

"No," he admitted, "I've never confessed *that* one, but why not?" and he vigorously launched into that merry little anecdote.

He and a group of men were doing the Los Angeles night spots. Tibbett enjoys men's company and frequently spends an off-night going around with "the boys." Well, this night, after three or four—or five or six—cocktails they arrived at another restaurant, and, after ordering, Tibbett broke into song. The proprietor didn't know who he was but he just didn't like the "noise," and standing on his constitutional rights—that patrons must not create a nuisance—(and figuring that this stranger's singing came in under that heading), he told him to stop or he would call the police.

Tibbett didn't stop and the police *were* called, and their whole crowd ended up in jail, under false names of course. One of the men assured Larry he had "a very important badge," which made them all feel a lot better. As they were about to be excused with a reprimand the man who had the "very important badge" brought it into play—and they were all promptly locked up for the night!

There Tibbett gave his very best "command" performance—requested by their fellow prisoners. The concert lasted long into the night, the little jail echoing with the prisoner's song from Faust, down the whole gamut to the popular ballad of the same name. And finally, by popular demand, he sang "Frankie and Johnnie" in its practically limitless variations.

Came morning and each member of the party was required to pay a fine of \$25.00—all, that is, except the man with the "very important badge." He paid \$75.00!

When Larry arrived home he had a fine story thought up which included all the best elements of a serial. It included sitting up with a sick friend, the breakdown of his car and an all night rehearsal. Practically fool-proof you can see. Check, double-check—and finally double-cross, when the morning papers arrived, with a front page photo of the famous opera star, his hands protecting his face, but with a

pat little caption that struck a new high note in domestic scenes. . . .

Although he will sing at the oddest moments and in the most unexpected places, he has learned that singing on a full stomach can bring on more false rumors than a columnist.

Of course he knows that singers *shouldn't* vocalize immediately after dinner—but people are so insistent and, as he says, he's putty in the hands of a charming hostess. He agreed on just "one number." And, as he had fully expected, he "cracked" on a high note—but it didn't take as long as it does to trill a few grace notes before the news was around that Tibbett had cracked, poor old Tibbett, an awfully good singer in his day! In fact the rumor got so "hot" that a musical comedy producer approached him a couple of days after with a contract and assured him, as between a couple of regular guys, that he wouldn't give him any high notes. You can imagine what a laugh Larry got out of *that* one!

His first wife was a poetess and being temperamentally unsuited they were divorced a few years ago. Shortly after, he remarried, and there is a new son, Michael, aged a year and a half. The second Mrs. Tibbett, Larry met at the end of a concert when, fagged by repeated encores, he had refused to sing any more. However when she asked him "Please, to sing just *one* more," he complied. That was the beginning of their romance which has since become a very successful marriage—and which, he believes, has happily reflected in his work. His spare time is spent on their farm at Wilton, Connecticut, where he keeps sheep, chops wood and is a dillitante farmer. Michael, he insists, likes it too.

But about singing in the bathtub, which is really what I started out to say in the beginning.

Larry insists that the self-confidence gained by a really enthusiastic bathtub singer would go a long way toward establishing an embryonic Caruso or Lily Pons; provided, of course, you have the vocal chords to begin with, the timbre, the range and the intrinsic quality. At least if you don't become a Tibbett it's good clean fun. We must try it some time!

Studio News

[Continued from page 10]

Before she can answer, Pat appears. "Through lunch yet?" he asks Melton, paying less than no attention to Frank.

"Just the dessert," Jim answers.

"Never mind the dessert," Pat says, "we're going to the Sky Club."

"The Sky Club!" Frank butts in. "At one in the afternoon?"

"Kid," Pat remarks quietly to Melton, "the top! Success! I just signed a contract with Bill Ford for you to co-star with Joan Garrott (Jane Froman)."

Just then the waiter appears with the dessert. "You eat it," Melton suggests happily to Frank, "and here's something to go with it." He throws a ten spot on the table as a tip and starts off with Pat.

McHugh looks at the bill, his eyes bulging with astonishment. "When song plugging gets a little slow," he ejaculates, "Bugs Kramer becomes a waiter."

I don't blame you, Frank, but waiting doesn't always pay like that. I've been a waiter for years—waiting for ships that never come in.

We mustn't get morbid, though. Next, my little lads and lassies, we have that sterling trio—Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Hugh Herbert (with Allen Jenkins

thrown in for good measure) in an opus yclept "Miss Pacific Fleet."

"It's just started," Joan informs me gayly, "so, of course, no one knows the plot. But here Glenda and I are in the sitting room of our apartment with a bill for \$60 rent, marked 'Final Notice.' And you know as well as I do, that when you can't pay, that's an Afghanistan request to get out."

Before she can explain more they start a take and Jenkins (one of the gobs in the fleet) appears in the kitchen doorway with his mouth full of watermelon. "Hey!" he bellows, "ain't you got any bananas?"

"Can you imagine that!" cries Glenda.

"I'm hungry," Allen whines.

"How in the world can you eat watermelon, cucumbers, cheese and then want bananas?" Joan puts in, exasperated.

"Can I help it if I like bicarbonate?" Jenkins demands in a hurt tone.

Well, it goes on like that for a time and then they come to the problem of rent. Allen, of all people, has an idea. He's going to box in a couple of weeks; and if he wins, instead of dough he gets 5,000 votes in a popularity contest to be held in an effort to elect a queen for the Pacific fleet. The winner receives \$2,500 in cash, a trip to New York for herself and com-

panion, two complete wardrobes and nationwide publicity.

You can easily understand that with Jenkins and the whole Pacific fleet in back of her, Joan is a cinch to win. Now, as I told you, I don't know the plot but I suspect Joan cops the prize, the whole fleet shows up in New York and each gob who has voted for her expects at least a date in return and it's going to prove mighty bothersome to Joan and Glenda when they really want to get to work on some big league stuff in the metropolis.

The dialogue is swell in this and it ought to prove another of those laugh provokers the public is nuts about even though Joan, Glenda and Hughie aren't.

Besides this, we have Kay Francis in her first picture in months—"I Found Stella Parrish." Stella is an actress but something has happened in London, so she makes herself up as a very middle-aged woman, puts herself and her chee-ild aboard a liner for New York and no one knows what's become of her. The world is looking for *Stella Parrish*.

We pick up Kay (as *Stella*) and Ian Hunter, a star reporter who has been poured aboard the boat (by mistake) in full evening clothes, as they meet outside the entrance to the ship's store. There is a good deal of bobbing back and forth to avoid running into each other. Finally they start in the same direction and collide. They both put their hands up to lessen the impact but Hunter steps on her foot. Her face contorts with pain.

"So sorry," he murmurs.

"That's all right, young man," she answers politely, although it's killing her.

"Any serious damages?" he asks solicitously.

"Only a toe," Kay replies grimly. "At my age I have the consolation of knowing I won't need it much longer."

"Stupid of me," he goes on contritely.

"Wasn't it?" she agrees, walking towards the door. Noticing where she is going, he hurries past her and holds it open for her very graciously and contritely. "Thank you," Kay acknowledges his courtesy. "You may be clumsy but you're quite a polite young man." You may have surmised by now that this is the start of a great and beautiful friendship.

No stills are to be made of Kay in her middle-aged make-up so you'll have to wait for the picture to see how she looks, but she's really sumpin'!

"Hi, Dick," says Mervyn Leroy, Warner Brothers' ace director. "Come on and I'll show you this ship we've built on the lot here. It's a reproduction of the *Normandie*." Mervyn takes me over it from stem to stern and there is absolutely no scene that might be required aboard ship that cannot be shot here. There is *everything*—from the promenade decks to the salons, cabins, engine rooms, baggage rooms, dining rooms to the pilot house.

In one scene of this picture some of the passengers are supposed to be playing shuffleboard. Mervyn inspects the set that has just been brought up. "Where'd you get this?" he demands. "Did the prop department make it? It's all wrong. I'd be laughed out of pictures if anyone who had ever been on a ship saw a pusher like this."

The amount of detail that goes into the making of a picture never ceases to amaze me. Suppose Mervyn hadn't caught that. But I suppose it's because he does catch things like that he's considered such a fine director.

Lastly we come to "Captain Blood." This is one of Warner Brothers' epics. The production schedule calls for the outlay of close to a million dollars. It is hoped

the picture will make stars of Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. But, alas! They are not shooting one of the big scenes today. The scene is one of the closing shots in the picture and it is merely a corner of the governor's judgment hall.

I can't always understand genius but I can always recognize it. And when I see Director Michael Curtiz sitting dejectedly on a truck, lost in meditation, a spotlight playing full upon him, even I must realize I am in the presence of genius, although I must also confess the picture he presents suggests nothing more to me than a song from "The Bohemian Girl" called "The Heart Bowed Down." Suddenly he pulls



"Captain Blood" (gory title) is one of the new cycle costume pictures with action. Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland.

himself together and calls for action. Flynn and Olivia run inside to hide, at the approach of some troops.

"How's this?" Flynn asks, indicating the room as a place in which to conceal themselves.

"You must be mad!" Olivia breathes. "He'll come here first!"

"Good!" Errol exults. "I forgot to tell you: the Governor and I are on the best of terms now. Yes, the *very* best of terms. Sometimes I think I'm the best friend he has in the world . . . When did you find out you loved me?"

But Olivia only stares at him without answering.

"A nice man, the Governor," Flynn rambles on. "Let's me come and go here as I please. In fact—look—he even lets me sit in his chair." He has been moving about the room as he talks and his speech finally carries him to the Governor's big desk. He plunks down in the chair behind the desk and looks at her. She stares at him incredulously, then gives it all up and begins to sob. For my own part, I suspect Errol is the Governor.

For no reason at all, when I leave Warners I duck over to—

United Artists

THERE is only one picture shooting here and that is the Samuel Goldwyn production of "Splendor," starring Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea.

The story, briefly, is that of a fine, but impoverished, old family headed by Helen Westley. They won't give up the ship. You know how Dick Powell sings in "Shipmates Forever"—

"We won't give up,
We won't give up the ship."

Anyhow, there's no reason for them to give up because they have a very personable son (Joel McCrea) whom they expect to marry a very rich girl (Ruth Weston) who is in love with him. But Joel throws a monkey wrench into the works when he goes down South, meets Miriam, falls in love with her and marries her. And here they are out



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at the Belmont race track shortly after their wedding.

When I arrive Joel is giving the assistant director or property man or somebody the devil. "Those box lunches yesterday," he announces, "were rotten. The meat was green, the salad was wilted, the bread was soggy and something's got to be done about it."

Miriam stands with her mouth open, lost in speechless admiration.

"I know," the hapless victim of Joel's wrath answers. "Yesterday was the first day on the back lot and everything went wrong. I'm sure they'll be better today."

"I'm famished," Miriam announces to Joel and David Nivens. "Let's go open one now."

So off go Miriam and David. But Joel is an old friend of mine and he lingers to chat a few moments.

And then I remember that Billie Burke is in this picture, too. "Where's Miss Burke?" I demand.

"She's over there in the sheriff's office," Joel advises me, the sheriff's office on the United Artists back lot being right behind the clubhouse of the Belmont Race Track. "Come on, I'll show you where it is."

So we start out and on the way we meet Miriam and David Nivens who are coming back with a sandwich in each hand.

"Where've you been?" Joel asks.

"We opened a box lunch," Miriam tells him as she wolfs down a sandwich.

"How is it?" he continues anxiously.

"It's ham and cheese," la Hopkins announces. "I guess the cheese is all right but the ham—I'm afraid," she goes on taking another tentative nibble, "it hasn't much personality."

"There's Billie," Joel points her out and leaves me.

Suddenly I find myself face to face with Billie Burke and stammering like a school kid. If from here on out the department is turned over to Miss Burke don't be too hard on me. I doubt that anything as lovely has ever before—and certainly not since—walked across a stage. You who are in grade school and high school may still find pleasure in the deftness of her performances but it is only we old ones who can recall the stage ten or fifteen years ago who have any idea of the Titian loveliness that was hers. It is worth being middle-aged to have seen anything as breath-takingly beautiful as she was then.



In "Splendor," Miriam Hopkins and Ruth Weston get dramatic over Joel McCrea.

When Josef Von Sternberg introduced Marlene Dietrich at a luncheon he commented on the fact that it is seldom one encounters both beauty and brains in a woman. Miss Burke has not only beauty and brains, she has something else that is greater than either or both of these—charm.

We chat for almost an hour and it seems like five minutes. How can I be expected to take seriously, hereafter, the Hepburns, the Hopkinses and all the rest of their ilk

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when I have visited with a woman who knows more of art, life, the theatre and acting than any or all of these will ever know?

I finally hear Elliott Nugent (that grand director) call "Ready!" and I reluctantly tear myself away and return to one of the boxes of the clubhouse at the Belmont Race Track to watch with Miriam, Joel, Arthur Treacher and David Nivens the running of a race.

A man walks slowly in front of the box carrying a handkerchief and he represents the horses. The eyes of the spectators follow him as they would the animals. The race itself will be run and cut into the picture later.

But Miriam isn't watching the race. She is staring in front of her with a tense face thinking of what Joel's sister has told her—how, by marrying Joel, she has messed things up for everyone. Finally Joel realizes she isn't paying any attention.

"What's the matter, dear?" he asks.

"We oughtn't have done it, Brighton," she answers. "Edith's (Ruth Weston's) money would have made it all right for everybody."

"Of course somebody would tell you that," he replies, putting a hand on her arm in quick sympathy. "But I didn't marry Edith. I married you."

"But twenty millions, Brighton," she protests.

"You look like more than twenty million to me," he smiles gallantly.

Then Arthur Treacher breaks into their conversation. The race is over. "Congratulations, Cousin Phyllis," he interrupts. "You've won!"

"Eight dollars!" she laughs hysterically. "We've got a fortune!"

I always say, one half the world never knows how the other half lives and in the excitement of a horse race one never knows the real thoughts of one's neighbor. Ain't it?

In fact, I'm quite sure while watching the play of emotions over Miriam's face at her good fortune, my guide never realizes that I'm really wondering what's going on over at—

Columbia

I RUN into a bit of luck over here because "One Way Ticket," with Walter Connolly and Lloyd Nolan, is on location and "Feather in Her Hat," with Pauline Lord and Louis Hayward, has just finished. This is the picture Ruth Chatterton worked on for two weeks and then bowed out of, being replaced by Miss Lord. Hayward is the neurotic young man who eventually married Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Flame Within" even though he was in love with Ann Harding. Mr. Hayward, with all due respect, is what you might call a "screw ball" and one of the most delightfully nutty people in Hollywood even



Norman Foster and Florence Rice in "Song of the Damned," which is really a story of the Devil's Island penal colony.

though he in turn does not find Hollywood delightfully nutty.

There is still one picture left though and that is "Song of the Damned" with Norman Foster, Florence Rice and Victor Jory. This is a story of the French penal colony on the infamous Devil's Island. The story is all too complicated and, anyway, in this hot weather nobody is interested in the troubles of French convicts in a jungle. To make a long story longer Florence's father is killed when he and the two boys try to escape. The boys finally decide they have a better chance of making their escape good if they separate. So separate they do and Vic tells Norman if he doesn't show up within six weeks Norman and Florence will know that he, like liberty, has perished from the earth.

And all of a sudden it's six weeks later and we find Florence and Norm in the dining room of Florence's little cottage.

"There," she exclaims brightly, "the time's up. It's been six weeks—"

"Six weeks!" Norman exclaims. "Incredible!"

"And you said," Florence continues, "if Dario (Vic) wasn't here in six weeks you'd have something to tell me."

"There's one more day," Norman insists quietly.

"What difference can a single day make?" she cries. "Andre, can't you tell me—just a bit of it now?"

"No! Not until tomorrow. Please don't ask me."

"All right," she agrees, "I'm sorry—have it your way."

Suddenly she looks down and discovers a loose button on his coat. "Look!" she exclaims, "another loose button! I don't know what you do with your clothes! I suppose all men are alike—never grow up—never hang up anything."

Her voice trails off into nothing and before I know it the scene is over and Florence, Norman and Vic are all chattering simultaneously as Florence bawls me out for not calling up. Norman tells of his marriage to Sally Blane and Vic assures me that any play I am writing now or within the next five years should be submitted to him because he is not only the Hollywood authority on plays but he is looking for plays to produce and take into New York.

Caesar could dictate to seven stenographers without losing a single thread of thought, but I, alas, have hard work carrying on a coherent conversation with one person, let alone three so I just blow my nose and rush down the street to—

R-K-O

I HAVE been bawled out so often for saying what I think of Katharine Hepburn and Brian Aherne that I will merely mention " Sylvia Scarlett" is on location and I think it's too divine that these two people are in a picture together because that means it's only one picture I have to avoid instead of two.

There are still two pictures shooting here, however. The first of these is called "Husk," and features Preston Foster.

"Lo Dick," he greets me as I appear. "I'm glad to see you and I hope and trust you are feeling well and good."

"Mr. Foster," I assure him gravely, "I'm in the pink. And what," I continue, "might the plot of this epic be?"

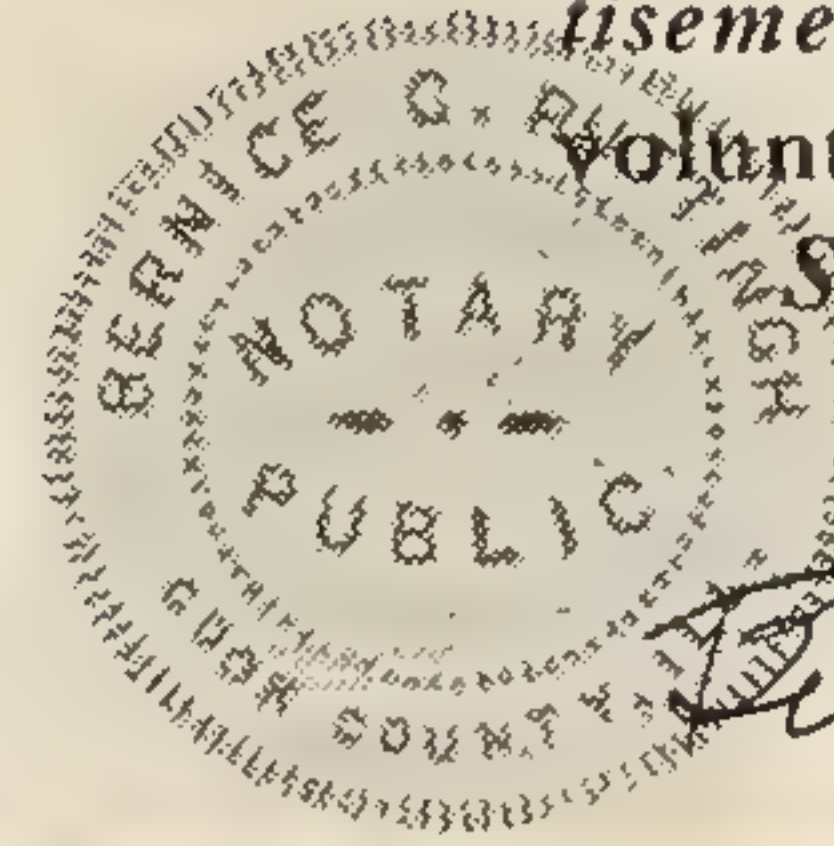
"This," says Preston, "is a story that might just as well have been called 'Cops and Robbers,' with a dash of psychology thrown in for good measure, the theory being that a man who doesn't know fear and walks into danger is not brave. It's the man who understands fear but who still walks into danger who is the hero."

"Now I," he continues grandly, "am a cop whose theory is 'if you beat them to

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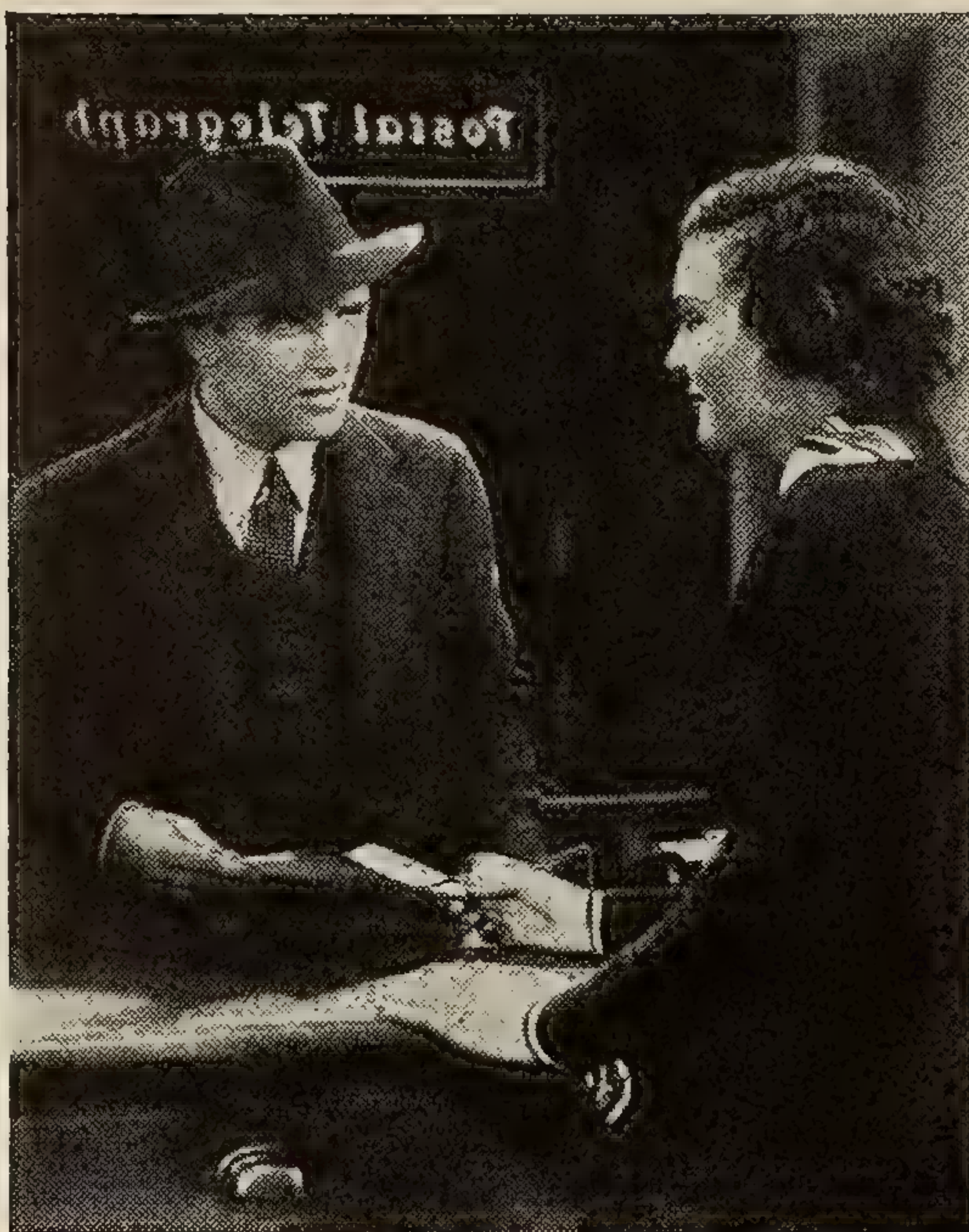
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Preston Foster, having finished off "Pompeii," goes sentimental over Maxine Jennings in "Husk."

the punch, you can't get hit.' Finally I, single handed, capture the leader of the band of criminals but if I had let the rest of the department in on it, we'd have caught the whole gang. I take a lot of ribbing on account of this, and then, to make matters worse, the leader (Harold Huber) escapes when I am taking him to the pen. Afterwards I swear I'll recapture him within thirty days. That's where we are now and Huber is here in the telegraph office sending me one of those smart-alecky wires (such as you delight in) which reads 'Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November.' While he is sending the wire I am on the outside of the telegraph office looking in but, as he has his back to me, I don't recognize him until he has left. Then, when I go into the office, I find this wire addressed to me."

It's a good thing Preston has explained all this to me because I watched them make the scene and all I got out of it was the sight of Huber writing this message and the telegraph operator saying "Forty-six cents, please."

It just goes to show you what a disadvantage a person works under who has not been trained in psychology.

Smarting from the handicap under which I am laboring I mosey over to the next set which is a remake of a very famous stage play called "Seven Keys to Baldpate."



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This is a story of an author who was behind schedule on a novel. His publishers get him a key to a deserted inn and send him there to write the novel. Also there are the caretaker (Harry Beresford) and his wife (Emma Dunn) who, naturally, each have keys. One by one four other characters, each provided with a key, arrive so that finally there are seven people assembled at Baldpate Inn and none of them knows any of the others.

It's the first day of shooting and only the first character—the author (Gene Raymond)—has arrived so there's not much to tell you other than that this is without doubt one of the most beautiful sets I have ever seen.

The grounds are covered with snow, the fir trees are groaning under a burden of snow and the panes of the windows are covered with frost. Inside everything is covered with cobwebs. The cobwebs being spun out of mineral oil with a machine. The spinner, in his enthusiasm, forgot what he was doing and covered the script with cobwebs so everybody is quite put out about the whole thing.

Never being one to mix in other people's quarrels I offer them one of the handkerchiefs the Arlens brought me back from Europe, so they can wipe off the cobwebs, and take myself over to—

Paramount

AFTER last month's frenzied activities, things have quieted down over here. There's the much talked of "Anything Goes," which stars Bing Crosby. The script isn't finished on this one yet but the scene is a beautiful night club sequence. Ethel Merman is sitting on a sort of crescent moon made of neon lights. The moon is mounted on what they call a "boom" which enables them to swing her from one table to another as she sings "I Get a Kick Out of You."

Bing isn't working in this particular scene, as they are merely making close-ups of Miss Merman as she sings, but he is stalking around the set in his evening clothes chortling over a newspaper ad for some show which has a picture of Man Mountain Dean. The ad looks for all the world like Jack Oakie as he looked in "Call of the Wild."

Ethel is really something to write home about in her flame colored chiffon dress with trimmings of bird of paradise feathers at the neck.



Ethel Merman has been playing in "Anything Goes" for a year or so and now it is being made into a picture. Here is Ethel singing "I Get A Kick Out Of You."

And then I see Ida Lupino in an ivory chiffon looking too utterly beautiful. Her dress is very plainly made. The skirt is in two tiers, tight-fitting at the waist, one tier flaring out at the knees and the other at the feet, and both of them trimmed with

bands of white fox. With this she wears a cape of the same material, also heavily trimmed with the fur.

"If I don't get to play the girl in 'The Light That Failed,'" she informs me, "there's going to be war in camp. She's a Cockney very much like the part Bette Davis played in 'Of Human Bondage' and I can really play it, too!"

Ida does a couple of scenes for me and I sit there with my eyes bulging out of my head. While I've never been one to argue about her looks, I can't truthfully say I've ever been impressed with her ability as an actress. But she really goes to town doing these two scenes for me and Bette, herself, couldn't have done them any better.

"Coronado," featuring Jack Haley, Leon Errol, Burton Churchill, and Alice White is just starting today so I'll tell you about that one next month.

The only other picture shooting over here is "Mary Burns, Fugitive," which Walter Wanger is producing for Paramount release.

This one stars Sylvia Sidney and is the story of an ingenue who takes up with a crook (Alan Baxter) and who doesn't realize what racket her sweetie-pie is in. He plants some stolen bonds on her when he sees the cops coming. He escapes but she gets fifteen years. Finally, Pert Kelton, a G woman, who is in the penitentiary with Sylvia, engineers an escape for them, figuring Sylvia will lead her right to Baxter. But Sylvia never liked him much to begin with and even less after he landed her in jail so she wants no part of him. She works here and there, always with the shadow of the law and recapture hanging over her. Finally she finds herself working in a private sanitarium, where she meets Melvyn Douglas. Douglas has been temporarily blinded. When he hears Sylvia's voice he falls in love with it (as who wouldn't!) and arranges with the matron to have Sylvia read to him.

We pick them up in his room as he lies on the bed with his eyes all bandaged. Sylvia is fixing his tray.

"I thought," she smiles, "I heard you singing."

"That's right," he agrees, "you did."

"You look much better," she goes on.

"I suppose I do," he admits. "I feel fine. I've been singing and I look better and I don't like it. If this goes on I'll begin to hate the idea of leaving this place. Must be losing my grip."

"Don't you think we often change our minds about places—and people?" she asks.

"I didn't change my mind," he snaps.

"You changed it for me. You brought that voice of yours in here one night when I couldn't see who it was, but it's not going to get me. I'm going to leave this place, all right, and not later than four weeks from now."

"Where are you going?" comes in an anxious voice from Sylvia.

"To a place I have up near Lake Marquette. It's twenty miles from a railroad."

Sylvia gives him a startled look. Twenty miles from a railroad! The chances of anyone who would know or recognize her would be about ten thousand to one there.

Sylvia sure looks cute in her blue linen uniform but it's getting so late I can't stop to chat. There is still—

The Fox Studio

THERE are three pictures shooting here. First, we have Mr. Dick Powell, especially borrowed from Warner Brothers, in "Thanks a Million." The scene is the living room of Dick's apartment. He's a very successful crooner (believe it or not), but at a political rally where he was supposed to sing the candidate was so drunk he couldn't appear. Dick made a speech for

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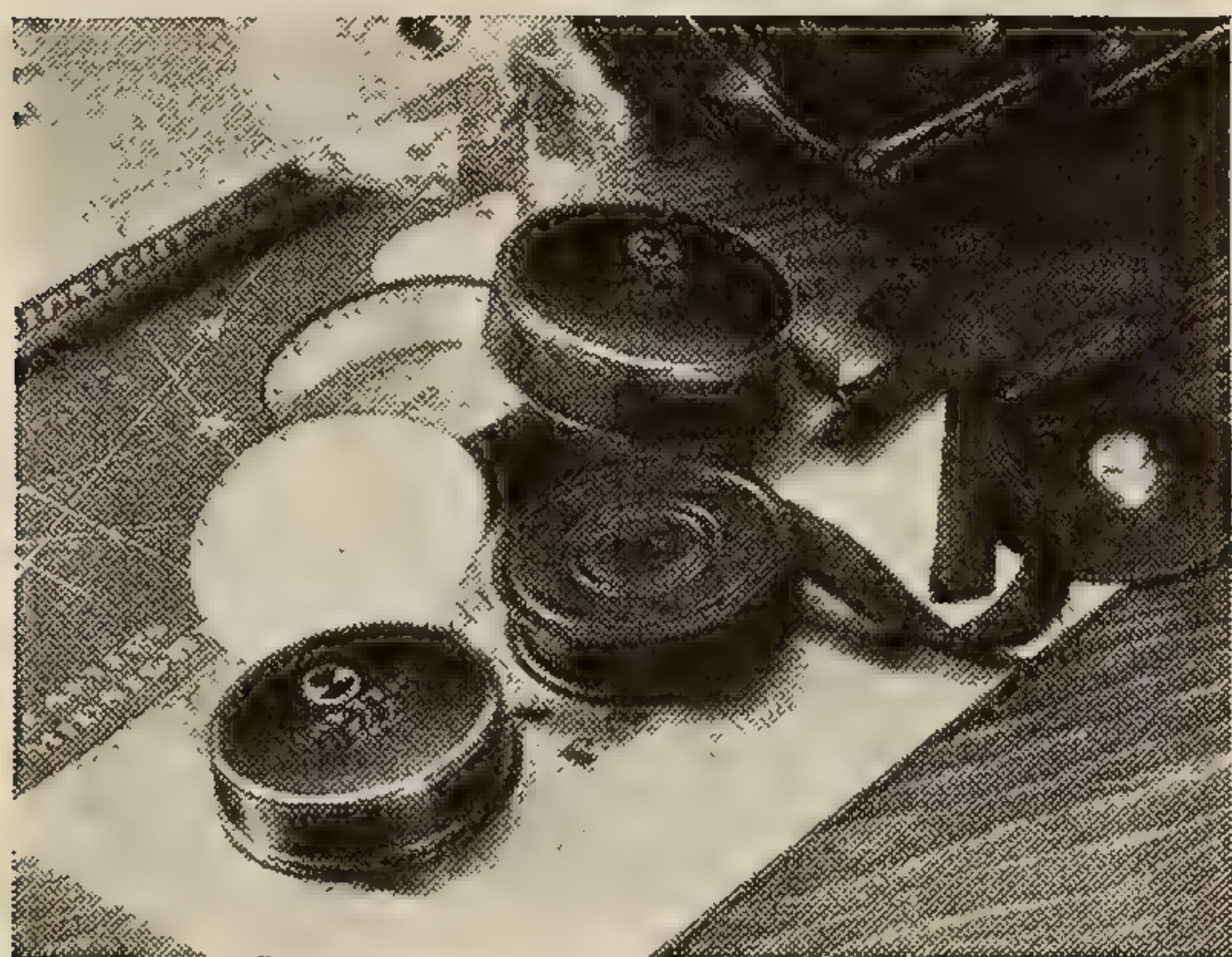
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him and was very well received. Accordingly, the committee wait on him in his apartment afterward. Alan Dinehart, the head, has just finished speaking.

Dick breaks into a guffaw of ribald laughter, tremendously amused at what he's thinking. "You know," he explains as they all look at him in astonishment, "I thought for a moment you said you wanted me to run for governor."

"I did," Dinehart tells him simply.

The laughter fades from Dick's face instantly. "Mr. Kruger," he asks anxiously, "are you sure you're in the right room?"



In "Thanks A Million," Dick Powell shows that he can do it on the Fox lot as easily as he can in his own home studio.

"I'm sure," Alan smiles, "and it isn't as insane as it first appears."

"What's my name?" Dick demands of Ned Sparks.

"Eric Land," Ned replies promptly.

"What's mine?"

"Ned Lyman," Dick assures him.

"Okey doke, there," Ned exclaims, satisfied they're both sane. "Shake!"

"Cut!" calls the director.

"Hi, puss," says Dick.

"Hi, pal," say I.

"Have you seen my playroom since it's all finished?"

"No, I haven't had a chance yet."

"Well, you ought to take time. It's really something to see if I do say so as shouldn't. It's a super-colossal playroom with slot machines in it and everything. The only trouble with *them* is the house loses because I have to furnish the guests with nickels to play them and when they win they keep the money."

"Tchk, tchk," I console him. "Maybe I can get you an extra radio booking so you won't have to go to the poorhouse this season."

"There you go," he begins. "You can't talk to anyone for five minutes without getting sarcastic. Let's go get a glass of milk and a sandwich. It's tea time."

The sandwich taken care of, I must now look after Mr. Lawrence Tibbett.



Lawrence Tibbett, not the least of the Grand Opera singers who have been visiting Hollywood, has completed a film—"Metropolitan." Virginia Bruce plays opposite.

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This is Mr. T's first film try since the ill-fated "New Moon," which spelled disaster for both him and Grace Moore.

This one is called "Metropolitan," but no one knows what it's about. Apparently Tibbett is a stage manager or has something to do with the stage because the set is a little rehearsal room on top of a theatre. He is coaching Virginia Bruce, who apparently is to sing a song in the show.

"We'll now try the Bird Song," he informs her.

And Virginia starts singing. "No, no, no!" he screams at her. "Relax! Relax! Relax! And," grabbing her by the shoulders and shaking her, "stop your laughing!"

"I'm not laughing," she protests.

"Well, come on and sing then," he orders.

So she sings again. Tibbett starts nodding and smiling. "Head up, chin up, sing to the stars!"

I've exclaimed so often over Virginia's beauty it seems repetitious to go into *that* again. Besides, I can now rave over her voice. She really does her own singing, although she's quite deprecatory about her voice. But wait until you hear her sing and tell me if I'm wrong.

Next, we have Mr. Ronald Colman in "The Man Who Broke The Bank At Monte Carlo," which is a swell title if they can get it all on a theatre marquee. That's no worry of mine, though.

Apparently it is the morning after Mr. Colman has broken the bank because as he steps out of the elevator, looking quite debonair in his tweeds, slouch hat, cane and gloves, the assistant maitre d'hotel (Maurice Cass) is bowing and scraping, while dozens of bellhops are lined up on each side, forming an aisle through which he must pass. I suspect, from the conversation, that Mr. Colman may have been



"The Man Who Broke The Bank At Monte Carlo" is the longest title ever used. Ronald Coleman is the man.

slightly (?) behind with his rent before that.

"M'sieu," Cass simpers, "I am the assistant maitre d'hotel."

"I am honored," Ronnie assures him indifferently.

"On behalf of the management," Cass continues, "I wish to offer m'sieu the royal suite with the compliments of the hotel."

"There is a note of sincerity about all this," Ronnie murmurs, gesticulating towards the bellhops, "that really sinks deep into my heart. But," whimsically, "into each life some rain must fall. This is beginning to look like *your* shower."

With which he blithely twirls his cane and saunters off.

Next we come to a little ditty called "Snatched," which features Rochelle Hudson.

She and her husband, Edward Norris,

are en route to California in a ramshackled car which breaks down during a storm. They seek refuge in what appears to be an abandoned farm house but discover, a few moments later, the place is occupied. They are made prisoners.

When I arrive they are sitting on a filthy pallet on the floor, Rochelle holding her baby. They hear the sound of a radio program. It is interrupted suddenly as the announcer says: "Ladies and gentlemen, an announcement of nationwide importance—Tom Hansen has been safely returned to his home. The ransom money was paid the kidnapers this evening. The criminals involved have left absolutely no clues. The largest man hunt in history is now on. More news—"

The radio is suddenly snapped off as Rochelle sits there, staring with wide eyes in front of her. "The Hansen kidnapers!" she whispers as she suddenly realizes who their captors are.

You may have surmised that this story is based on the famous Weyerhauser case.

"Dick," says Rochelle earnestly, when the scene is finished; "I don't believe you love me any more. You never come around the sets to see me the way you do other people."

"Baby," I assure her just as earnestly, "I'll always love you. When you get to be too big a star for me to love in person I'll love you from afar."

I can't tell you what Rochelle said then but it's a funny thing—the minute I start telling girls how much I CARE they always start laughing.

Deeply hurt, I bid Rochelle goodbye and turn my face towards the setting sun—which is more or less in the same direction as—

Universal

AFTER several months with very little doing, Universal has four pictures in production this time.

First, there is "The Great Impersonation" with Edmund Lowe, Valerie Hobson, Henry Mollison, Douglas Woods, Virginia Hammond and Murray Kinnell. This is one of those dual rôles, with Lowe playing both parts. He is both Dominey and Leopold von Ragenstein. The former is deserted by his safari in Africa and picked up by the latter. On account of their resemblance to each other von Ragenstein (who has been banished from Germany because he fought a duel and killed the husband of the woman he loves) sees a chance to leave Africa. He will murder Dominey, pose as Dominey and return to England where he will be invaluable to Sir Ivan Brun (Charles Waldron), owner of vast munitions plants.

His scheme is carried out and we find him driving up to Dominey Hall with his wife (Miss Hobson) and those mentioned



"The Great Impersonation" is the title, and without spoiling the plot for you we may say that it concerns Edmund Lowe, who impersonates a dead man. Eddie plays both roles.

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at the beginning of the paragraph. He is greeted by Seaman (Murray Kinnell), his butler.

"Seaman!" the spurious Dominey exclaims warmly, "How are you?"

"Splendid! Splendid!" Kinnell exclaims and turns to Valerie. "Mrs. Dominey, I've never seen you lovelier."

"Thank you," Valerie smiles. And then the others come up.

"What news of the war, Seaman?" Claude King asks.

"Austria, Serbia, Russia and Germany are hard at it," Seaman informs them. "France is as good as in the war—right now. Germany invaded Belgium today!"

"Belgium!" Lowe echoes, completely stunned.

Well, it all comes right in the end so you can content yourselves with this comforting bit of news for the time being.

The last time Mr. Lowe played a dual part, if memory serves correctly, there was a scene where both characters (he and himself) were being photographed together. Mr. Lowe was so anxious to get his face to the camera, he said he upstaged himself!

Chuckling over this reminiscence, I leave Mr. Lowe to the tender mercies and tricks of himself and go on over to "The Invisible Ray." The complete script hasn't come through yet so I can't give you much of the plot but you can get an idea of what it will be when I tell you both Karloff and Bela Lugosi are in this picture.

There isn't much to the set. It is merely the interior of an observatory—a stone wall enclosure sheltering a huge telescope. A



If you do shiver at the sight of "The Invisible Ray," it is a round of applause for Boris Karloff.

platform runs around the base of the instrument and upon this platform we see the six characters of our story. Dr. Rukh (Karloff) is adjusting the instrument. At his elbow stands Lady Arabella (Beulah Bondi). Dr. Felix (Bela Lugosi) and Sir Francis (Walter Kingsford) stand together—a little apart from the others and behind them we see Drake (Frank Lawton) and Diane (Frances Drake).

"What planets have you about, Dr. Rukh?" Arabella asks facetiously.

"Venus, you can see," he answers solemnly, "and Saturn is in range." He moves a lever and the telescope turns. He places his eye to the lens and then beckons Arabella: "Here is Venus."

Arabella takes her place at the instrument and gives a little squeal of delight. "Oh, look at the lovely thing," she exclaims. "Drifting along in her veils—"

Who would think that Tragedy and Death are stalking this lightsome group? But that's pictures for you. We never know one minute what the next reel will bring forth.

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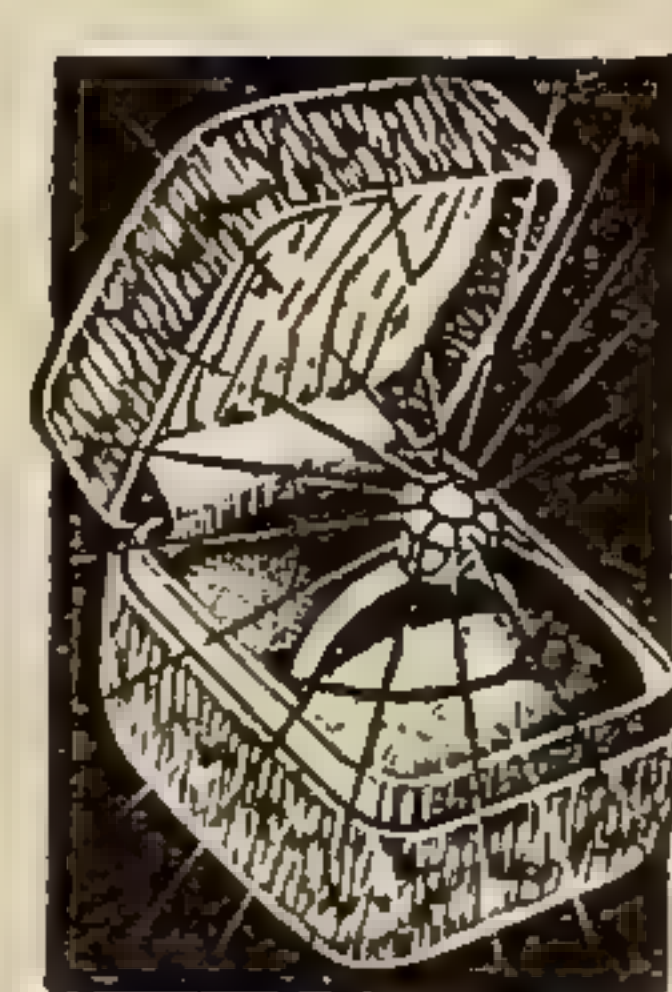
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we proceed to "The Magnificent Obsession." This little number stars Irene Dunne and features Robert Taylor, Charles Butterworth, Betty Furness, Sara Haden, Ralph Morgan, Henry Armetta, Gilbert Emery, Arthur Hoyt, Crauford Kent, Inez Courtney, Cora Sue Collins, Beryl Mercer and Arthur Treacher. Quite a cast, you'll agree.

My dears, you'll concede, after seeing this, that anything can happen in the movies. To make a long story longer, Irene Dunne is blinded in an accident directly attributable to Taylor. They're parked in an auto and when he goes to put his arm



Irene Dunne, Betty Furness, Charles Butterworth, Robert Taylor and Sara Haden making "The Magnificent Obsession" into an important picture.

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around her—quite without her permission—she leaps from the car, is struck by an oncoming machine and is blinded. Filled with contrition and remorse, Taylor sends her money anonymously to pay for the greatest specialists in this country. When they agree they can do nothing to restore her sight, he sends her to Europe. When the greatest European specialists confirm the opinions of the American experts that Irene is to walk in darkness for the rest of her life, the conscience stricken Bob takes up the study of medicine and six years to the day (almost) from the time he enters medical school, he arrives in America, world-famous. Learning that Irene is lying in a state of coma at a hospital near Richmond, Virginia, he rushes there, performs an operation "of which he alone is capable" (so the script says) and restores her sight!

Except for the ending, I must say the plot is plausible and interesting. Today they're photographing the wedding of *la* Furness and Charlie Butterworth. The only dialogue is the wedding service, which is being read in French because the ceremony is being held in France.

There are two things noteworthy about this set. One is Irene Dunne, who is what might be described as a "vision of loveliness" in her gray tailored coat suit, lavishly trimmed in blue fox, a little toque trimmed with coque feathers and a corsage of violets.

The other thing, is the presence of Bert Lytell (silent picture idol) on the set. He is working without pay, in an effort to study John Stahl's methods and learn to become a director himself.

Lastly we come to "East of Java." For those of you who like stories of shipwreck and adventure, this will be pie. And even those who don't should find it an absorbing tale.



Elizabeth Young, Jay Gilbuena, Charles Bickford and Frank Albertson in "East of Java." This is the picture which proved that lions are never tame.

There is no dialogue in the scene I see being shot. It is in a cave high up in the mountains on a jungle island. Jay Gilbuena has severely injured his foot and Charles Bickford is carrying him into the cave, followed by Frank Albertson, Elizabeth Young and Siegfried Rumann, after they have repulsed the attack of some lions. (It was the next day that one of the lions jumped at Bickford, seriously injuring him.)

Frank and Elizabeth are the young lovers. Some day some bright studio executive is going to have a brain storm and remember Frank as he was in "Prep and Pep," "Salute" and "Words and Music." When that happy day arrives and Frank is given a part that's worthy of his talents you'll be standing in line to buy tickets to see one of the finest light comedians the screen has yet produced. Selah!

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A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



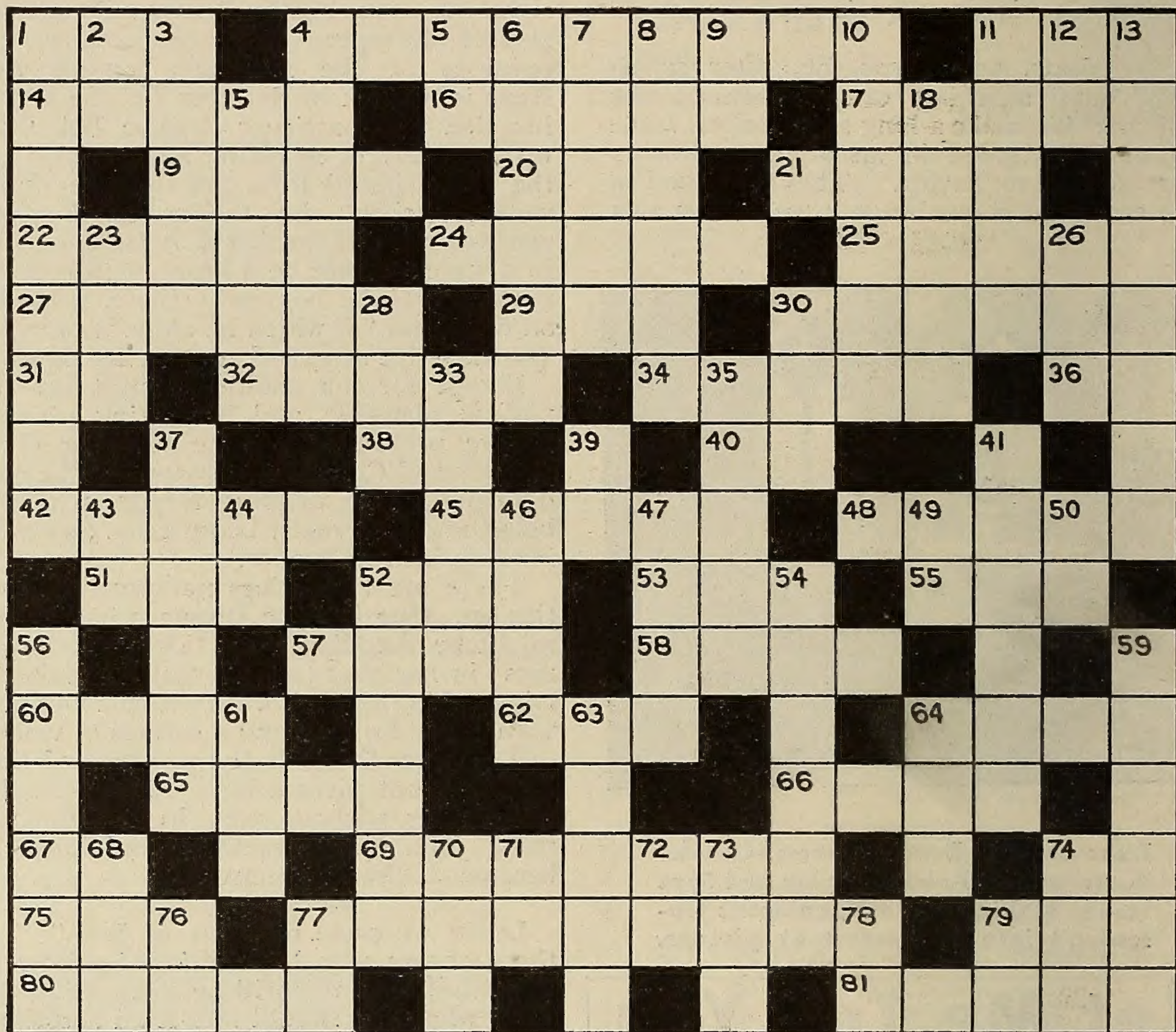
Mickey Rooney as Puck.

AMONG the delights to be derived from "Midsummer Night's Dream" is the unforgettable, fascinating performance of Mickey Rooney as Puck. We have seen many boy actors, from Jackie Coogan in "The Kid," Jackie Cooper in "Skippy," to Freddie Bartholomew in "David Copperfield," and each one of these performances was appealing because the little fellow was usually being picked on. But in Puck we have an entirely new viewpoint. Here is a character conceived from pure imagination, yet he speaks with the wisdom of all the world—"What fools these mortals be," says Puck.

Mickey Rooney has lifted the art of the juvenile actor to a higher point than it has ever reached before. His performance of Shakespeare's imp will remain a delightful figure in your memory.

"Midsummer Night's Dream" reveals, for the first time, a new and unexpected mental dimension to the screen, and Mickey Rooney deserves credit for a large share of this very marvelous picture.

Shut Keen
THE EDITOR



ACROSS

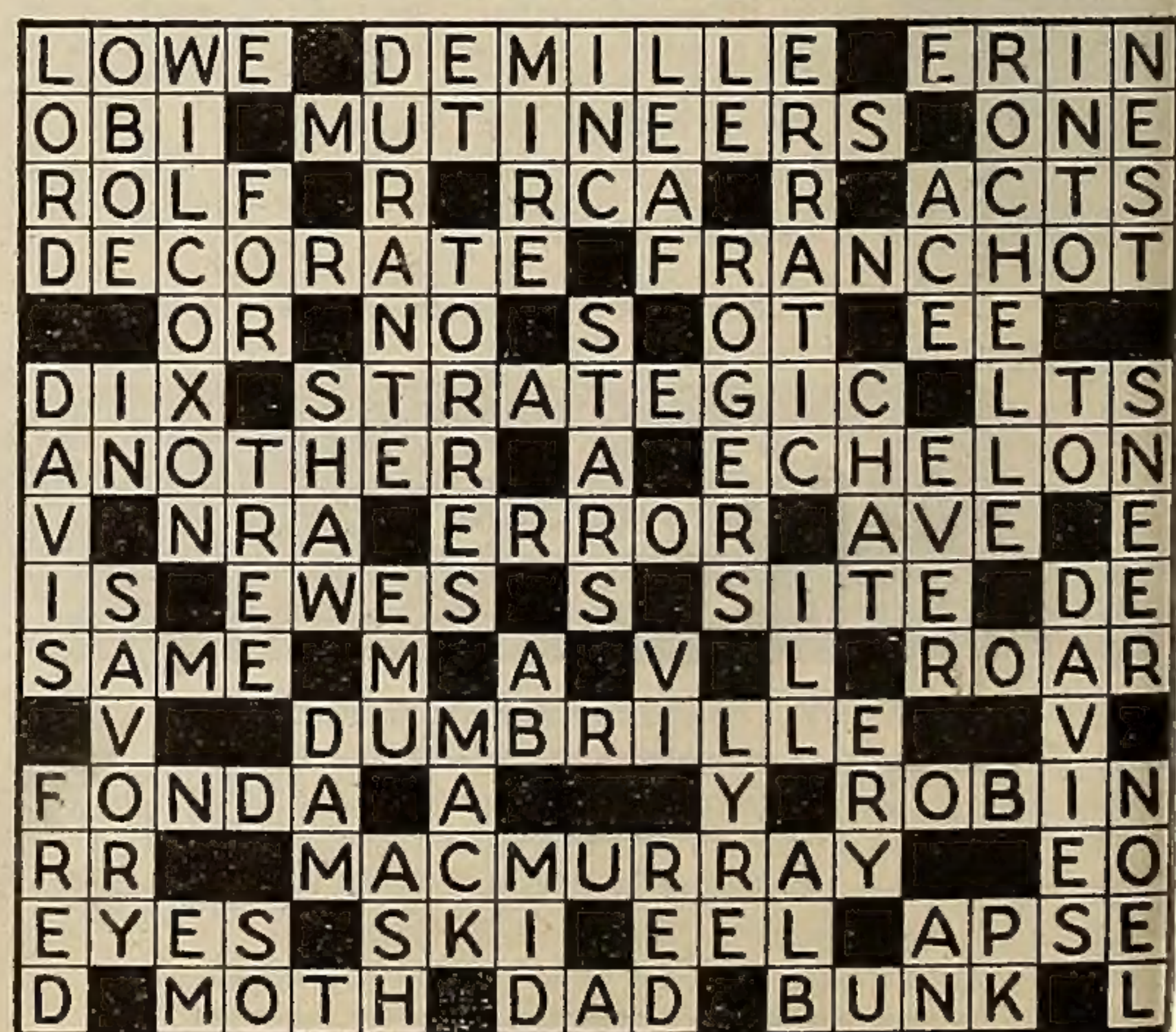
- 1 To make an offer.
- 4 Edward Everett Horton's wife in "Top Hat"
- 11 Helen Gahagan's first picture
- 14 We last saw her in "People Will Talk"
- 16 The brave little girl in "She"
- 17 Short letters
- 19 A movable barrier
- 20 A high mountain
- 21 To become weary
- 22 Saladin in "The Crusades"
- 24 Joan Crawford's new leading man
- 25 The Hollywood sphinx
- 27 A girl's name
- 29 A letter of the alphabet
- 30 A masculine personal name
- 31 An army officer (abbr.)
- 32 A blunder
- 34 Blasts on a horn
- 36 A parent
- 38 The male star of "So Red the Rose" (abbr.)
- 40 Paid publicity
- 42 The lovely Berengaria in "The Crusades"
- 45 He still remains the general favorite
- 48 The star of "Love Me Forever"
- 51 To cook in hot lard or butter
- 52 What horses dote on
- 53 To point a weapon at some object
- 55 Our nation's blasted hope
- 57 A well-known Hollywood producer
- 58 He is excellent in "Barbary Coast"
- 60 Owner of the cafe in "After the Dance"
- 62 Letter of Greek alphabet
- 64 Connie in "The Goose and the Gander"
- 65 A sharp discordant cry
- 66 Her latest picture is "I Live My Life"
- 67 Perform
- 69 The severe superintendent of "Curly Top"
- 74 The other parent
- 75 Sea eagle
- 77 "Rose of the Rancho" is her first picture
- 79 To exclude
- 80 Hepburn's father in "Alice Adams"
- 81 "Charlie Chan"

DOWN

- 1 The young poet of—"Paris in Spring"
- 2 That is (abbr.)
- 3 A finger or toe
- 4 One who takes a bath
- 5 Exclamation of surprise
- 6 More beloved
- 7 The debutante in "Bright Lights"
- 8 A meal
- 9 Into
- 10 The wealthy widow in "Broadway Melody of 1936"
- 11 The strongest material known
- 12 Masculine pronoun
- 13 The film which gave us Luise Rainer
- 15 A machine for shaping articles

- 18 The Florentine iris
- 23 Establishment (abbr.)
- 26 A popular western hero
- 28 The three essentials in learning
- 30 Seed covering
- 33 First name of a well-known character actor
- 35 Lyda Roberti's pal in "The Big Broadcast of 1936"
- 37 He sang and danced in "After the Dance"
- 39 Our foremost dancing star (initials)
- 41 The misunderstood husband in "Top Hat"
- 43 Belonging to
- 44 The greatest city in the world (abbr.)
- 46 The bus driver in "Chinatown Squad"
- 47 A Hindu mythical hero
- 49 Upon
- 50 The sun god
- 52 Her new picture will be "Riff Raff"
- 54 The singing teacher in "Broadway Gondolier"
- 56 The dress designer in "Top Hat"
- 59 He comes from New York's East Side
- 61 To permit
- 63 Worn out
- 64 Period of time
- 68 A worthless leaving
- 70 Duty on income
- 71 The twenty-sixth President of the U. S. (abbr.)
- 72 Exclamation of pleasure
- 73 At the present
- 74 Cooking utensil
- 76 Negative
- 77 Direction of compass
- 78 Toward
- 79 A degree (abbr.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



"I'm a fan for Lux"

says **GLORIA STUART**

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Luxable fashions are important in the wardrobe of this popular star. You'll see her wearing them in Universal pictures. Clever girls take her advice—stick to Lux!



Every costume that's safe in water, Gloria Stuart insists must be Luxed. Others, like the frock she's wearing at right, must have Luxable trimmings!



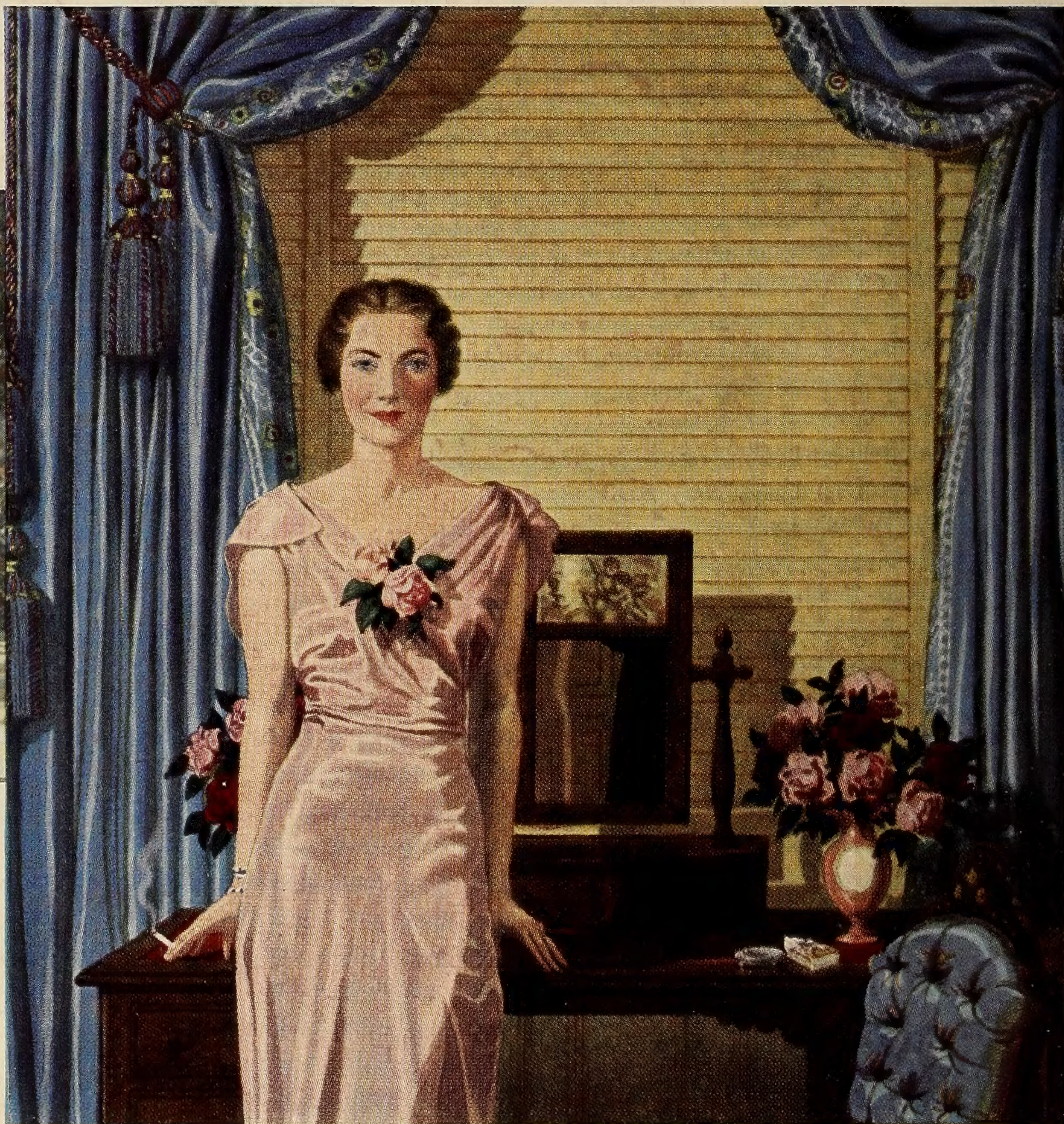
"I try to guess how often my things have been Luxed, but they look new so long I'm a mile off!" says Gloria.

"I enjoy the added zest that comes with smoking a Camel"

Mrs. Jasper Morgan



When not occupying her town house, Mrs. Morgan is at Westbury, Long Island. "Mildness is important in a cigarette," she says. "I'm sure that is one reason every one is enthusiastic about Camels. And I never tire of their flavor." The fact that Camels are milder makes a big difference.



Young Mrs. Jasper Morgan's town house is one of the most individual in New York, with the spacious charm of its two terraces. "Town is a busy place during the season," she says. "There is so much to do, so much entertaining. And the more people do, the more they seem to smoke—

and certainly Camels are the popular cigarette. If I'm tired from the rush of things, I notice that smoking a Camel revives my energy in a pleasant way. And I find their flavor most agreeable." Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos. Get a "lift" with a Camel.



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MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*



In summer Mrs. Morgan is keenly interested in yachting. "Another thing that makes me like Camels so much," she says, "is that they never affect my nerves. I suppose that is because of the finer tobaccos in Camels." Smoking Camels never upsets your nerves.

**Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos
...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand**